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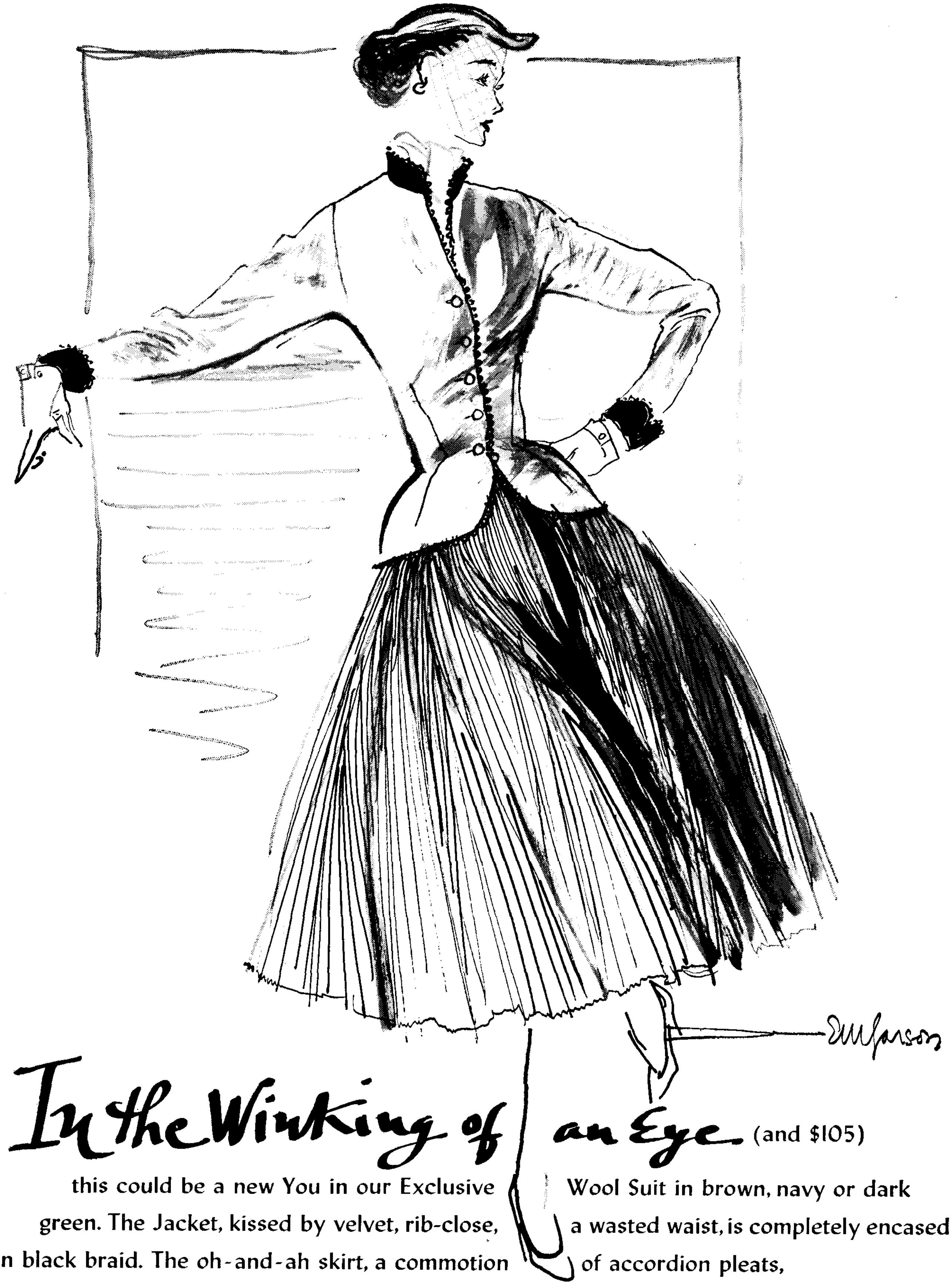

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

Diamond Lil—Mae West in a limited return engagement of her famous old quilting bee. Produced by George Brandt and directed by Charles Freeman. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Lace on Her Petticoat—Aimée Stuart's mild and talkative little comedy about the class struggle in Scotland in 1890 has its touching moments, but on the whole it is a good deal more naïve than dramatic. Herman Shumlin directed a cast that includes Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, and Muriel Aked. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—A glossy comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an upstanding architect, an affable roué, and a talkative virgin, respectively. All are likable, and Mr. Herbert's lines are often bright. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Like his previous plays, Tennessee Williams' latest is laid in the South, but his heroine this time is neither doomed nor demented, and the result on the whole is very appealing. Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach are wonderfully adept in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Stalag 17—This rather old-fashioned melodrama, tricked out with some pretty rough jokes, will clearly please its own particular public, though it may well distress the fastidious. José Ferrer is the director, and in the cast are John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 30.)

Long Run—affairs of state: June Havoc involved with love and politics in Washington, D.C. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

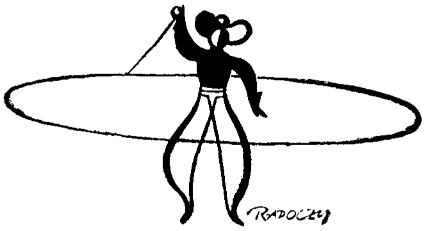
Twilight Walk—A play by A. B. Shiffrin, with Nancy Kelly heading the cast. Staged by Paul Stewart and produced by Richard W. Krakeur. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein again, and again with a diverting book and tunes. The story has to do with the effect a strong-willed English teacher has upon a royal Siamese. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head a top-notch cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Seventeen—An orthodox but not unattractive musical version of the Tarkington classic, with a book by Sally Benson. The cast includes Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Shirley Booth gives a really superb comic performance in this gay and moving adaptation of Betty Smith's novel. George Abbott helped Miss Smith with the book, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields turned out the excellent songs, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. Also in the cast are Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

Two on the Aisle—A revue with Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and Elliott Reid. Like most revues, it has some good things in it and more that are not so good. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—call me madam: Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador, surrounded by, among others, Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** A comedy taken from one of Damon Runyon's stories. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Martha Stewart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Roger Rico is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Remains to Be Seen—A comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, with, among others, Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, Warner Anderson, and Mr. Lindsay. The producer is Leland Hayward, the director Bretaigne Windust. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 3. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Saint Joan—Uta Hagen has the lead in this Theatre Guild production of Shaw's play. Margaret Webster directed; the supporting cast includes John Buckmaster, Andrew Cruickshank, and Alexander Scourby; and there is incidental music by Lehman Engel. Opens Thursday, Oct. 4. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, Sept. 27: "Swan Lake," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," "Schumann Concerto" (première), and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 28: "Schumann Concerto," "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "L'Amour et Son Amour," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 29: "Swan Lake," "La Fille Mal Gardée," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 29: "Schumann Concerto," "Caprichos," "Til Eulenspiegel," and "Bluebeard.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 30: "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "Til Eulenspiegel," and "Princess Aurora.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 30: "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "The Thief Who Loved a Ghost," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and "Helen of Troy.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 2: "Designs with Strings," "Romeo and Juliet," "Caprichos," and "Til Eulenspiegel.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 3: "Interplay," "Billy the Kid," "Fall River Legend," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 4: "Constantia," "L'Amour et Son Amour," "Pas de Deux," and "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 5: "Designs with Strings," "Giselle," and "The Thief Who Loved a Ghost.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 6: "Til Eulenspiegel," "The Nutcracker: Pas de Deux," "Rodeo," and "Helen of Troy.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 6: "Les Sylphides," "La Fille Mal Gardée," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. BR 9-3135. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 7.)

José Greco—Programs of Spanish ballets and regional dances by Mr. Greco and his company, in an engagement that will open Monday, Oct. 1, and run through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Opening-night curtain at 8:10. Thereafter, nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday the first week and Saturdays and Sundays thereafter, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Borscht Capades—If you understand Yiddish and happen to be amused by its rather special humor, you may be entertained by this fairly elaborate floor show. Otherwise, you will certainly be far happier somewhere else. Among the more acceptable performers are a lady simply known as Raasche, the Barry Sisters, Phil Foster, and Dave Barry. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Rodeo—Once again, the West has descended on Eighth Avenue, except for Mae, who's over on Broadway. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 21.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the indoor but airy Garden, the dance orchestra of Jules Lande stirs a mild

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

breeze at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet every day in the Palm Court at cocktail time (silence on Sundays), and in the Madison Room (closed Sundays) during dinner. No dancing in either place.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Most of the cast of the late Ritz-Carlton's Oval Room, including Emery Deutsch's gentle musicians, is around the restaurant here at dinner, except Sundays. No dancing.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A happy and elegant little kingdom, ruled with an indulgent hand by Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra provides a rapturous but vigorous background to his piano. The long-lost Pancho weighs in now and then with his new rumba band. In the Plush Room, piano music by George Feyer after eight. Thursday, Sept. 27, is, like the final Thursday of every month, black tie. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room's show manages to cram an amazing amount of skating onto one small cake of ice. A new cast steps in on Thursday, Oct. 4. Dancing on dry land to Bernie Cummins' orchestra (to be replaced on Oct. 4, by Tommy Reynolds' band) and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Yma Sumac sounds weird and wonderful as she trills her native Peruvian mountain music, just weird when she essays Tin Pan Alley. Artini and Consuelo dance some well-bred adagios, and Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras play for the guests' exercises. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens Friday, Sept. 28. Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers, now one big happy family again, will romp about with their customary abandon, and the bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte will provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a seigneury devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dick Mulliner's men and the Nocturnes will be the purveyors of dinner and supper dance music in the Grill through Saturday, Sept. 29. On Monday, Oct. 1, Guy Lombardo's orchestra will take over the Nocturnes' berth. Closed Sundays.

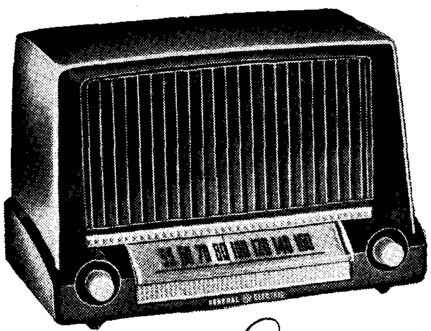
St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, bless its sumptuous heart, has Julie Wilson, warbling her sassy songs in come-hither fashion. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz play all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—In the Carnaval Room, small but gala, Hugo Pedell's and Jan Brunesco's dance orchestras play pretty for the people, and Hélène François sings. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Through Saturday, Sept. 29, Russ Morgan's orchestra during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. On Monday, Oct. 1, Ralph Flanagan's band assumes command. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Chil-



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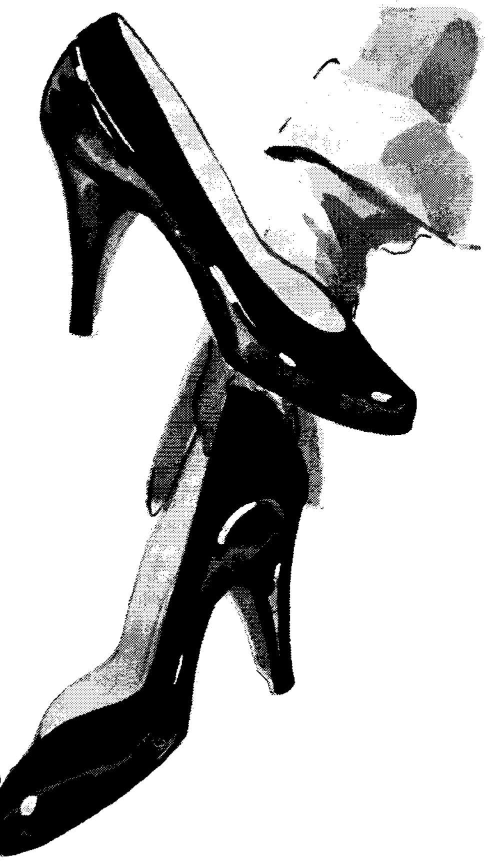

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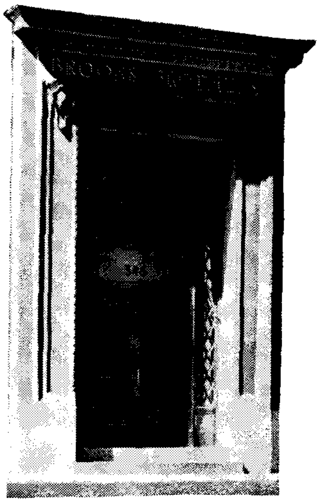

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dren cry for it. An orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—John Carroll, another Hollywoodian who's obeyed the call to go East, young man, is singing here at late dinner and supper. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Saturday, Sept. 29, Vaughn Monroe, the most profundo of all living basses, and his orchestra, as well as Mischa Borr's band, will deploy at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof. On Sunday, Mr. Borr's group will play until twelve all by itself. On Monday, Oct. 1, the Empire Room (a new incarnation of the retired Wedgwood Room) opens with a benefit for ANTA. Mata and Hari's gracefully satiric dances will enhance the dinner and supper hours, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy will bat their banter back and forth at supper, and Emil Coleman's and Mr. Borr's bands will be on deck all night long. . . . ¶ The Peacock Lounge reopens on Monday, Oct. 1, with Don Rodney's orchestra playing for dancing from seven until one.

NOTE—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate rendezvous no larger than Texas, is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who practically invented the coming-out party, starts his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Phil D'Arcy's trio is here, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): One of the town's best-dressed and most salubrious hideaways, where Alex Fogarty plays piano from dinnertime on. On Monday, Oct. 1, Julius Monk will join in at the cocktail hour, and Hugh Shannon, who also does an amusing grade of barroom ballad, will go to work after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Sonny Kendis and his febrile trio whoop it up after ten, except Sundays, and Lionel Meth contributes rapid-fire piano after eight-thirty, except Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for relaxed romanticists. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy example of *1960* décor, Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's portfolio of piano music is, like his execution of it, knowledgeable and nostalgic. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Sam Hamilton fills in.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis and his amazing stories of the perils of the Machine Age (pari-mutuel, that is). There's a lot more show, too, though it's hard to imagine why. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Country life in the Times Square manner, plus an unparalleled view of the George Washington Bridge. The most important bit of fauna is Lena Horne, a tiger lily of the most beguiling sort and a soprano of deserved renown. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Billy Daniels is conducting his revivalist meetings here every evening. The dances of François and Giselle Szony will remind you that there is still poetry in motion, the dances of the cancan

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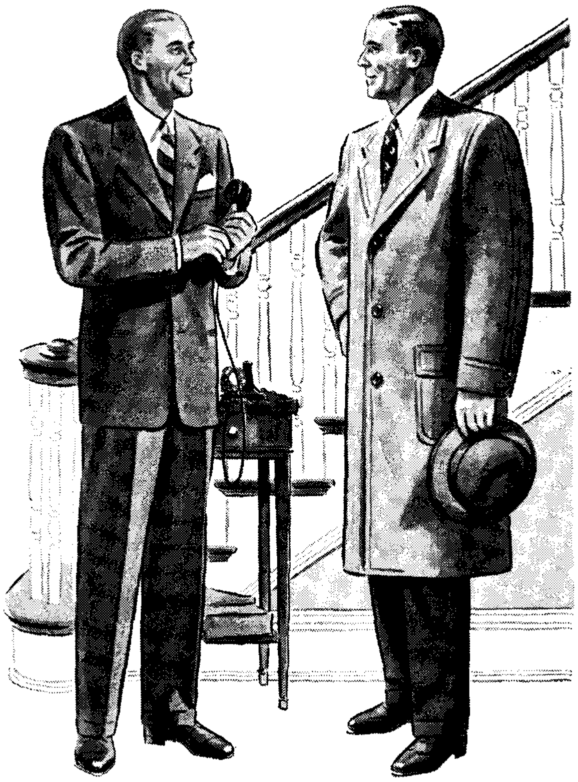

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girls will remind you that there'll always be a Paris. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Pearl Primus putting her foot down in very definite fashion as she demonstrates the latest dance steps from inside Africa. Sammy Benskin's band is a big help to her. Cliff Jackson is still the piano soloist. . . . **GILDED CAGE,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317): Not a cosmic thought in the carload of pretty costumes and girls that surround Ben Blue and Sid Slate as they gallop through some unregenerate bits of burlesque. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** 2nd Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Life in the Tenderloin was never really like this, but the performers and the guests get a big kick out of pretending they think it was. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, Orson Bean unveils a rather special but engaging sense of humor. Odette Myrtil proves that old-school musical-comedy soubrettes can always bring a house down, Doodles and the Spider do their rowdy and riotous pantomimes, and Barbara Cook sings like a little lamb. Behind all this, the piano of Stuart Ross and the cheery sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. On Saturdays and Sundays, Miss Myrtil, Doodles and the Spider, and Mr. Ross turn out a lively accompaniment to the cocktail hour. . . . ¶ Bart Howard plays his thoughtful piano in the lounge at dinner, except Tuesdays, and after the theatre, except Saturdays. Louis Hawkins divides his time between playing the piano and serving as town crier. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham thinks his free-associational thoughts out loud and the Three Riffs romp through their jolly jump tunes. Mary Mayo is the incumbent torch singer. Julius Monk is at the piano, and the Norman Paris Trio is on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Shoshana Damari, that vivid and stirring nightingale from Israel, and Charlotte Rae, a recitalist with some rather laughable ballads. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off some peppery piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Bibi Osterwald, a stentorian and highly comical blond intoner of moose calls, holds the floor with vast aplomb. Herb Corey's humor is more reserved. Antique movies on Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her lyric research into the pastimes of us moderns. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The apparently shatterproof Mae Barnes starts rolling out her barrel-house ballads at ten-thirty. Jimmie Daniels' and Norene Tate's songs are on the romantic side. Their singing is supplemented by the raffish ditties of Alice Ghostley and G. Wood, and Gene Fields' trio takes good care of any momentary lulls. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): There's been no break in the heat wave here for over five years. The prime mover is Wild Bill Davison, and Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Amid far more than the comforts of home, there's a sentimental journey to Dixieland by Bobby Hackett's sextet (nice brass trim by Mr. H. and Vic Dickenson, and tasty clarinet marmalade by Gene Sedric) and the out-of-this-world music of Red Norvo, aided by two new names-to-remember —Tal Farlow on guitar and Charles Mingus on bass. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh

14½ hours after leaving New York you'll be in Paris! (*Above*) Place de la Concorde. You may go to London, Paris or Rome on the deluxe "Strato" Clipper flights of *The President* at Thrift Season fares. Or, for $10 extra, you may fly on *The President Special*, world's most luxurious air service.

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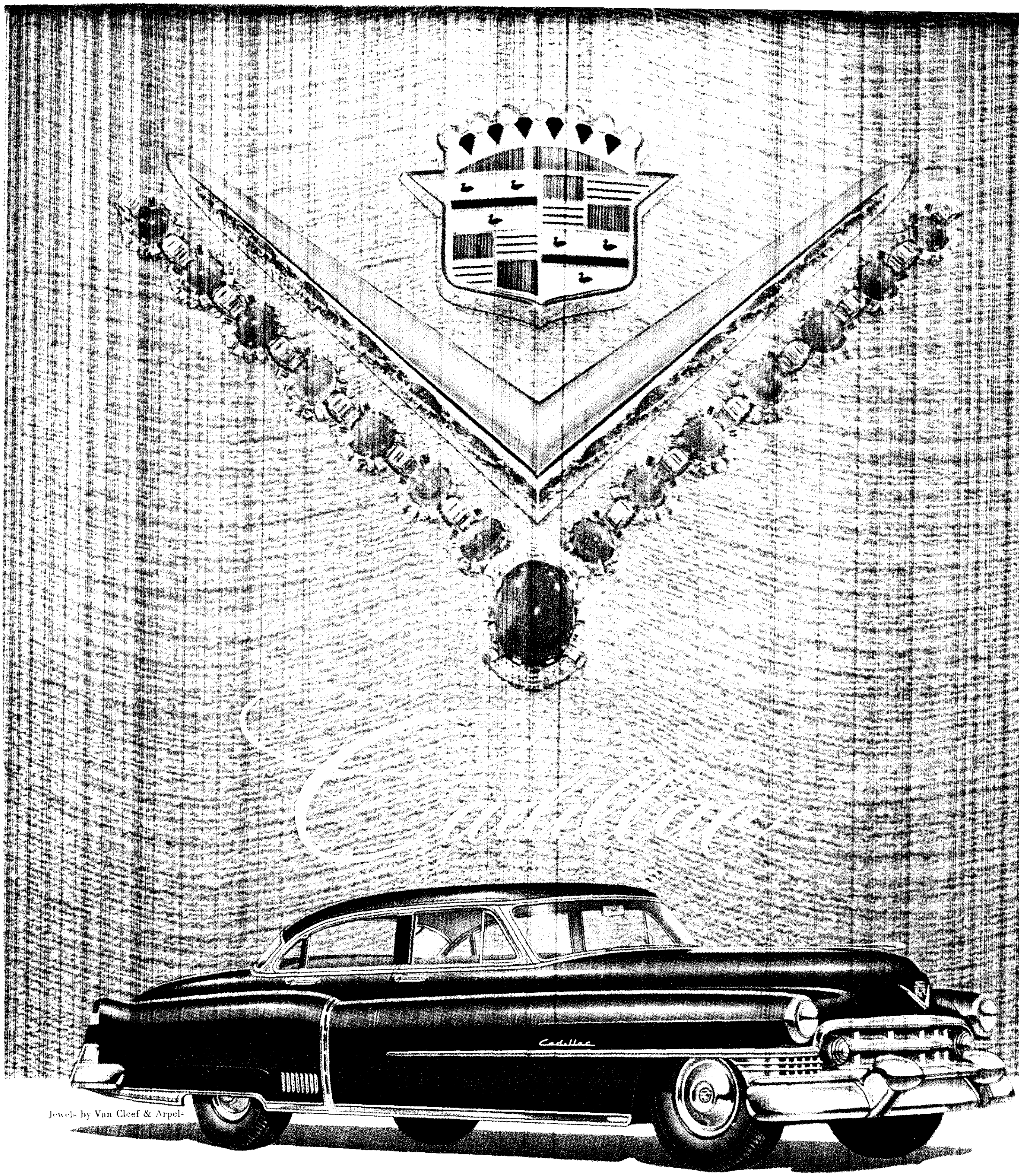

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band has resumed its labors here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A hard-riding posse made up of Jimmy Archey, Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, goes with the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): There's always a high labor turnover in this bustling emporium, but Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker should be blowing hot and high at the moment. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night shivarees. On Sept. 28, a bumper crop—Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Bob Haggart, Frankie Newton (hello, stranger), Sonny Greer (ditto), Yank Lawsen, and Red Allen—will be reaped. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (Sept. 28), Billy Butterfield, Bobby Sherwood, Big Chief Russell Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, Peanuts Hucko, Sol Yaged, and Conrad Janis's jazz band will hold forth. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BRANCUSI TO DUCHAMP—A showing of paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century Europeans as Arp, Braque, Klee, and Mondrian. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 27.)

DAUMIER AND DELACROIX—A compact, well-selected array of oils, water colors, and other works by these two nineteenth-century contemporaries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 29.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—Water colors of the Arizona desert country, done with the same quiet competence he has displayed in his Eastern landscapes. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 29.)

ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS—This organization's first exhibition in the United States, comprising paintings and sculptures. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Oct. 5.)

PROTÉGÉS—A lively show of paintings by a group of little-known artists, each artist selected by a member of the gallery. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Sept. 29.)

DAVID YOUNG—The first one-man showing here of abstract paintings, lively and imaginative in color, by a twenty-one-year-old Boston artist. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through Sept. 29.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Water colors by contemporary American artists, among them Jacob Getlar Smith, Jean Liberte, and Henry Botkin; through Sept. 29. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Drawings, varied in subject matter, by Stuart Davis, Charles Sheeler, Reuben Tam, and others; through Sept. 29. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: James Ensor, Raoul Dufy, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other European and American moderns, in a showing of oils; through Sept. 29. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils and sculptures, mostly, by Hare, Motherwell, Baziotes, and others; through Sept. 29. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Works by Waldo Peirce, Henry Billings, Doris Rosenthal, and other gallery members, in the first exhibition at the gallery's new quarters; through Oct. 6. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by members of the art faculty, among them Stuart Davis, Julian Levi, and Camilo Egas. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 4; through Oct. 12. . . . **PERIDOT**, 6 E. 12th St.: A showing by Reginald Pollack, Seymour Franks, Esteban Vicente, and others; through Oct. 6. . . . **PERLS**,

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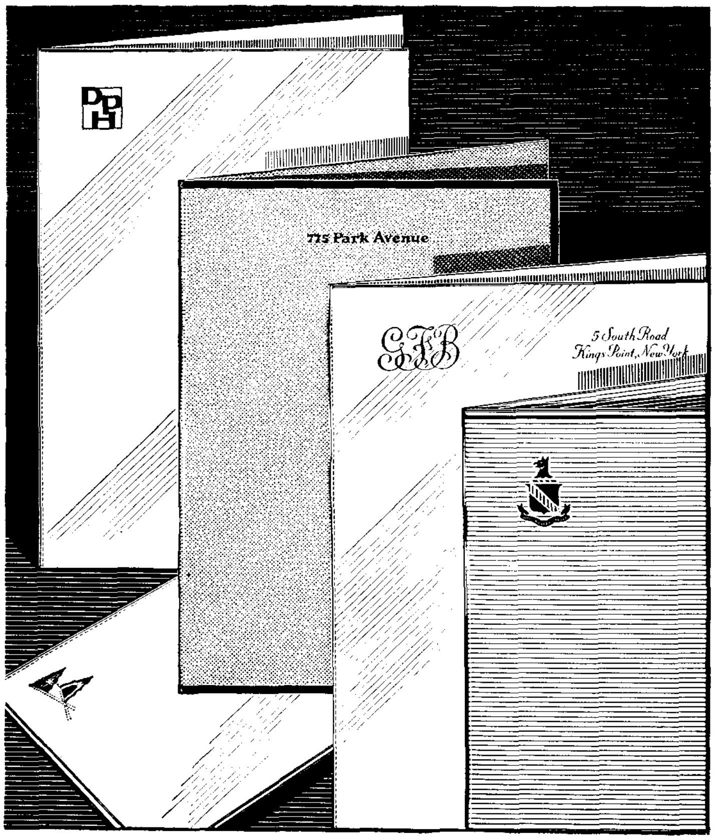

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

32 E. 58th St.: Works by such modern French artists as Modigliani, Braque, Matisse, and Léger; through Sept. 29. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Canvases by French and American artists, including Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, and Karl Knaths; through Sept. 28. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Six modern American painters, among them Will Barnet, Cameron Booth, and Norman Daly; through Oct. 6. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: A show of oils and sculptures, comprising works by Kay Sage, Carlyle Brown, Renato Birolli, and other Americans and Italians; through Oct. 6. Closed Saturday, Sept. 29.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Gregorio Prestopino; through Oct. 13. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 65 E. 57th St.: Group show of prints. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30, and Monday evenings until 10; through Oct. 13. . . . **HELLER,** 108 E. 57th St.: Peter Fingesten; through Oct. 6. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Gilbert Adrian; through Oct. 13. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Park S.: Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors; through Oct. 9. . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Richard Pousette-Dart; through Oct. 13. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 W. 57th St.: Jacob Elshin. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Oct. 12.

NOTE—The semiannual exhibit in Washington Square is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 7.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Japanese prints and paintings, mainly by nineteenth-century artists. . . . ¶ A display of portrait photographs, 1830-1930, including examples by Thomas Eakins, Man Ray, and Alfred Stieglitz. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 14.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, selected from the Museum's collection in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his death. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 25.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective loan showing of works by the Belgian artist James Ensor; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit of eight European and American cars, among them a 1931 Mercedes, a 1949 M.G., and a 1951 Army jeep, chosen as examples of the well-designed automobile; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Prints by the late Max Beckmann; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ A retrospective of Mark Tobey; starting Oct. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2-3.)

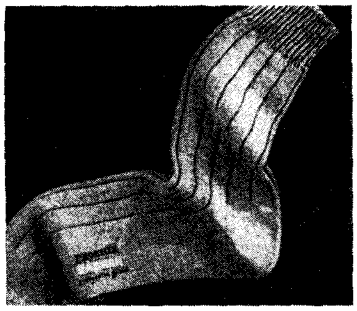
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 11—Thursday evening, Sept. 27: "Manon.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 28: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 29: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 29: "Faust.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 30: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 30: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 4: Première of "The Dybbuk" (in English), by David Tamkin. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 5: "The Tales of Hoffmann.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 6: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 6: "Don Giovanni." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

TWELVE CORELLI CONCERTI GROSSI—Performed by a chamber orchestra conducted by Dean Eckertsen, and with Mischa Mischakoff and Hugo Kolberg, violins; Laszlo Varga, cello; and Herman Chessid, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

LEOPOLD MITTMAN AND DAVID SOYER—In a piano-



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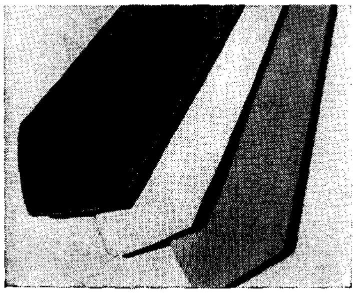

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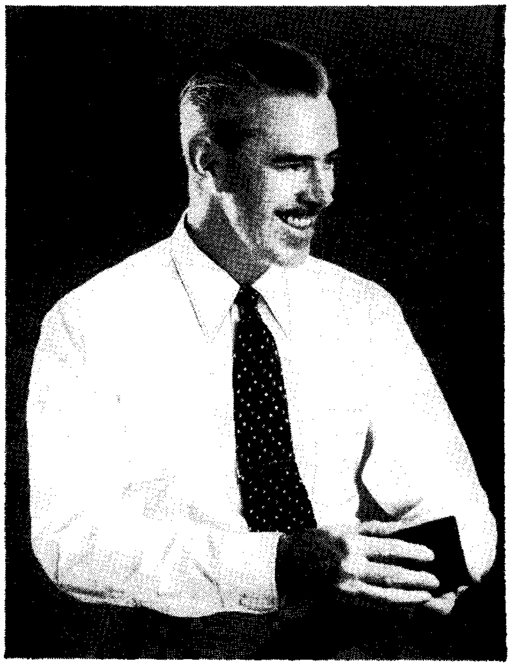

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and-cello recital. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Duke Ellington's orchestra, the King Cole Trio, and Sarah Vaughan. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 28, at 7:45 and 11.)

LOCUST VALLEY MUSIC FESTIVAL—The New Music String Quartet and Helen Thigpen, soprano. (Music Shed, Lattingtown Estates, Locust Valley, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 30, at 4. For tickets, call Glen Cove 4-5951J.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, at 1 (both doubleheaders), and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 2:05. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Wednesday, Oct. 3, or Thursday, Oct. 4 (depending on whether or not playoffs are necessary), in the home park of the American League champion. The first two games will be played there, the next three in the park of the National League contender, and the final two, if required, in the American League park. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, SEPT. 29: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Temple, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Fordham, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Lafayette vs. Rutgers, at Easton, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. California, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. N.Y.U., at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Navy, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 6 (all at 2): Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Fordham, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Princeton, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Temple vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Yanks vs. Detroit Lions. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

DOG SHOWS—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 30.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 6.)

HORSE SHOW—Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 27-29.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 3, and Saturday, Oct. 6.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 2. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: National Open Championship. Semi-final, Thursday, Sept. 27, at 3:30; final, Sunday, Sept. 30, at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, Oct. 16. The Matron, and the New York Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 29; the Vosburgh Handicap, Monday, Oct. 1; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Oct. 3; and the Futurity, and the Manhattan Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays, at 2, from Tuesday, Oct. 2, through Saturday, Nov. 3. (A train will leave Penn Station for the track at 10.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:40; through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Trains will leave Grand Central Station for the track Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27-28, at 6:57, 7:28, and 7:40; Mondays through Fridays thereafter at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40; and Saturdays at 7:20.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization is currently in the throes of transferring all operations from Flushing Meadow to Manhattan, but if you call PLaza 4-1234, Ext. 634, you may catch an open meeting, at Flushing Meadow, of the Security Council, the Commission on

Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, or the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. Be sure to call the day before you want to go. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

National Homefurnishings Show—Everything for the château, the fourth-floor walkup, the penthouse, the igloo, or whatever you hang your hat in. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 27-29, from noon to 10:30; and Sunday, Sept. 30, from 1 to 10:30.)

Newspapers—Memorabilia of New York newspapers that are now a hundred or more years old, among them the *Times*, the *Post*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *Brooklyn Eagle*. The show comprises early issues (first issues, in some cases), notable headlines, editorial hoaxes, and other items pertaining to the histories of the papers. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; through Dec. 30.)

Hayden Planetarium—The program for September includes the main show, "Exploring the Constellations," as well as a special demonstration of how the annular eclipse of September 1st occurred. Starting Monday, Oct. 1, there will be a new show, "The Conquest of Space." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Georgian furniture; Dresden, Oriental Lowestoft, and other porcelains, along with glass, silver, and other decorations, chiefly from various English collections and all assembled by Phineas Meade. (Exhibition Thursday, Sept. 27, from 10 to 5. Auction Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Cabinet objects of art, including Herend and other table porcelains, Russian and Viennese enamelware, Staffordshire and Continental faïence, and silver, the property of Henry J. Brand and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Sept. 29, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 1-4, from 10 to 5. Auction Friday, Oct. 5, at 1:45.) . . . **KENDE GALLERIES**, 119 W. 57th St.: Over a hundred paintings by Old Masters, among them David, Velasquez, Rubens, Holbein, and Fragonard, belonging to a private Swiss collector. (Exhibition Saturday, Sept. 29, and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 1-3, from 10 to 5. Auction Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4, at 8.)

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Sept. 30, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour; for technique, see page 22.

Registration—The registration period for the Nov. 6 elections is Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 3-5, from 5 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 6, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

●

Note—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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Bitter Rice—A violent Italian picture about the way the lady rice-harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves, in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the steamiest of the workers. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sept. 29-Oct. 2.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 29.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Oct. 1-3.)

Force of Arms—An honestly told, if occasionally trite, story of love and war, with William Holden and Nancy Olson. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Sept. 30.)

The Great Caruso—Mario Lanza, who plays the mighty Enrico in this venture, has a lot of scales to climb before he'll be in the same class with the Master, but he's a diverting fellow to have around, and the music here is uniformly excellent. Dorothy Kirsten and Blanche Thebom help Mr. Lanza line out a few duets. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 30.... ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Sept. 28.)

Kon-Tiki—Films taken during a journey from Peru to Polynesia on a primitive raft. Stimulating material, accompanied by a witty, informative narrative written and spoken by Thor Heyerdahl, who was headman on the voyage. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 3.)

Marie du Port—Some highly amusing and subtle Gallic byplay, with Jean Gabin superb as a man who appears to have all that life offers but finds something better and eighteen years old (Nicole Courcel). A French film, directed by Marcel Carné. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 2.)

Oliver Twist—The Dickens novel, converted into a movie by Robert Neame and David Lean, the Englishmen responsible for "Great Expectations." Not quite up to its predecessor, the film is nevertheless a very worth-while affair. Alec Guinness is fine as Fagin, and John Howard Davies makes a persuasive Oliver. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

Operation Disaster—Underwater derring-do in an English film that has to recommend it a plausible script, capable acting, and skillful direction. With Richard Attenborough and John Mills. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 3.)

A Place in the Sun—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that is probably as apt a translation of a novel to the screen as anyone is likely to see in our time. The direction by George Stevens is altogether estimable, and the acting is equally so. With Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Shelley Winters. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through Oct. 3, tentative.)

The River—An adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel about life in India, directed by Jean Renoir with a fine eye for subtle drama and colorful Bengalese backgrounds. The picture, which was filmed on location, includes in its cast Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, and a remarkable young Indian actress named Radha. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—A literal translation to the screen of the famous Tennessee Williams play about a Southern lady, no better than the next, and her Polish brother-in-law, who is much worse. Directed by Elia Kazan, and superbly enacted by Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900).

Tales of Hoffmann—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 2-3.)

Back Street (1941)—Fannie Hurst's familiar old tale of love and tears. Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Sept. 28.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Sept. 27.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.... ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Sept. 28.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 30-Oct. 2, tentative.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as, respectively, a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his last fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture, based on a story by J. B. Priestley. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—A pair of tough citizens, Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell, who love but never trust each other. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 28-29, tentative.)

Marriage in the Shadows (1948)—A German film dealing with the difficulties of marriage between Jew and Gentile in the Third Reich. With Ilse Steppat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 27, tentative.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—A small boy picks race-track winners while riding a rocking horse in his nursery. A British picture, with John Howard Davies, John Mills, and Valerie Hobson. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Sept. 27.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 27, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 30: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels.... ¶ Starting Oct. 1: "One A.M." (1916), with Charlie Chaplin, and "The Kid" (1921), with Mr. Chaplin, who also directed it, and Jackie Coogan. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Here Comes the Groom," Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Oct. 3 (tentative): **A PLACE IN THE SUN.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Sept. 28: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film.
From Sept. 29: "The Magic Face," Luther Adler, Patricia Knight.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Oct. 3: "Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Oct. 3: "Captain Horatio Hornblower," Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Flying Leathernecks," John Wayne, Robert Ryan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

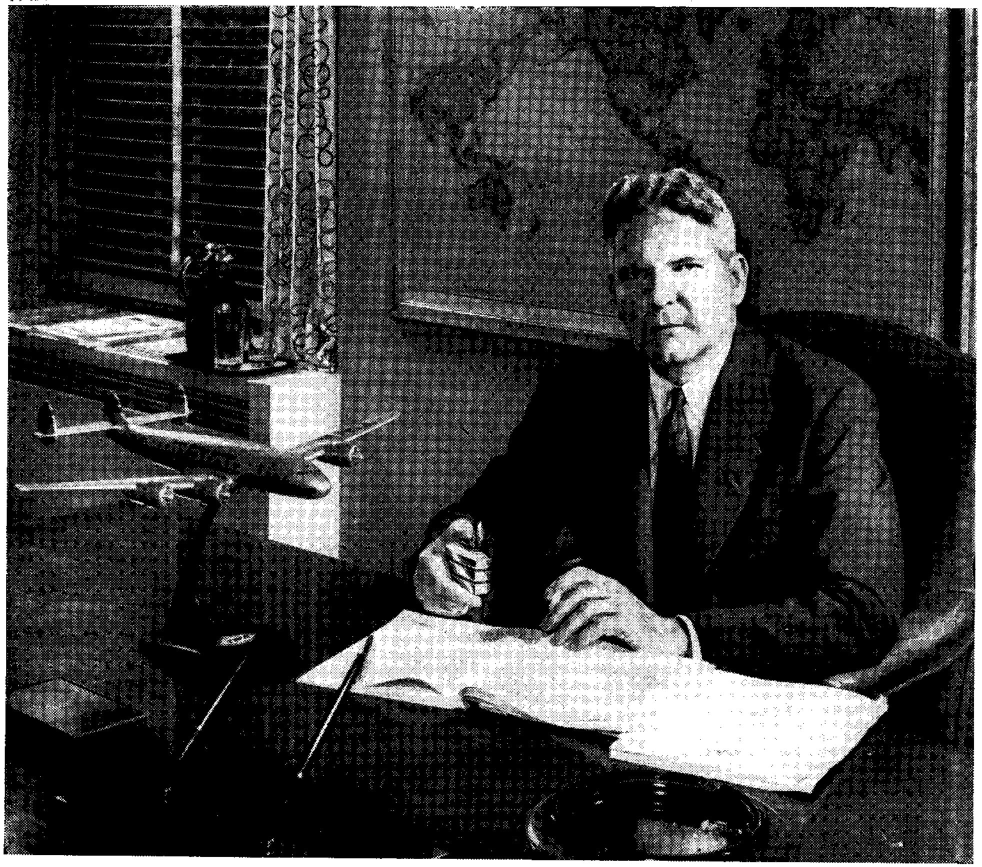
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"No Highway in the Sky," James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Well," Richard Rober, Barry Kelly.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.



T. W. A. BOARD CHAIRMAN, *Warren Lee Pierson*, says: "I consider a lighter really a necessity. And having a mighty high regard for precision and dependability, naturally I have a mighty high regard for my Ronson lighter." (Mr. Pierson's desk lighter is the Ronson Spartan, in chromium plate with indented black enamel bands. $12.25)

Here is **RAYMOND LOEWY PARTNER, *A. Baker Barnhart*,** who says: "Designers are always impressed by a quality beyond appearance — performance. Ronson is the most dependable lighter I know."

NEW YORK AREA FORD DISTRIBUTOR, *Ralph Horgan*, says: "I admire fine performance in lighters as in automobiles — so naturally Ronson's the lighter for me!"

TOP EXECUTIVES SAY:

"The lighter for me is RONSON"

Yes, Ronson was preferred 4 to 1 over any other brand, among all executives interviewed!

"I wouldn't be without a lighter," said executives in this nation-wide independent survey. "It's a necessity these modern days!" And other surveys reveal that Ronson is the far-and-away favorite among hostesses, sportsmen, students, brides-to-be—and among smokers in general!

Ronson is acknowledged "tops" in design — precision craftsmanship — long-lived performance and dependability. *Acknowledged the world's greatest lighter!*

So when you're shopping for a gift, or for something for yourself, think of a Ronson. Look right on the lighter for the famous trademark RONSON. It means "world's finest."

And remember: any lighter puts its best flame forward with Ronsonol Fuel and extra-length Ronson Redskin 'Flints.'

Ronson, Newark, N. J., Toronto, Ont., London, Eng.

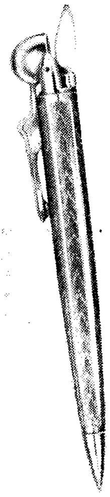
Winner, Fashion Academy Gold Medal

RONSON®

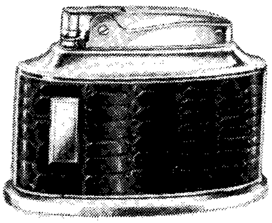
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Press, it's lit—Release, it's out!

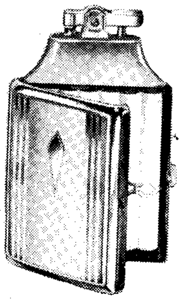
Lighters shown in reduced size.



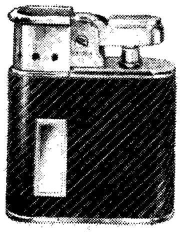
RONSON PENCI-LITER. Lights! Writes! In chromium plate. $8.95.



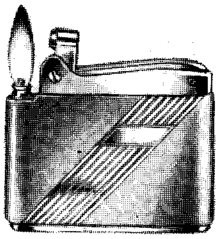
RONSON SENATOR. Desk and library lighter in genuine alligator. $13.75. Other desk lighters from $12.25.



RONSON MASTERCASE. Combination Lighter-Cigarette Case, chromium plate. $11.



RONSON WHIRLWIND. Disappearing windshield. Two-toned ribbed genuine brown calfskin. $9.50.



RONSON ADONIS. Slim as a fine watch. Smart pocket lighter in chromium plate, engine-turned. $10.

Enjoy Ronson's "Star of the Family," CBS-TV Network; and Ronson's new Network Radio Show. (Watch local paper for details)

only BH&G is so BIG in this special way

BUY
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It offers the ONLY one of the 3 biggest man-woman audiences that's screened for the BUY on their minds!

EVERY now and then, something happens to upset old ideas—and that's what's been happening right before your eyes.

Better Homes & Gardens has exploded the myth that *selected* circulations must be *small!* BH&G offers advertisers 3½-million families—screened to be *top* prospects for almost anything on the market!

A look at the book will show you how BH&G builds such a big market for you. You'll find none of the ordinary reader-bait—no fiction, no sensationalism, no general news pictures.

But you *will* find a bookful of what only the BUY-minded love! Every page, phrase, picture and diagram is about things to try—things to BUY—to make life more complete!

And this material is carefully planned for equal accent on the interests of men and women—both!

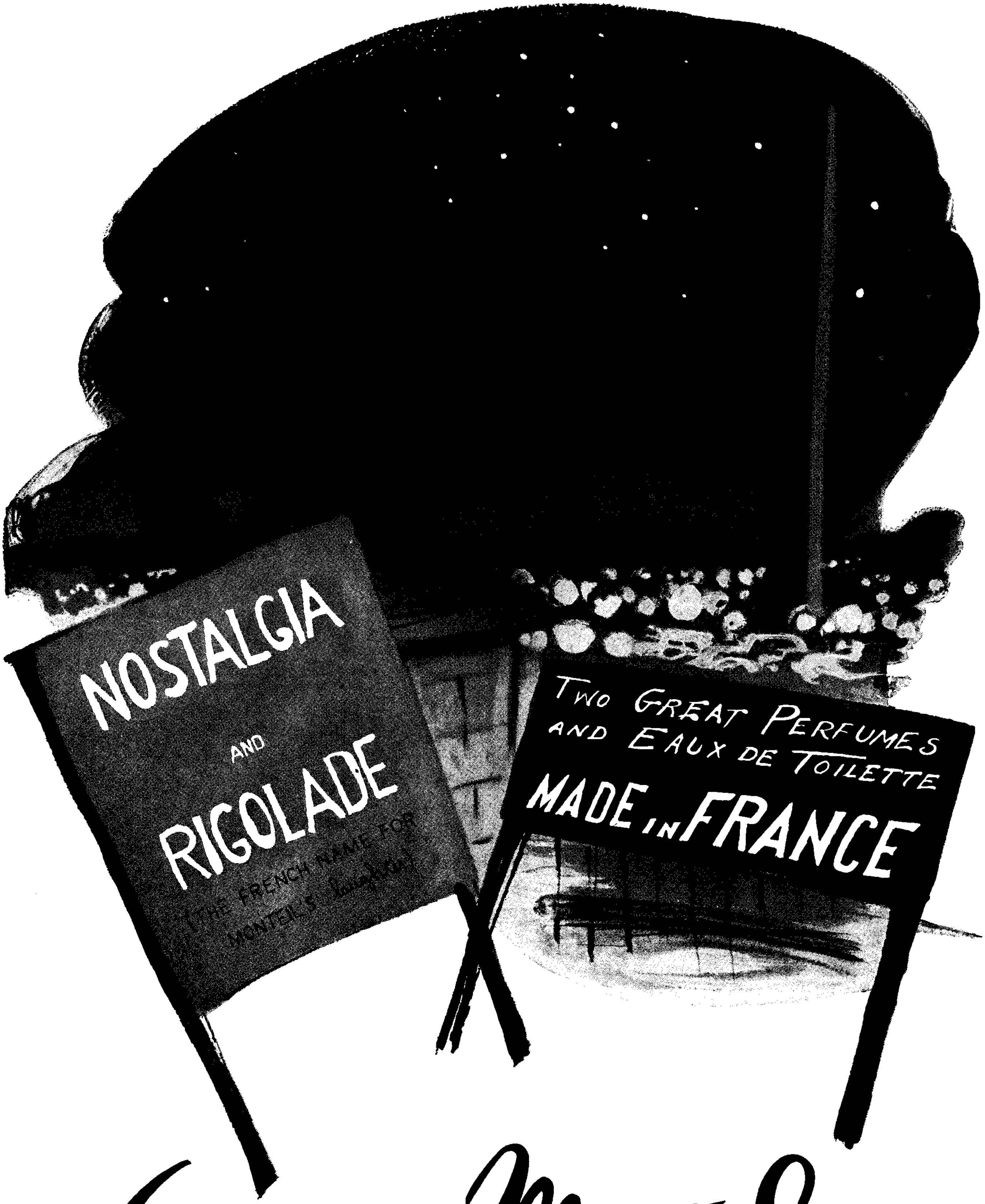
That's why multimillions of husbands and wives come out from between the covers of BH&G with definite ideas about what's for them—and where to buy it!

That's why BH&G's big market is all wheat—no chaff. That's why you want all *the facts* about BH&G's 3½-million families—screened for the BUY on their minds!

Better Homes and Gardens

Serving a SCREENED MARKET of 3½-Million Better Families

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa


NOSTALGIA
AND
RIGOLADE
(THE FRENCH NAME FOR MONTEIL'S laughter)
TWO GREAT PERFUMES AND EAUX DE TOILETTE
MADE IN FRANCE

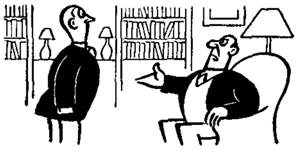
Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have an idea that the economy of this country has the economists of this country absolutely buffaloed—too many odd facts that won't fit or stay put, too many facets of the American dream that turn out to mean the opposite of what they used to mean. We've heard a couple of stories lately that point up the latter difficulty, and any double-dome who cares to work them up into a theory explaining our current peculiar state of panicky prosperity is free to do so. The first was told us by a Yale boy we know, who stopped in to see us on his way back to school from his home in Detroit. We asked if he'd had a pleasant summer, and he said it was terrible—too much tennis, golf, and swimming. On further inquiry, it developed that, being what in a simpler day would have been considered the very model of industry and ambition, the young man had decided to spend his vacation working. He had no trouble getting a job in one of the big assembly plants in Detroit, and put in five happy and profitable weeks. Then, one night, the blow fell. His father called him into the library and informed him that he would have to quit his job at once. It had occurred to the father that after another week the boy would have earned just over five hundred dollars, and, the income-tax laws being what they are, this would cost the father the six-hundred-dollar exemption he regularly claimed for his son. The exemption was far more precious to the father than the primitive nineteenth-century git-up-and-go of his son, who, having been bought off with an allowance, spent the rest of his vacation loafing and sulking.



Our other story also concerns an enforced and unwelcome retirement, but one with different Oedipal and economic overtones. A man of our acquaintance, a figure of some consequence in the business world, recently reached the age of sixty-five and, according to company practice, was retired with a sizable pension. Meeting him on the street, we congratulated him on his new-found leisure. "New-found nonsense!" he snapped, all but taking our head off. "Shows how the whole country is going to hell. What it means is I have to begin looking around for another job. Start in all over again. Scratch, scratch, scratch!" We asked, as gently as possible, why he didn't accept the good fortune of being able to take things easy. "Ashamed to!" he said, his pince-nez glittering. "Matter of self-respect. How *can* I retire, with Dad still working? Ninety-one, and gets to the office every day."

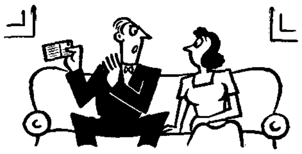
Graphological

A REFERENCE in the *World-Telegram & Sun* to Miss Dorothy Sara as a "handwriting analyst and vice-president of the American Graphological Society" whose professional opinion the newspaper had solicited anent the anonymous threats sent to Mrs. Harry Gross aroused our curiosity about Miss Sara and the Society, and we called on her last week and discussed both subjects, even though by that time her observation "Could it be that these notes are a result of fictional thinking and desire to get into the limelight, rather than actual threat?" had failed to reassure Mrs. Gross, at least. Well, the Society was incorporated in 1927, has a hundred and fifty members, mostly professional graphologists, and holds monthly meetings from October to May, generally following a dinner in the Dickens Room, an East Ninth Street restaurant. At these, and in an occasional *Bulletin* it issues, the Society discusses matters like the significance of the way the pronoun "I" is written. Miss Sara, a dark, curly-haired lady with a serious, sympathetic expression, handed us a *Bulletin* provocatively stating, in part:

> According to the French graphologist, Crepieux-Jaminthere, there may be 480 million different combinations of characteristics in the writing of an "I" alone. This figure may jump to the octillions and nonillions (figures with more than 30 zeros) when one considers the permutation of I-details with the details of the letter's environment—its positions on the paper and in relation to neighboring words.

She then advised us that the Society has an Ethics Committee, on which she serves, and which scrutinizes all applications for membership. "Applicants must submit sample analyses," she said, "and if these are no good, the applicants are turned down. If their handwriting shows unreliable traits, we turn them down for that reason. We answer inquiries by phone and mail, and have had them from as far away as India—mail, of course."

Miss Sara was born in Brooklyn and got interested in graphology in her late teens, when she showed a postcard from a suitor to another suitor, who said, "Don't trust him. His handwriting shows that he's a flirt." "I showed the postcard to a girl in the greeting-card firm where I was a stenographer," she told us, "and she said the same thing. I went to the Public Library, read all the books by graphologists there, and later became one myself. The man who wrote the postcard married somebody else. He *was* a flirt." "How about the man who read the postcard?" we asked. "He was a flirt, too," said Miss Sara, and, changing the subject, remarked



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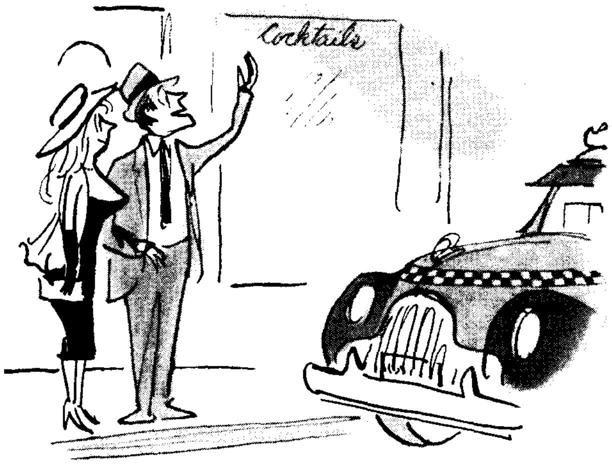

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that most of her clients are men. "It's mainly the boy-meets-girl angle that brings them to me," she said. "Men have swallowed the myth, created by women, that women are hard to understand, and they come to me and my colleagues to find out about girls." Miss S. augments her graphological earnings—she charges five dollars a consultation—by writing. She is the author of "Reading Handwriting for Fun and Popularity," which has sold ninety-five thousand copies, and of such non-graphological how-to books as "Primer for Hostesses" and "Home Nurse's Handbook." She told us that the last war occasioned a big boom in her professional activity. "Apprehensive mothers-in-law sent me letters, with enclosures, saying, 'This is the handwriting of a girl my boy is bringing home from France. What is she like?' " Miss Sara directed a tolerant gaze at us. "These requests were prompted by kindness, you understand," she said. "The mothers-in-law didn't wish any misunderstanding to arise during the period of adjustment to their sons' wives."

Sara clients have included the Duchess of Windsor; Elsa Maxwell; the owner of the House of Herbs, who has for seven years been sending her the handwriting of prospective employees; several Wall Street brokers, also interested in the employee angle; and the Astaires. "Adele has a wonderful handwriting, showing great simplicity," she said. "Fred's is the writing of a meticulous, scientific worker—very serious." Miss Sara expressed the firm opinion that there is no such thing as a male or a female handwriting, for the reason that there is no such thing as a male or a female trait of character. Identical twins, she went on, write differently, because their personalities are different. "I have identical-twin nieces," she said. "I can't tell them apart, except for a mole, but graphologically they are entirely unlike."

Miss S. does a good deal of work at parties. At a costume party given by the late Annie Burr Jennings some years ago, she was asked by the hostess to analyze the handwriting of a male guest. "He was a sweet old gentleman," Miss Sara said. "I told him his writing showed that he was full of wit and humor, and then asked him just what his costume represented. 'My dear,' he said, 'I'm not in costume. I'm an Episcopal bishop.' "

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SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCE: The Creole Food Company, of New Orleans, is offering mail-order patrons, with each shipment of its products, six survival secrets for use in an atomic attack.

The Hour

New York goes back to Standard Time next Sunday, and this brings up an annual horological question that has long baffled some of the best brains of local life—whether it is safe merely to turn the hands of one's watches and clocks back an hour or whether it is necessary to advance them by eleven hours or, in the case of clocks, to stop the works, hang around

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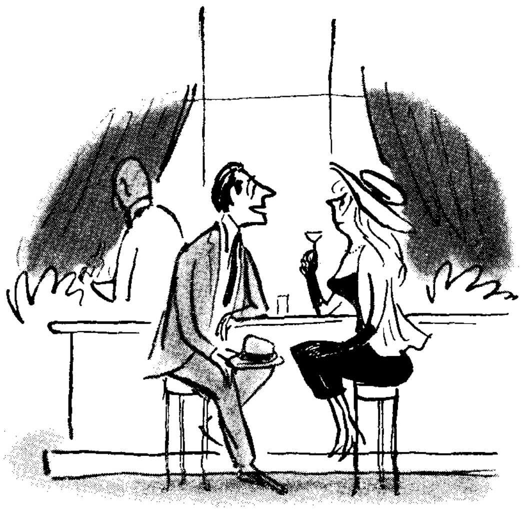

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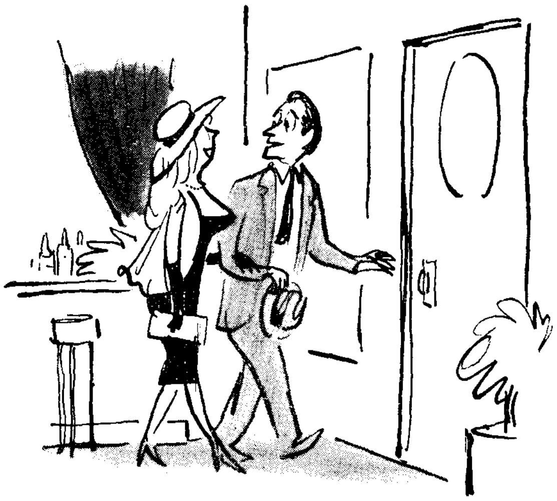

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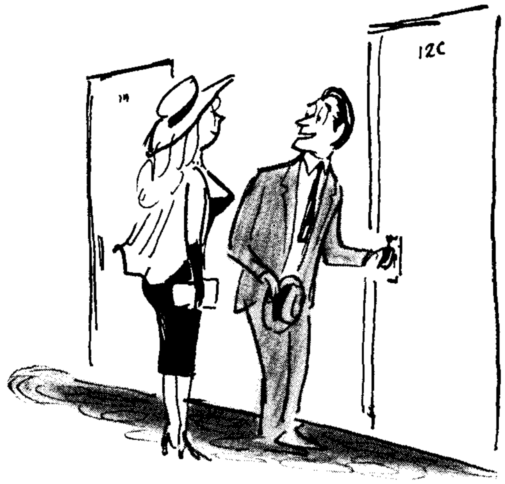

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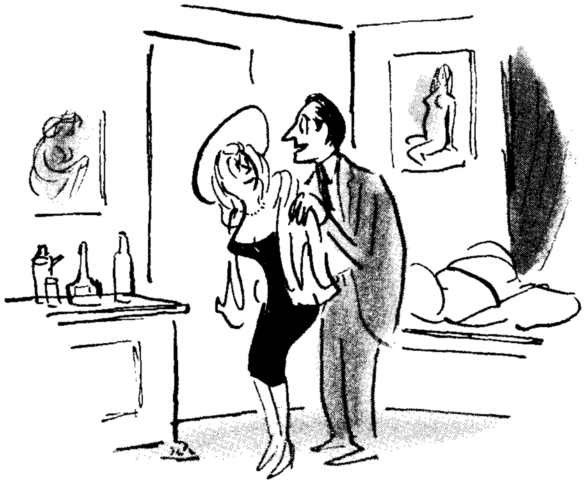

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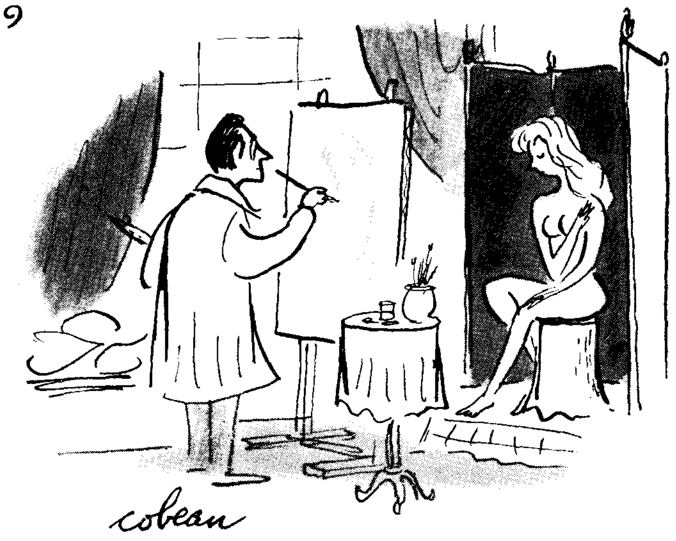


for sixty minutes, shifting uneasily from foot to foot, and then start them up again. In the past, our personal rule has been to turn back the hands of our watch and to stop our clocks, a compromise that had no scientific basis and that never gave us any real sense of security. This year, we decided to act on facts, and forehandedly dispatched one of our young men to get the straight dope from the experts. After interviewing technicians of Patek-Philippe and Vacheron & Constantin, two of the leading Swiss watch manufacturers; watch repairmen at Tiffany's; Samuel Greenhill, a figure of moment in the world of grandfather clocks; and a representative of the Howard Clock Company, which services most of the big clocks on buildings around town, he reported that if a watch is in good condition, *it makes no difference whether it is set clockwise or counterclockwise,* and that, with certain exceptions, this rule applies to all timepieces, large or small, Swiss or American, cheap or expensive, run by springs, weights, electricity, atmospheric pressure, or other means. A timepiece, in the sense here employed, is a watch or clock that tells the time without striking or chiming. Clocks that strike or chime must be set clockwise, because the striking mechanism is connected in such a way that a backward movement of the hands will injure the works.

The fear of setting the hands of a watch back is so deep-seated and so widespread (in medical circles the phobia is known as the Longines-Wittnauer syndrome) that even watchmakers and watch repairmen have a hard time flatly admitting that the practice is a safe one, but they all finally so expressed themselves to our man. One manufacturer's representative, in fact, came right out with a *pro*-counterclockwise theory. His reasoning is that while it makes no difference to the works of a watch whether the hands are moved forward or backward, the threads that hold the crown of the watch to the stem are tightened by counterclockwise pressure, whereas clockwise turning of the crown tends to loosen them. A Swiss watch man said the belief that it is harmful to turn a watch back probably grew up in the days, forty or fifty years ago, when the most popular escape movement in watches was what was known as the cylinder escapement. It was a ticklish mechanism; when properly adjusted, it allowed movement of the hands either way, but often it was not properly adjusted, and inexpert watch repairmen, to be on the safe side, would caution their customers not to turn the hands backward.

Important exceptions to the turn-'em-either-way rule are the electric-clock systems in which a synchronizing mechanism connects a number of clocks with a master clock. Every fall, Western Union Correct Time admonishes subscribers to its synchronized-clock system to turn the minute hand of each clock eleven times around the dial; otherwise, the synchronizing lever will be bent and the clock ruined. The chief electrician of the Queen Elizabeth told our man that there are seven hundred synchronized clocks aboard the ship, and that these are stopped for an hour every midnight on the westward crossing and on the eastward crossing are advanced an hour a night by means of the master clock's being made to gain ten minutes an hour between 6 P.M. and midnight.

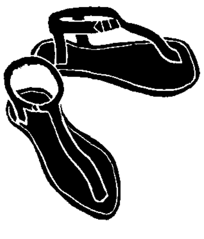
Most of the clocks serviced by the Howard Clock Company either strike or chime, so the six men who keep them in order will be putting in a busy Sunday. In the case of the clock in the spire of Trinity Church, for example, the Howard man will have to put the governor and trip levers into no-strike position, pull the clutch, move the hands forward eleven hours, then snap the clutch back in and release the trip levers and governor. Otherwise, the clock would have to sound every quarter hour in the eleven-hour period, and might well drive the clock man barmy. The huge clock on the four faces of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tower, which the Metropolitan services itself, is no problem at all. Its hands can be turned back and forth at will, because it is actually a timepiece; the striking mechanism is a separate affair, coördinated with the timepiece by a master clock down on the second floor of the building.

Inflation

MAN who hocked his typewriter for ten dollars in 1949, and subsequently recovered it, rehocked it last month at the same pawnshop and got thirteen dollars.

Triple-Decker

OVER a cup of oolong in an apartment on West 106th Street, we've had a talk with Cham-Ber Huang, a Chinese harmonica virtuoso, who has attracted a good deal of attention on television by making a sandwich of three mouth organs and playing them simultaneously. We told Huang, a small and jolly twenty-five-year-old, that we had never associated the harmonica with the Orient, and he told us that the instrument, or something very like it, has been known in China for two thousand years. "We call it *sheng*," he said. "It is made of bamboo and has bamboo reeds. Maybe Marco Polo brought it to Europe." Huang's harmonicas, of which he has about a hundred, are all Occidental ones, made by Hohner. He has been blowing harmonicas since he was seven. "My family is of Shanghai," he said, "and there the harmonica is very popular, because poor people cannot afford the piano or violin." The moment Huang sounded his first tentative toot on a Hohner, a small ten-holer given him by his grandfather, he sensed that his destiny lay with the harmonica, and he went about mastering it with such determination that by the time he was sixteen he was the director of a band of thirty harmonica players, and famous. "Before I get out of China, two years ago, after the political situation is troubled," he said, "my band has one hundred players, and I have studied theory, composition, and arrangement at the Shanghai Conservatory of Music. In China, I am strictly classical. With the Shanghai Symphony in 1946, I make the harmonica do the flute part in Bach's Suite No. 2 in B Minor, and in 1947 I make it do the oboe part in a Mozart quartet. Over here, I must also do the boogies and swing."



Huang put down his teacup and disappeared into another room, from which he returned with an armful of harmonicas, ranging in length from one inch to a whopper of over two feet. Piling three of the shorter ones together, he started blowing into them alternately, like a seal playing pipes at a circus. What came out of them was a complicated gypsy dance. Not at all winded when he had concluded, Huang explained, "For this, I have a C sharp on the top, a C natural in the middle, and an A on the bottom. It is impossible on a chromatic harmonica to play a fast tune like this one just as written, but with three diatonic harmonicas you can go fast as you like." We asked Huang what he used the two-foot mouth organ for, and he told us that he can play many chromatic scales on it. "I have also a harmonica that has a row of pitch pipes as well as reeds, and makes sounds like a whole band," he said. "I am always inventing. I have invented a lifetime harmonica and sent drawings to Hohner, but it is too expensive to make. It has reeds that slide in and out. If a reed goes on a regular harmonica, you must throw the whole thing away, and so, out goes fifteen dollars. If a reed goes out on my lifetime harmonica, you put in a new one. I have also invented a harmonica with a boogie bass. Hohner is making this now."

Last year, Huang gave a concert for five thousand employees of the Hohner plant in Germany, and blew such solid and eloquent Beethoven and Brahms that he had the crowd cheering to his last exhalation. He isn't too fond of clowning with his instrument, but is not beyond surreptitiously stuffing a one-inch harmonica into his mouth and playing reedy rhythms that seem to come from nowhere. To render Chinese airs, Huang has to equip his harmonicas with special reeds. Whatever he plays, his bass reeds, contrary to standard harmonica technique, are to his right, a result of self-teaching as a child. We asked Huang if his lips need special care, and he said they are like iron and require no attention. Possibly to demonstrate this, he ran through, without pause, a boogie version of "Sleepy Time Gal," a Sousa march, and "Peg o' My Heart." "In Shanghai," he said, "this would be a scandal. But at least with this music I'm not pretending that I'm a flute or an oboe."

Honest Weight

A LADY entered a drugstore, bought a three-cent stamp and affixed it to an envelope, spied a weighing machine, hesitated, laid the envelope on a counter, and proceeded to weigh herself.

Hundredth Birthday

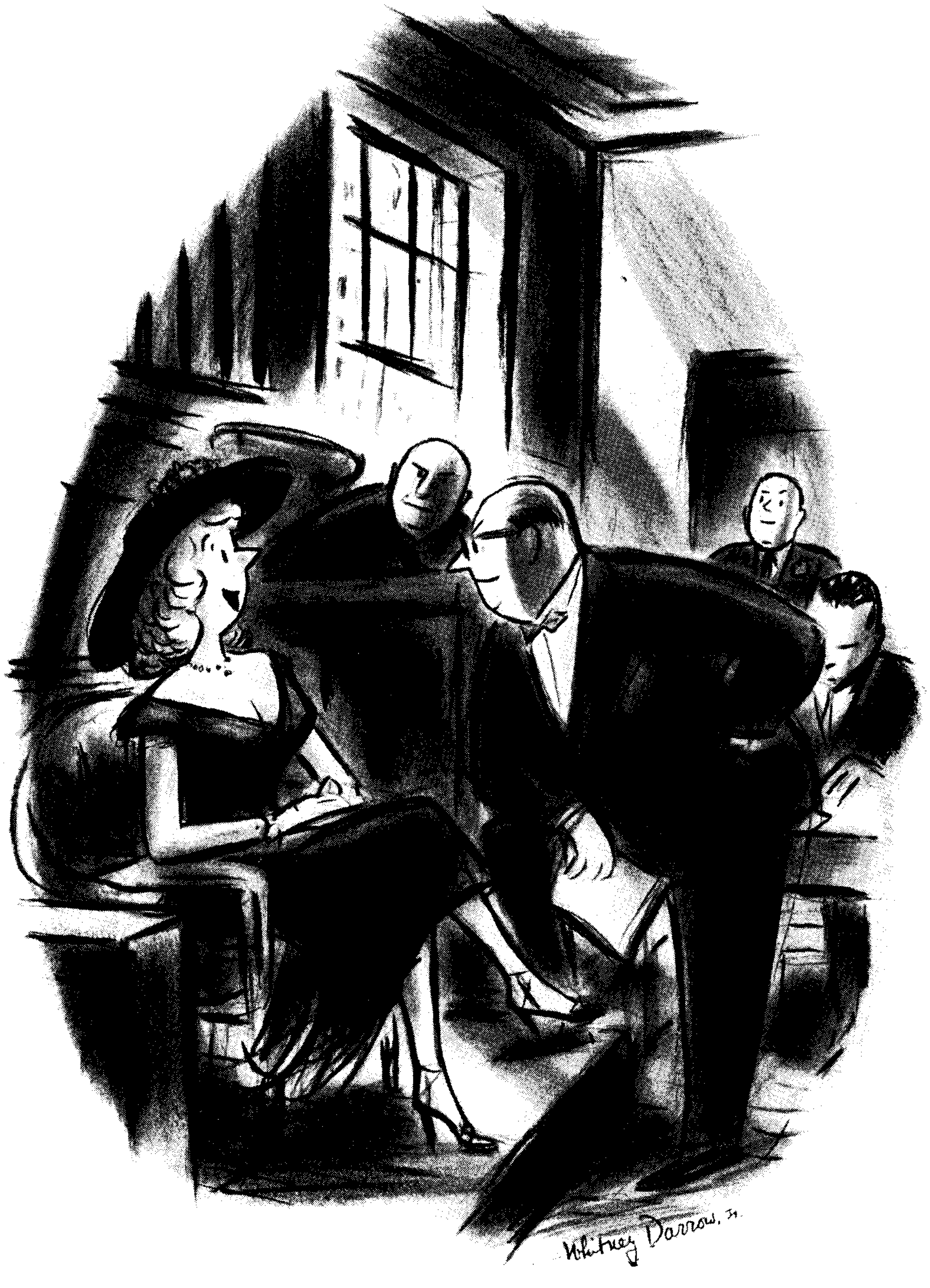
THE dependable old *Times* began its second hundred years of publication on Tuesday, September 18th, and on the afternoon before, while the birthday issue was being assembled, we visited the fourteenth floor of the paper's offices at 229 West Forty-third Street to extend our congratulations to its publisher, Arthur Hays Sulzberger. He received us cordially. "I've kept my calendar clear today and tonight because I imagined people might be dropping in," he said. "I celebrated my own sixtieth birthday last Wednesday, and I had a big party on Saturday, and I've just now come from General Adler's daughter's wedding. I am weary but unbowed." Mr. Sulzberger looked in fine fettle to us, and so did his office, brightly festooned with flowers. "The big ones there are for the *Times*, from Sloan Colt," he said, "and the others are left over from my birthday." He informed us that we shouldn't expect to find much in the way of special frills, hundredth anniversary or no. "We decided not to have a big anniversary edition and hold people up for advertising," he said. "As I told my staff, our main concern is simply to make the September 18th issue a good newspaper." He handed us a galley proof of an editorial on the centennial that was to run the next morning, and we callowly asked him who had written it. "The *Times*," he replied.

Mr. Sulzberger offered to show us around the building and we eagerly accepted the invitation. As he towed us off, he passed a secretary wrestling with a bulky package. "Another congratulatory scroll from the Chinese!" she called merrily. He led us first into the nearby office of Orvil Dryfoos, his son-in-law and assistant. Dryfoos hastily snapped off a broadcast of a ball game. "Very critical game," he said defensively. "Yanks and Indians tied, one to one, going into the ninth." Mr. Sulzberger asked if he planned to be on hand at press time. "I've got to go to my brother's birthday party," Dryfoos said, "but I'll stop in afterward."

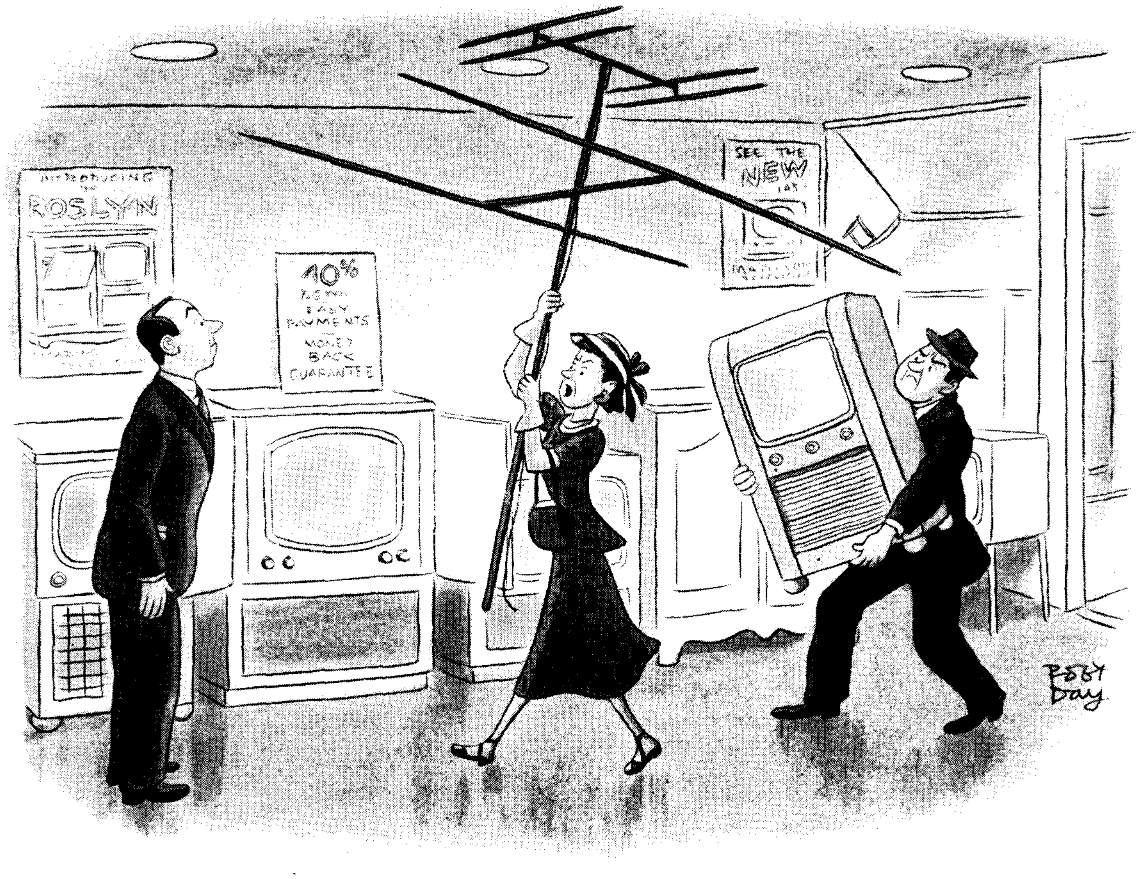
Mr. Sulzberger guided us from floor to floor. On the eleventh, he drew our attention to a Chinese scroll hanging on a wall. "It calls us 'the throat and tongue of the world,'" he said proudly. On the tenth, he introduced us to Charles Merz. "I've written another editorial on the anniversary," Merz told him. "A nice little turn-the-column piece, I think." Mr. Sulzberger, seemingly unruffled by this breach in security, said he'd look it over shortly. As we strolled through air-conditioned corridor after air-conditioned corridor, he called our attention to the gay color schemes that prevailed. "We've tried to make the place cheerful," he said. Cheerful it looked, too; the good gray *Times* is hatched in a gaudy nest. We encountered many of the paper's thirty-five hundred home-office employees on our tour (each was to get an individual birthday cake the next day), and most of them greeted the publisher amiably, as remote acquaintances are apt to greet each other during the Christmas-holiday season. On the seventh floor, in the photoengraving department, a photoengraver shouted to the boss, "Yankees win, two to one, in the ninth!" "Good news!" cried Mr. Sulzberger heartily. We passed through an inside, windowless corridor with "Shelter" signs prominently displayed in it. "We're not figuring on any evacuation," the publisher said. "If there's a direct hit on the *Times*, we'll all go together."

Mr. Sulzberger said he had to return to his desk then—to scan Merz's editorial, we assumed—and as we accompanied him back upstairs, he remarked, "You know, I was talking to some Army officers recently, and I told them that for us every day is a D Day, and every D Day has its H Hour. Tonight, our H Hour will be at ten-forty." He left us at Dryfoos's office.

"Rizzuto squeezed the winning run home," Dryfoos whispered to us. He added that he had just been talking with Turner Catledge, the executive managing editor, and that Catledge had told him congratulations were pouring in from everywhere. "Messages from the President, the Vice-President, and the Speaker of the House all came through within a two-minute period," said Dry-



"Yes, I knew it was loaded, but I just never dreamed I could hit him."



"Milton Berle—that's why!"

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foos. "Think of it!" He informed us that the daily six-o'clock news conference of representatives of the paper's various news departments—city desk, foreign desk, national news desk, sports, business, financial—was about to be held and asked if we'd like to sit in on it. When we said we would indeed, he escorted us to Catledge's office, on the third floor, just off the city room. "Big night tonight," one of a dozen editors present was saying as we arrived. "Hear about the Toledo *Blade*?" asked Catledge. "They sent in the text of a congratulatory editorial of theirs, to run as a paid ad. The suckers! We'd have run it for free." Mr. Sulzberger came in. "I just celebrated my sixtieth birthday," he said to the room at large. "Tonight at ten-forty, we'll all be a hundred. Let's make the first one of the new century just as good as we can. That's why you're here, I know, and so without further ado I'll beat it back up to my ivory tower." There was polite laughter, and everyone stood up as he departed.

Catledge, presiding in place of Edwin L. James, the managing editor, who had been ill for some weeks, got the conference under way, asking each editor, in turn, to summarize the major items he had scheduled for the next morning's paper. It quickly developed that, what with a terrific raft of testimonials of one sort or another to be fitted in, space was going to be exceedingly tight. A man from the foreign desk said that in honor of the anniversary he was blowing up the Korean war map from its customary two-column breadth to three columns. Catledge groaned. Sports announced that the Yankees had won, 2–1. "If you got any space left, the stock market went down a little today," said Finance. "If it went down, let's leave it out," retorted Catledge, kidding. "Arnold Constable's celebrating its hundred-and-twenty-sixth anniversary," said Business. "My God, they have one every year!" said Catledge. "Last year, on the one-twenty-fifth, they wanted us to take a picture." "We took one this year," said the picture editor ruefully. "Tonight, all editions five minutes early," said Catledge.

By this time, we were resolved to actually see the *Times* through its first H Hour of its second century. Shortly before ten that night, we turned up in the city room, a vast sea of desks flecked with green eyeshades, where we found Catledge pacing the aisles, and he presently took us one flight up to the composing room. There the foreman wished him a happy centennial. "It'll be a good, orderly close," he added. At ten-fifteen, Mr. Sulzberger reappeared. "Right on the nose," Catledge told him at once. "You know, I have a young grandchild trying to get born tonight," said Sulzberger. "That would be something," murmured Catledge. "And Mrs. Sulzberger's birthday is the nineteenth," the publisher added. We reflected idly that the gift wrappings must be piling up around that family like newsprint.

We all trooped down to the pressroom, in the basement. Bells were ringing, stereotype plates were clanking, pressmen were shouting. The superintendent of the room, Alfred W. Harris, greeted us warmly. "I got over a third of the first hundred here myself—thirty-nine years," he said, and mentioned that he would be sixty-three his next birthday. At ten-thirty-seven, Catledge said, "Well, we ought to be rolling now." One minute later, Press No. 14, one of ninety-five on the premises, began to roll. Harris deftly grabbed the first copy to come off it and handed it gravely to Sulzberger. "Now for another hundred years," said the publisher. Soon presses were roaring on all sides.

We walked upstairs to the mailroom and stood there a few minutes, noting that the subscription copies of Joseph Kelemen, M.D., of Antwerp, New York, and Sidney C. Fink, of Winnetka, Illinois, were tidily wrapped and ready to be mailed. We left the building and headed east. At the southwest corner of Forty-third and Broadway, a newsstand dealer was yelling, "Morning *Times*! Morning *Times*!" A lady passing by turned to her companion and said, "Tomorrow's paper is out already."

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OVERHEARD next to the Museum of Natural History's model of a mosquito, which is magnified eighty times:

SMALL BOY (*recoiling*): "Mummy, is it *alive*?"

MOTHER: "No, it's stuffed."

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF IT?

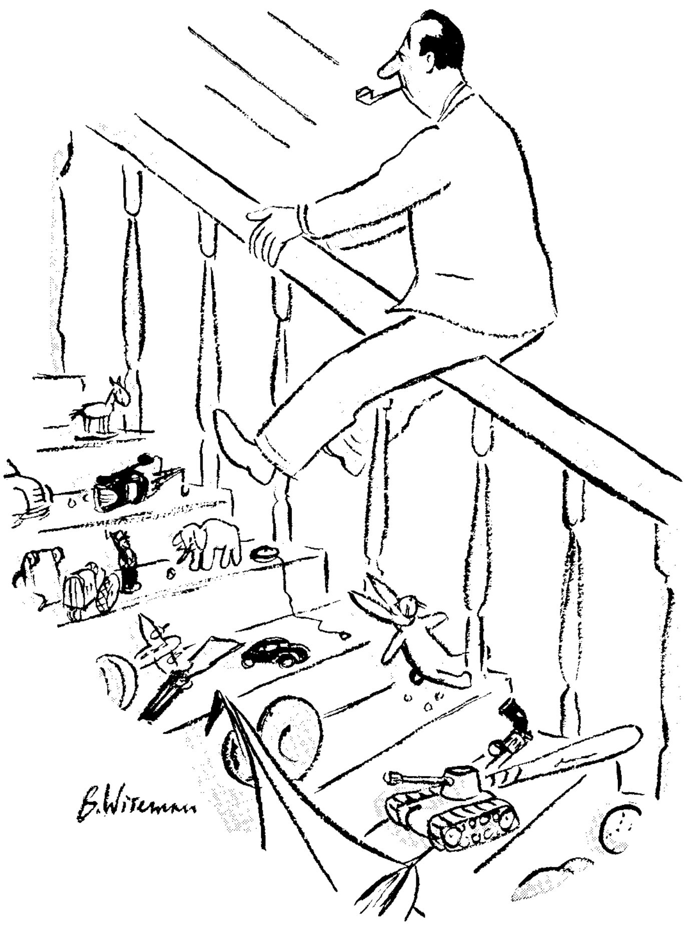
OR, IF YOU PUT AN "O" ON "UNDERSTO," YOU'LL RUIN MY "THUNDERSTORM"

I'M probably not the oldest word-game player in the country, and I know I'm not the ablest, but my friends will all testify that I'm the doggedest. (We'll come back to the word "doggedest" later on.) I sometimes keep on playing the game, all by myself, after it is over and I have gone to bed. On a recent night, tossing and spelling, I spent two hours hunting for another word besides "phlox" that has "hlo" in it. I finally found seven: "matchlock," "decathlon," "pentathlon," "hydrochloric," "chlorine," "chloroform," and "monthlong." There are more than a dozen others, beginning with "phlo," but I had to look them up in the dictionary the next morning, and that doesn't count.

By "the game," I mean Superghosts, as some of us call it, a difficult variation of the familiar parlor game known as Ghosts. In Ghosts, as everybody knows, one of a group of sedentary players starts with a letter, and the spelling proceeds clockwise around the group until a player spells a word of more than three letters, thus becoming "a third of a ghost," or two-thirds, or a whole ghost. The game goes on until everyone but the winner has been eliminated. Superghosts differs from the old game in one small, tricky, and often exacerbating respect: The rules allow a player to *prefix* a letter to the word in progress, thus increasing the flexibility of the indoor sport. If "busines" comes to a player, he does not have to add the final "s;" he can put an "n" in front, and the player who has to add the "e" to "unbusinesslik" becomes part of a ghost. In a recent game in my league, a devious gentleman boldly stuck an "n" in front of "sobsiste," stoutly maintaining the validity of "unsobsisterlike," but he was shouted down. There is a lot of shouting in the game, especially when it is played late at night.

Starting words in the middle and spelling them in both directions lifts the pallid pastime of Ghosts out of the realm of children's parties and ladies' sewing circles and makes it a game to test the mettle of the mature adult mind. As long ago as 1930, aficionados began to appear in New York parlors, and then the game waned, to be revived, in my circle, last year. The Superghost aficionado is a moody fellow, given to spelling to himself at table, not listening to his wife, and staring dully at his frightened children, wondering why he didn't detect, in yesterday's game, that "cklu" is the guts of "lacklustre," and priding himself on having stumped everybody with "nehe," the middle of "swineherd." In this last case, "bonehead" would have done, since we allow slang if it is in the dictionary, but "Stonehenge" is out, because we don't allow proper nouns. All compound and hyphenated words are privileged, even "jack-o'-lantern" and "love-in-a-mist," but the speller must indicate where a hyphen occurs.

Many people, who don't like word games and just want to sit around and drink and talk, hate Superghosts and wish it were in hell with Knock, Knock, Who's There? The game is also tough on bad spellers, poor visualizers, mediocre concentrators, ladies and gentlemen of small vocabulary, and those who are, to use a word presently popular with the younger drinking set, clobbered. I remember the night a bad speller, female, put an "m" on "ale," thinking, as she later confessed, that "salamander" is spelled with two "e"s. The next player could have gone to "alemb"—the word "alembic" turns up a lot—but he made it "alema" and was promptly challenged. (You can challenge a player if you think he is bluffing.) What the challenged player had in mind was "stalemate." The man who had challenged him got sore, because he hadn't thought of "stalemate," and went home. More than one game has ended in hard feelings, but I have never seen players come to blows, or friendships actually broken.



I SAID we would get back to "doggedest," and here we are. This word, if it is a word, caused a lot of trouble during one game, when a lady found "ogged" in her lap, refused to be bogged, dogged, fogged, jogged, or logged, and added an "e." She was challenged and lost, since Webster's unabridged dictionary is accepted as the final judge and authority, and while it gives "doggedly" and "doggedness," it doesn't give "doggedest." She could also have got out of "ogged" with an "r" in front, for "frogged" is a good word, and also what might be called a lady's word, but she stuck doggedly to "doggedest." Then there was the evening a dangerous and exasperating player named Bert Mitchell challenged somebody's "dogger." The challenged man had "doggerel" in mind, of course, but Mitchell said, in his irritating voice, "You have spelled a word. 'Dogger' is a word," and he flipped through the unabridged dictionary, which he reads for pleasure and always has on his lap during a game. "Dogger" is indeed a word, and quite a word. Look it up yourself.

When I looked up "dogger" the other day, I decided to have a look at "dog," a word practically nobody ever looks up, because everybody is smugly confident that he knows what a dog is. Here, for your amazement, are some dogs other than the carnivorous mammal:

The hammer in a gunlock. Any of various devices, usually of simple design, for holding, gripping, or fastening something; as: **a** Any of various devices consisting essentially of a spike, rod, or bar of metal, as of iron, with a ring, hook, claw, lug, or the like, at the end, used for gripping, clutching, or holding something, as by driving or embedding it in the object, hooking it to the object, etc. See RAFT DOG, TOE DOG. **b** Specif., either of the hooks or claws of a pair of sling dogs. See CRAMPON. **c** An iron for holding wood in a fireplace; a firedog; an andiron. **d** In a lathe, a clamp for gripping the piece of work and for communicating motion to it from the faceplate. A *clamp dog* consists of two parts drawn together by screws. A *bent-tail dog* has an L-shaped projection that enters a slot in the faceplate for communicating motion. A *straight-tail dog* has a projecting part that engages with a stud fastened to or forming part of the faceplate. A *safety dog* is one equipped with safety setscrews. **e** Any of the jaws in a lathe chuck. **f** A pair of nippers or forceps. **g** A wheeled gripping device for drawing the fillet from which coin blanks are stamped through the opening at the head of the drawbench. **h** Any of a set of adjusting screws for the bed tool of a punching machine. **i** A grapple for clutching and raising a pile-driver monkey or a well-boring tool. **j** A stop or detent; a click or ratchet. **k** A drag for the wheel of a vehicle. **l** A steel block attached to a locking bar or tappet of an interlocking machine, by which locking between bars is accomplished. **m** A short, heavy, sharp-pointed, steel hook with a ring at one end. **n** A steel toothlike projection on a log carriage or on the endless chain that conveys logs into the sawmill.

AND now, unless you have had enough, we will get back to Superghosts, through the clanging and clatter of all those dogs. The game has a major handicap, or perhaps I should call it blockage. A player rarely gets the chance to stick the others with a truly tough word, because someone is pretty sure to simplify the word under construction. Mitchell tells me that he always hopes he can get around to "ug-ug" or "ach-ach" on his way to "plug-ugly" and "stomach-ache." These words are hyphenated in my Webster's, for the old boy was a great hyphenator. (I like his definition of "plug-ugly": "A kind of city rowdy, ruffian, or disorderly tough; —a term said to have been originated by a gang of such in Baltimore.") In the case of "ug," the simplifiers usually go to "bug," trying to catch someone with "buggies," or they add an "l" and the word ends in "ugliness." And "ach" often turns into "machinery," although it could go in half a dozen directions.

AUTUMN LETTER

This is the weather that you used to love.
Sad as a clown and losing weight each day,
The city floats like sky balloons, in space
Where towers and clocks and bridges dream away.

Now little boys bring back their golden dress
To somewhere else; the swimmers say goodbye.
On islands that the summer leaves unclaimed,
The natural flowers seem ready now to die.

True lovers, turning cold, seek indoor light
And make a fire, or read, or try and wait
For unreturning spring, but cannot keep
From burning memories up the chimney grate.

These are the nights for hearts with histories.
Sunburned but cold comedians I spot
By dialling numbers, wave lengths in the dusk,
Remembering I am here but you are not.

—LAURENCE JOSEPHS

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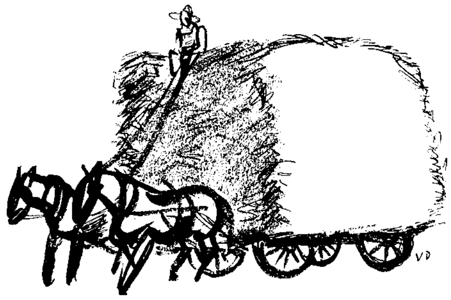
Since the simplifiers dull the game by getting into easy words, the experts are fond of a variant that goes like this: Mitchell, for example, will call up a friend and say, "Get out of 'ightf' twenty ways." Well, I tossed in bed one night and got ten: "rightful," "frightful," "delightful," "nightfall," "lightfoot," "straightforward," "eightfold," "light-fingered," "tight-fisted," and "tight-fitting." The next day, I thought of "lightface," "right-footed," and "night-flowering," and came to a stop. "Right fielder" is neither compounded nor hyphenated by Webster, and I began to wonder about Mitchell's twenty "ightf"s. I finally figured it out. The old devil was familiar with the ten or more fish and fowl and miscellaneous things that begin with "nightf."

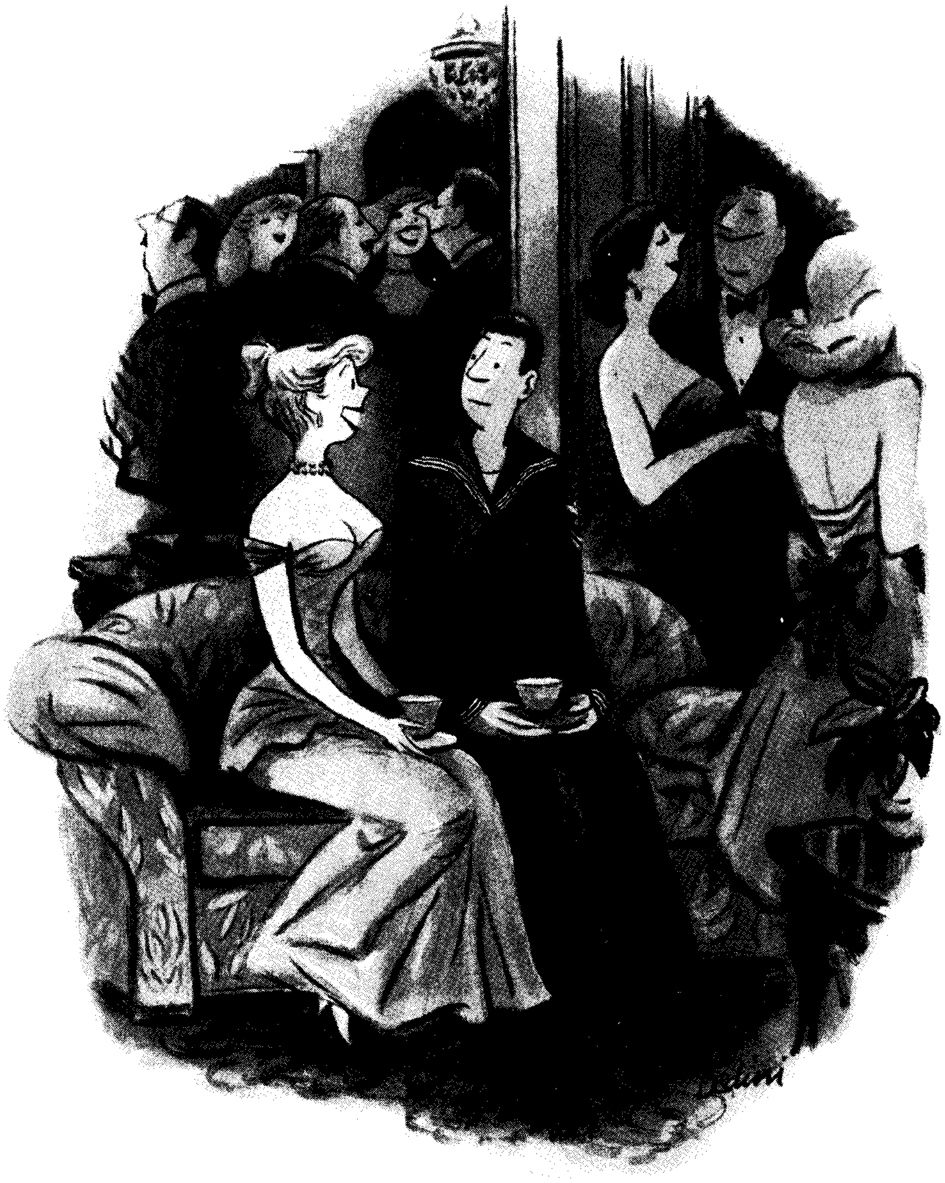
It must have been about 1932 that an old player I know figured that nothing could be got out of "dke" except "handkerchief," and then, in a noisy game one night this year, he passed that combination on to the player at his left. This rascal immediately made it "dkee." He was challenged by the lady on *his* left and triumphantly announced that his word was "groundkeeper." It looked like an ingenious escape from "handkerchief," but old Webster let the fellow down. Webster accepts only "groundman" and "groundsman," thus implying that there is no such word as "groundkeeper."



MITCHELL threw "abc" at me one night, and I couldn't get anything out of it and challenged him. "Dabchick," he said patronizingly, and added blandly, "It is the little grebe." Needless to say, it *is* the little grebe.

I went through a hundred permutations in bed that night without getting anything else out of "abc" except a word I made up, which is "grabcheck," one who quickly picks up a tab, a big spender, a generous fellow. I have invented quite a few other words, too, which I modestly bring to the attention of modern lexicographers, if there are any. I think of dictionary-makers as being rigidly conventional gentlemen who are the first to put the new aside. They probably won't even read my list of what I shall call bedwords, but I am going to set it down anyway. A young matron in Bermuda last spring told me to see what I could do with "sgra," and what I did with it occupied a whole weekend. Outside of "disgrace" and its variants, all I could find were "cross-grained" and "misgraff," which means to misgraft (obsolete). I found this last word while looking, in vain, for "misgrade" in the dictionary. Maybe you can think of something else, and I wish you luck. Here, then, in no special order, are my bedwords based on "sgra."

pussgrapple. A bickering, or minor disturbance; an argument or dispute



"Helen tells me you're in the Navy."

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among effeminate men. Also, less frequently, a physical struggle between, or among, women.

kissgranny. 1. A man who seeks the company of older women, especially older women with money; a designing fellow, a fortune hunter. 2. An overaffectionate old woman, a hugmoppet, a bunnytalker.

glassgrabber. 1. A woman who disapproves of, or interferes with, her husband's drinking; a kill-joy, a shushlaugh, a douselight. 2. A man who asks for another drink at a friend's house, or goes out and gets one in the kitchen.

blessgravy. A minister or cleric; the head of a family; one who says grace. Not to be confused with *praisegravy*, one who extols a woman's cooking, especially the cooking of a friend's wife; a gay fellow, a flirt, a seducer. *Colloq.*, a breakvow, a shrugholy.

cussgravy. A husband who complains of his wife's cooking, more especially a husband who complains of his wife's cooking in the presence of guests; an ill-tempered fellow, a curmudgeon. Also, sometimes, a peptic-ulcer case.

messgranter. An untidy housekeeper, a careless housewife. Said of a woman who admits, often proudly, that she has let herself go; a bragdowdy, a frumpess.

hissgrammar. An illiterate fellow, a user of slovenly rhetoric, a father who disapproves of booklearning. Also, more rarely, one who lisps, a twisttongue.

chorusgrable. *Orig.* a young actress, overconfident of her ability and her future; a snippet, a flappertigibbet. *Deriv.* Betty Grable, an American movie actress.

pressgrape. One who presses grapes, a grape presser. Less commonly, a crunchberry.

pressgrain. 1. A man who tries to make whiskey in his own cellar; hence, a secret drinker, a hidebottle, a sneakslug. 2. One who presses grain in a grain presser. *Arch.*

dressgrader. A woman who stares another woman up and down, a starefrock; hence, a rude female, a hobbledehoyden.

fussgrape. 1. One who diets or toys with his food, a light eater, a person without appetite, a scornmuffin, a shuncabbage. 2. A man, usually American, who boasts of his knowledge of wines, a smugbottle.

bassgrave. 1. Cold-eyed, unemotional, stolid, troutsolemn. 2. The grave of a bass. *Obs.*

lassgraphic. Of, or pertaining to, the vivid description of females; as, the guest was so lassgraphic his host asked him to change the subject or get out. Also said of fathers of daughters, more rarely of mothers.

blissgray. Aged by marriage. Also, sometimes, discouraged by wedlock, or by the institution of marriage.

glassgrail. A large nocturnal moth. Not to be confused with *smackwindow*, the common June bug, or bangsash.

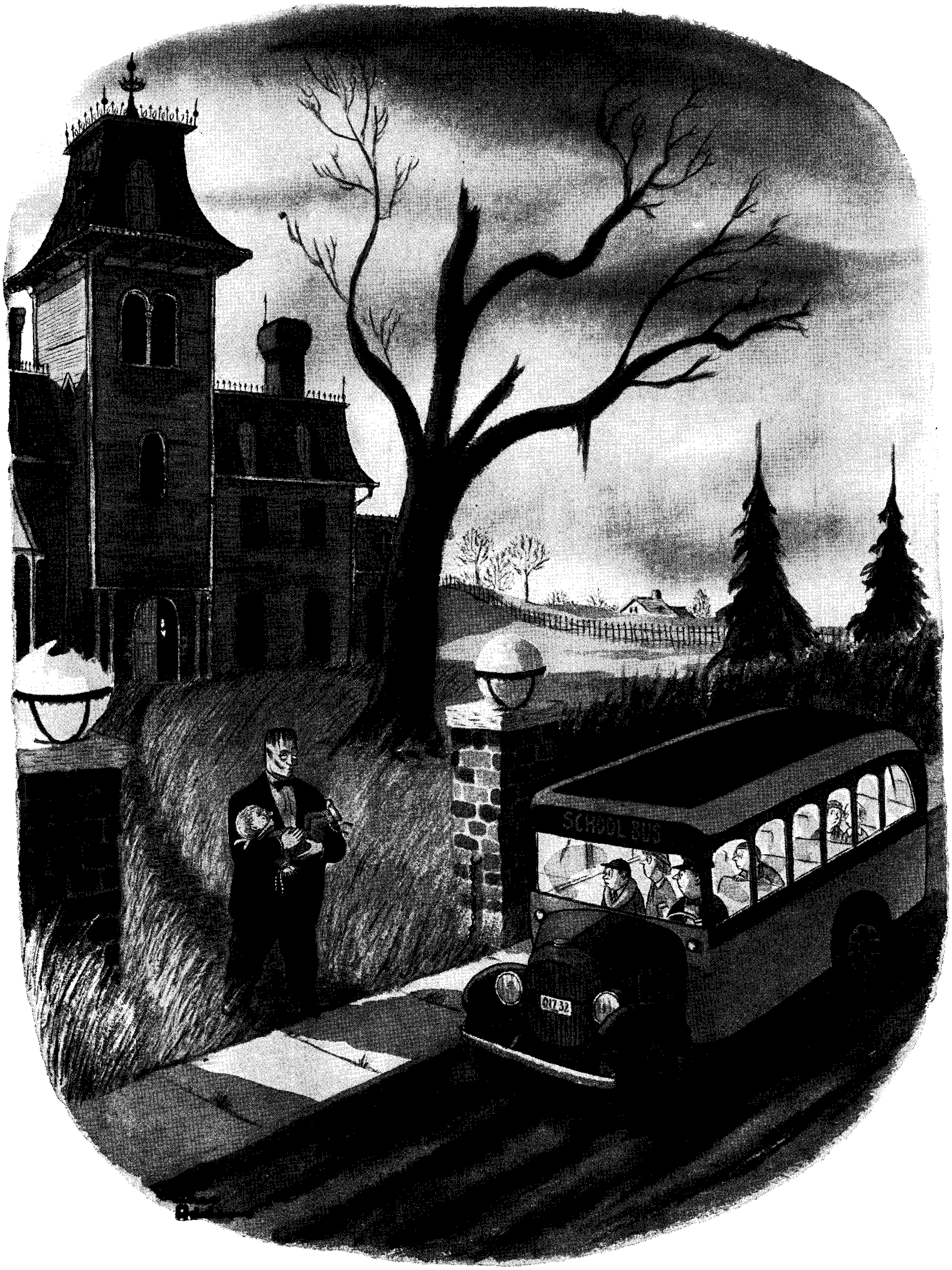
hossgrace. Innate or native dignity, similar to that of the thoroughbred hoss. *Southern U. S.*

bussgranite. Literally, a stonekisser; a man who persists in trying to win the favor or attention of cold, indifferent, or capricious women. Not to be confused with *snatchkiss*, a kitchen lover.

tossgravel. 1. A male human being who tosses gravel, usually at night, at the window of a female human being's bedroom, usually that of a young virgin; hence, a lover, a male sweetheart, and an eloper. 2. One who is suspected by the father of a daughter of planning an elopement with her, a grablass.

IF you should ever get into a game of Superghosts with Mitchell, by the way, don't pass "bugl" on to him, hoping to send him into "bugling." He will simply add an "o," making the group "buglo," which is five-sevenths of "bugloss." The word means " hawkweed," and you can see what Mitchell would do if you handed him "awkw," expecting to make him continue the spelling of "awkward." Tough guy, Mitchell. Tough game, Superghosts. You take it from here. I'm tired.

—James Thurber


SCHOOL BUS

JUSTICE

TWO Welshmen sat at a little tin table in a Caernarvon café, over a midday meal of cool sausages and strong tea. They argued, in Welsh, back and forth, about football and the rules of metre. The elder of them had a preacher's hands, thin and supple, whose exact movements enhanced the gist of his talk as classically as ballet.

At the next table, two Englishmen were in equally hot debate—if it can be called debate when two people only vie in the expression of one point of view. They were discussing Welsh pretensions to self-government. Suddenly this enraged remark from one of them echoed round the café: "And justice! How do the Taffies think they'd fare without English judges to judge them, I ask you that!"

The younger Welshman, a hot nationalist, half rose to his feet, angry blood burning: What ignorance! Weren't there likely more Welshmen judges at assizes in England—tiptop men, too—than English judges in Wales, proportionate to populations? But the elder restrained him, by a complicated movement of his fingers and by the sudden babylike emptiness of his blue eyes, and, when he sat down again, addressed him—but in the English language this time and loud enough to be heard at the next table.

"Listen, did you ever know Tom Pritchard of Tyddyn Gwyn? . . . No? . . . Well, we don't often see you at Llanmadoc, that's truth. Tom, you know—he was a kind man. He had a great reputation for it: we put him on the Rural District Council once, hoping no end of things from his kindness. Oh, but wild horses couldn't have made him stand for election a second time. 'Clever men they are on the Council,' he told me, 'big men, tiptop fellows for brains—but oh, their *hearts!*'—Tom Pritchard laying his hand like this on the upper slopes of his great belly. 'Hard are their hearts as old iron, and rusty with disusing! I can't bear to serve on the Council with them,' he said to me.

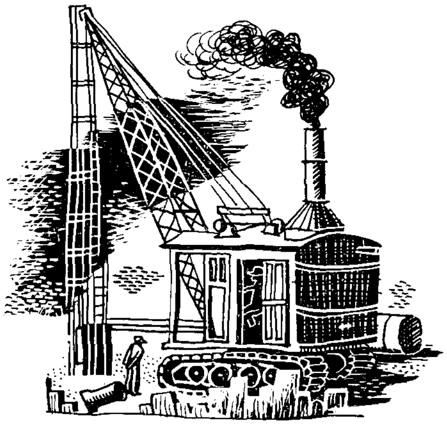
"Well, you'd be surprised, but Kind Tom Pritchard, with his soft heart and all, he was a very successful farmer. Hay! That was the key to it! Hay is always our key crop, you know, but it's a chancy crop, too, in the hills. Like as not, it rains three months solid from the fine day you mowed it, and the hay still lying on the ground rotting in October. Tom's fields ripen early, perhaps; or perhaps he had a good eye for weather; or perhaps just luck—anyway, most years Tom had a barnful of fine sweet hay when all his neighbors had got was a little moldy stuff as black as this tobacco.

"Our farmers' whole living depends on their hay, mind, or they can't keep their cows through the winter; and a bad year for hay they can't sell them, neither. Imagine, then, how Tom Pritchard feels, finding someone is stealing his precious hay! Stealing it regular, too—coming for a little bit night by night, fluffing the stack out to look same size as before. Stealing from *him*, Tom Pritchard! The kind man, never done anyone any harm—indeed, some kindness to every man in the valley! It made Tom weep.

"Losing winter hay like that, it's no joke, mind you! Fat he is now, but Tom had been a bit of a poacher in his young days; he could still creep about lightfoot in the dark. Three nights he hid himself, waiting to catch that thief. No one came. The fourth night, he was half dead with want to sleep; but he stuck it, putting a thistle inside the seat of his pants to keep awake.

"It was a wildish night, that one, clouds herding each other across the half moon—now light, now dark. There's Tom, crouching under the old elderbush, see, in the black shadow. Then—there's his man! Creeping away, the thief; dragging an old sack full of Tom's sweet hay behind him on a string. Tom pounced like a cat, and—bless me!—landed like an elephant. Only a wispy little chap after all, see, and the breath went out of him like the crack of a gun. Tom had him by the collar, not an ounce of fight left in him. Just then the moon comes out. '*Evan!*' Tom cries. 'My own wife's third cousin twice removed!'

"Evan Evans of Tyllau Duon, that was, the miserable little *bwthyn* there at the head of the valley. Evan *Evans*, family Tom had shown more kindness to, likely, than any other one in the whole parish.



"Soon as he got his breath back, though, Evan starts crying for mercy. A poor man he was, starving. His wife starving. His children starving, too. 'They don't eat hay, man,' says Tom, giving him a shake. 'No, no,' says Evan, 'it's the old cow. Skin and bone, and not a drop of milk in her teats.' 'The old cow?' says Tom, amazed. 'Why, you sent her to the mart last month! *You've* got no beasts at all, man,' he cried; 'you're selling my good hay! Selling it for money!' 'No, *no*,' says Evan, 'I wouldn't do no such thing. No, no, no, no, NO! Just this one sack I was borrowing, like, for my wife's uncle's cow that is just in calf. It was urgent, or I'd have come and asked you, but I didn't want to wake you so late at night.' 'But you been taking it for the last two weeks!' cries Tom. 'No, no,' says Evan. 'No, no, no, *no*, NO!'

"But still Tom keeps sitting on him, see? Then Evan Evans tries another tack. Tom sends him to jail, and who will suffer? Him? No, his wife and little innocent children, no one to keep a roof over their heads! How could Mr. Pritchard act so hardhearted?

"Well, Tom was a kind man, but there are limits, aren't there? Stealing hay and *selling* it, that's past forgiving—or isn't it?

"Between you and me, mind, they're rather a little pack of hooligans, those Evans children; big nuisances to the neighbors; the sort of family does their dressing off other folk's washing lines. But that's not the picture Tom soon had of them in his mind *now*, not with Evan talking so persuasive. No! Little gold angels, starving because cruel, rich Tom Pritchard's heart was so cold and hard; crying for their darling Dad in the lockup. Suffer sufferin' little children . . .

"Tom gave in, of course, in the end. Evan swore he would never steal again and would go to chapel regular, and Tom let go of him. Ah, well!"

THE speaker poured himself another cup of black tea, and stirred several spoonfuls of sugar into it before going on. "Tom, as I told you, he'd a great *reputation* for kindness. But reputations need feeding, mark you! You do good by stealth, you won't get much of a reputation for it—nobody ever getting to know of it, see? Tom's kindness was natural to him, no effort at all; but he did like, too, the reputation. Well, why not?

"Tom never *told* anybody he'd caught Evan Evans stealing his hay and let him go. No, no! Just a hint or two, perhaps; what he could tell if he would; nods and winks—all that. Perhaps the neighbors were a little quicker on the uptake than he reckoned for. Anyway, it wasn't long before the story was all over the valley. Tom Pritchard didn't know that, of course; he had no idea anyone had an inkling, no idea he had even breathed a word. At last, it reached Evan Evans himself. Tom was absolutely flabbergasted, then, when Evan Evans comes to him and tells him the thing was known on all sides.

"Evan was only a little reproachful, mark you; saintly resignation, that was more his cue—a the-Lord-giveth-and-the-Lord-hath-taken-away sort of thing. Very kind of Tom Pritchard to let him off; he would never forget that. Sure Mr. Pritchard had meant well. Not Mr. Pritchard's fault, the kind man, if things were now worse than ever; but the story was in everybody's mouth, now, that he, Evan Evans, was a thief! Black looks he got on every side; his children cold-shouldered at Sunday school. 'Better have sent me to jail right out,' he cries, 'for what is freedom without my good name?'

"Tom Pritchard was very sorry. Genuine sorry. The last thing he'd meant was to do a real unkindness to poor Evan Evans, mind. 'But I'm sure I've said nothing—' 'Who else, then?' says Evan Evans.

"Well, no answer to that! But what was to be done? What could be done? You can't call a scandal back once it's started. 'You could *deny* the story, perhaps?' says Evan Evans. 'Tell them it isn't true?' 'Yes, but it *is* true, Evan,' says Tom, unhappy. 'You *did* steal, and I *did* catch you.' 'There is—white lies,' says Evan, hopeful.

"Tom Pritchard gave in again. Mind you, his conscience wasn't too easy, naturally. He'd do it, he promised that—do what he could. But he left the details to Evan. So what does Evan do, then, but call a solemn gathering in the parlor of Tyddyn Gwyn—Tom Pritchard on the one hand, Evan Evans with a party of the leading men of the valley, minister and all, on the other.

" 'Tell me,' said Evan Evans when they're all assembled, 'what is the story you've all been hearing about me?' 'Mr. Pritchard caught you stealing his hay and let you off, the kind man he is,' says Reverend Williams. 'Yes, yes,' says the rest of them. 'Could anyone know the truth of that but Mr. Pritchard himself?' asks Evan. 'No, no,' they all agree. 'He was saying to my Aunt Catherine . . .' 'to Mr. Jones, the post . . .' 'to the butchery daughter . . .' 'Is the story true, Mr. Pritchard?' says Evan, turning and facing him. Poor Tom goes very red. 'No,' he says, uncomfortable, 'it's not true.' 'I never stole your hay?' 'No, never.'

"There was an old hullabaloo then of 'But Mr. Pritchard, you said . . .' 'Never mind what I said!' Tom Pritchard cries out, emphatic. 'There wasn't a word of truth in it!' 'Thank you, Mr. Pritchard,' says Mr. Evans, smiling all over his face, and off they go."

THE speaker paused again, lifted a sausage on his fork, contemplated its raddled and wrinkled skin without distaste, and ate it slowly. There was dead silence at the next table.

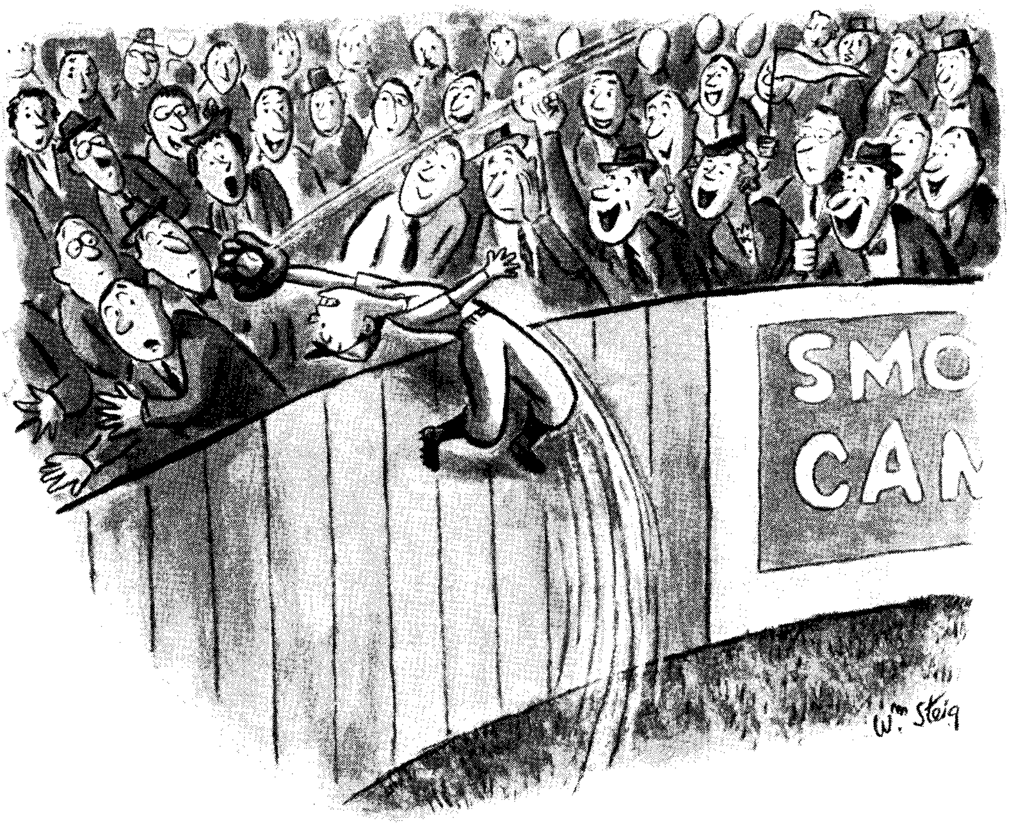
"Well?" said the younger Welshman. "What then?"

"What then? Justice! Assizes, man! Action for slander and defamation of character! Two hundred pounds judge awarded Evan against Tom, next assizes. Judge had hard things to say about Tom Pritchard—spreading wicked lies about a poor but honest neighbor. Very biting things indeed. Defense? How could Tom make any defense at all, tell me that? Freely admitted before witnesses he spread the stories, hadn't he? Then been forced to admit there weren't a word of truth in them? Oho, the judge complimented E. Evans, Esquire, on his courage and public spirit in bringing the case. Indeed, the judge he seemed to think Tom got off too lightly—only damages, not having to go to prison for it. Good as said so!"

The younger man sat back with a satisfied smile, but his eye conspicuously avoided the two listeners at the next table. "And the clever judge," he said, slowly and pointedly. "He was an Englishman, I suppose?"

Once more, the blue eyes of the elder Welshman went blank and impenetrable as a baby's. "English?" he said. "Was he, now?" Then he leaned forward abruptly and said in a stage whisper right into the other's face: "To tell you the truth honest, boy *bach*, I've no notion whether he was or not!"

—RICHARD HUGHES



DREAMS OF GLORY

The Catch That Saved the Series

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Mrs. Edgar T. Mead had charge of the ceremonies this morning. She and Herman Armbruster represented the Going-Away Committee, distributing cigarettes, literature, prayer books and missals, along with Miss Bertha Boles, to the selectees.
—*Greenwich (Conn.) Time.*

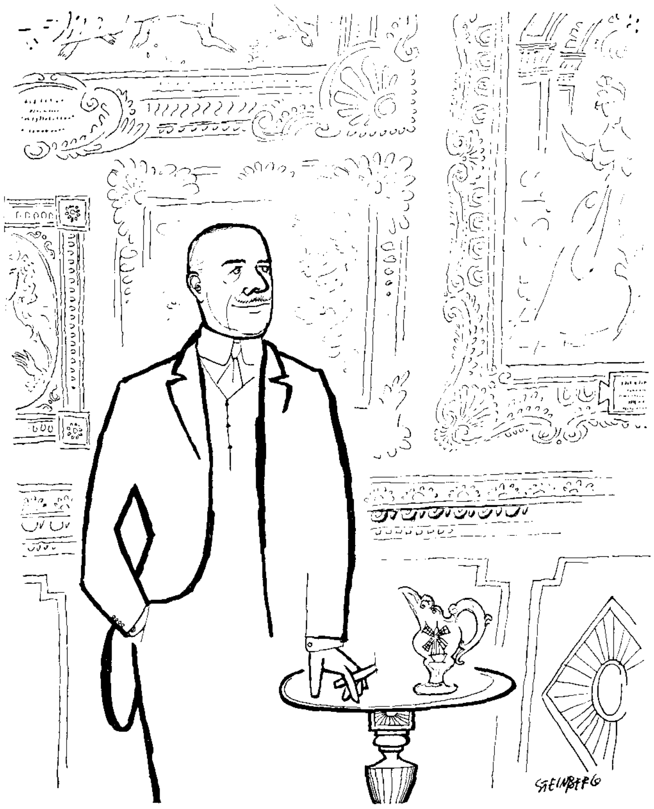
There's nothing too good for our boys.

PROFILES

THE DAYS OF DUVEEN

I—ITINERARY

WHEN Joseph Duveen, the most spectacular art dealer of all time, travelled from one to another of his three galleries, in Paris, New York, and London, his business, including a certain amount of his stock in trade, travelled with him. His business was highly personal, and during his absence his establishments dozed. They jumped to attention only upon the kinetic arrival of the Master. Early in life, Duveen—who became Lord Duveen of Millbank before he died in 1939, at the age of sixty-nine—noticed that Europe had plenty of art and America had plenty of money, and his entire astonishing career was the product of that simple observation. Beginning in 1886, when he was seventeen, he was perpetually journeying between Europe, where he stocked up, and America, where he sold. In later years, his annual itinerary was relatively fixed: At the end of May, he would leave New York for London, where he spent June and July; then he would go to Paris for a week or two; from there he would go to Vittel, a health resort in the Vosges Mountains, where he took a three-week cure; from Vittel he would return to Paris for another fortnight; after that, he would go back to London; sometime in September, he would set sail for New York, where he stayed through the winter and early spring.



Occasionally, Duveen departed from his routine to help out a valuable customer. If, say, he was in Paris and Andrew Mellon or Jules Bache was coming there, he would considerately remain a bit longer than usual, to assist Mellon or Bache with his education in art. Although, according to some authorities, especially those in his native England, Duveen's knowledge of art was conspicuously exceeded by his enthusiasm for it, he was regarded by most of his wealthy American clients as little less than omniscient. "To the Caliph I may be dirt, but to dirt I am the Caliph!" says Hajj the beggar in Edward Knoblock's "Kismet." Hajj's estimate of his social position approximated Duveen's standing as a scholar. To his major pupils, Duveen extended extracurricular courtesies. He permitted Bache to store supplies of his favorite cigars in the vaults of the Duveen establishments in London and Paris. One day, as Bache was leaving his hotel in Paris for his boat train, he realized that he didn't have enough cigars to last him for the Atlantic crossing. He made a quick detour to Duveen's to replenish. Duveen was not in Paris, and Bache was greeted by Bertram Boggis, then Duveen's chief assistant and today one of the heads of the firm of Duveen Brothers. While Bache was waiting for the cigars to appear, Boggis showed him a Van Dyck and told him Duveen had earmarked it for him. Bache was so entranced with the picture that he bought it on the spot and almost forgot about the cigars; he finally went off to the train with both. There was no charge for storing the cigars, but the Van Dyck cost him two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

Probably never before had a merchant brought to such exquisite perfection the large-minded art of casting bread upon the waters. There was almost nothing Duveen wouldn't do for his important clients. Immensely rich Americans, shy and suspicious of casual contacts because of their wealth, often didn't know where to go or what to do with themselves when they were abroad. Duveen provided entrée to the great country homes of the nobility; the coincidence that their noble owners often had ancestral portraits to sell did not deter Duveen. He also wangled hotel accommodations and passage on sold-out ships. He got his clients houses, or he provided architects to build them houses, and then saw to it that the architects planned the interiors with wall space that demanded plenty of pictures. He even selected brides or bridegrooms for some of his clients, and presided over the weddings with avuncular benevolence. These selections had to meet the same refined standard that governed his choice of houses for his clients—a potential receptivity to expensive art.

On immediate issues, Duveen was not a patient man. With choleric imperialism, he felt that the world must stop while he got what he wanted. He had a convulsive drive, a boundless and explosive fervor, especially for a picture he had just bought, and a reckless contempt for works of art handled by rival dealers. On one occasion, an extremely respectable High Church duke was considering a religious painting by an Old Master that Thomas Agnew & Sons, the distinguished English art firm, had offered him. He asked Duveen to look at it. "Very nice, my dear fellow, very nice," said Duveen. "But I suppose you are aware that those cherubs are homosexual." The painting went back to Agnew's. When, presently, through the tortuous channels of picture-dealing, it came into Duveen's possession, the cherubs, by some miraculous Duveen therapy, were restored to sexual normality. Similarly, in New York, a millionaire collector who was so undisciplined that he was thinking of buying a sixteenth-century Italian paint-

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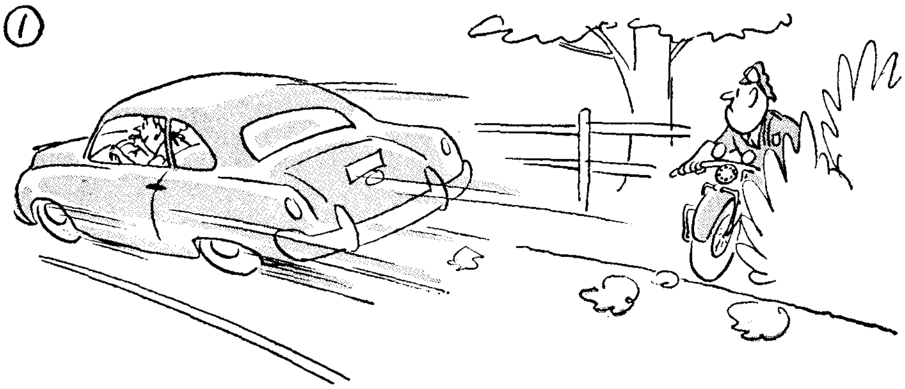

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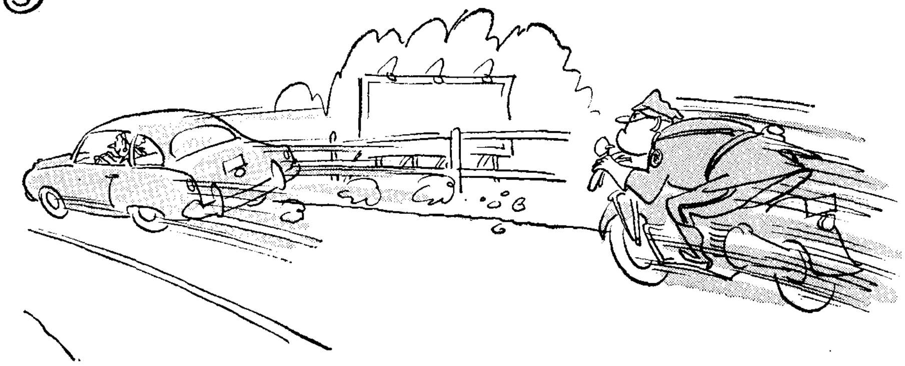


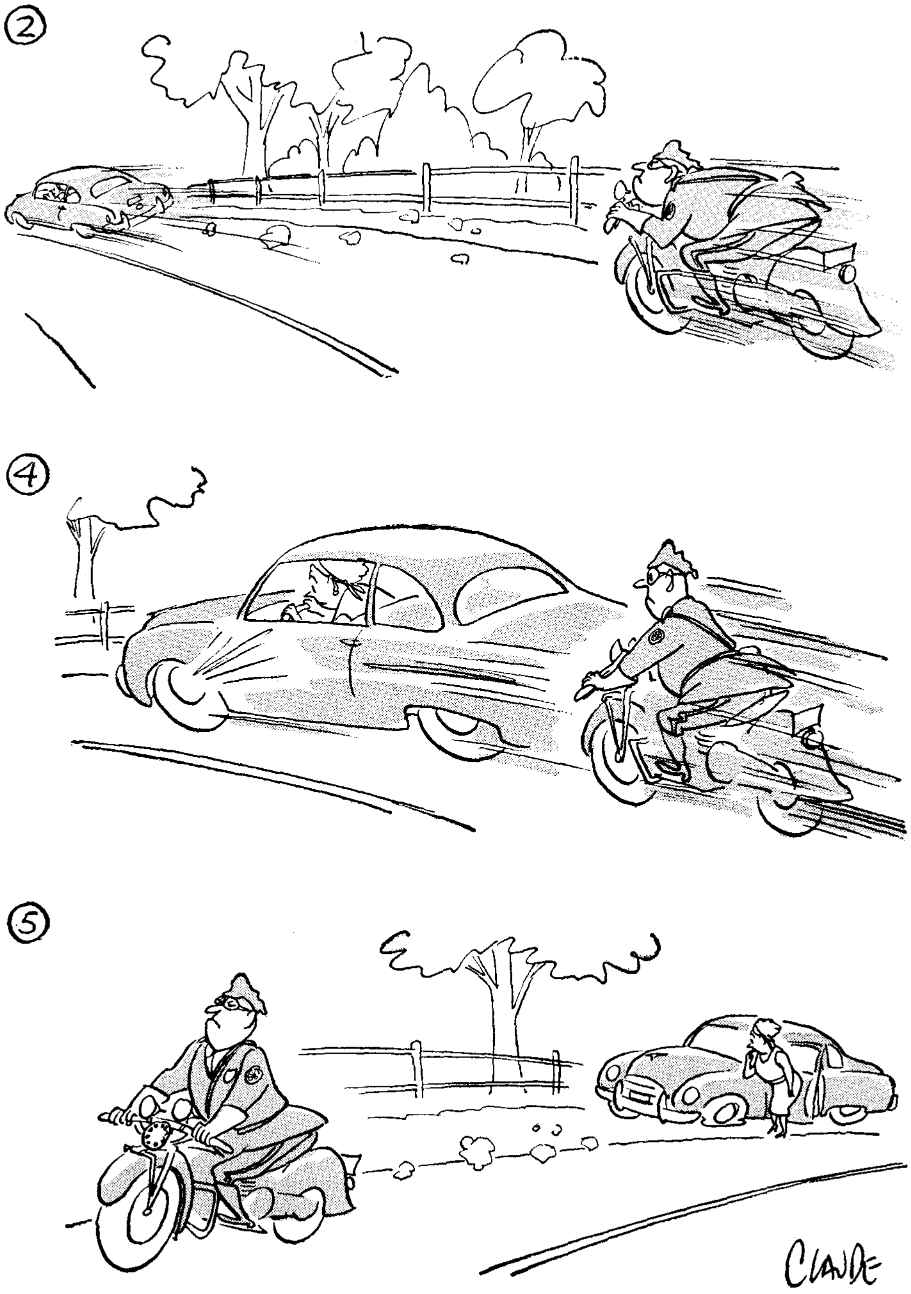
ing from another dealer asked Duveen to his mansion on Fifth Avenue to look at it. The prospective buyer watched Duveen's face closely and saw his nostrils quiver. "I sniff fresh paint," said Duveen sorrowfully. His remarks about other people's pictures sometimes resulted in lawsuits that lasted for years, cost him hundreds of thousands of dollars, and brought to the courts of London, New York, or Paris international convocations of experts to thrash things out.

It was one of the crosses Duveen had to bear that the temperaments of the men he dealt with in this country were the direct opposite of his own. The great American millionaires of the Duveen Era were slow-speaking and slow-thinking, cautious, secretive—in Duveen's eyes, maddeningly deliberate. Those other emperors, the emperors of oil and steel, of department stores and railroads and newspapers, of stocks and bonds, of utilities and banking houses, had trained themselves to talk slowly, pausing lengthily before each word and especially before each verb, in order to keep themselves from sliding over into the abyss of commitment. For a man like Duveen, who was congenitally unable to keep quiet, the necessity of dealing constantly with cryptic men like the elder J. P. Morgan and Henry Clay Frick and Mellon was ulcerating. He would read a letter from one of his important clients twenty times, pondering each evasively phrased sentence. "What does he mean by that?" he would ask his secretary. "Is he interested in the picture or isn't he?"

For a great many years, Duveen's secretary was an Englishman named H. W. Morgan. Some have said that Duveen hired him simply because his name was Morgan. It has even been suggested that Duveen made his secretary adopt the name, so that he could feel he was sending for Morgan instead of Morgan's sending for him. In any case, one of H. W. Morgan's duties was now and then to impersonate Mellon. The day before a scheduled interview with any of his important clients, Duveen would go to bed to map out the strategic possibilities. But before such an interview with Mellon, Duveen would, in addition to going to bed, rehearse with Morgan. Mellon was particularly hard to deal with, because he was supremely inscrutable. "Now, Morgan, you are Mellon," Duveen would say. "Now you go out and come in." Morgan would come in as Mellon, and Duveen would start peppering him with questions; Morgan would try to put himself into Mellon's inscrutable state of mind and answer without saying anything. The fact that Mellon's Pittsburgh speech was now strongly doused in Cockney did not impair the illusion for Duveen.

Duveen sometimes came home from a talk with Mellon so upset by Mellon's doubts that he had to go back to bed, this time to ponder the veiled issues. There were never any doubts in his own mind. Each picture he had to sell, each tapestry, each piece of sculpture was the greatest since the last one and until the next one. How could these men dawdle, thwart their itch to own these magnificent works, because of a mere matter of price? They could replace the money many times over, but they were acquiring the irreplaceable when they bought, simply by paying Duveen's price for it, a Duveen. (When a Titian or a Raphael or a Donatello passed from Duveen into the hands of Joseph E. Widener or Benjamin Altman or Samuel H. Kress, it became a Widener or an Altman or a Kress, but until then it was a Duveen.) Still, Duveen learned to bear this cross, and even to manipulate it a bit. While coping with their doubts, he solidified his own convictions, and then charged them extra for the time and trouble he had taken doing it. Making his clients conscious that whereas he had unique access to great art, his outlets for it were multiple, he watched their doubts about the prices of the art evolving into more acute doubts about whether he would let them buy it.

WHENEVER Duveen was in Paris or Vittel, he received daily reports from his galleries in New York and London—précis of the Callers' Books, telling what customers or nibblers had come in, what pictures they had looked at and for how long, what they had said, and so on. From other sources he got reports on any major collections being offered for sale, and photographs of their treasures. There were also reports from his "runners," the francs-tireurs he deployed all over Europe to hunt out noblemen on the verge of settling for solvency and a bit of loose change at the sacrifice of some of their family portraits. These reports might include the gossip of servants who had overheard the master saying to an important art dealer, as they savored the bouquet of an after-dinner brandy, that he might—in certain circumstances, he just might—consider parting with the lovely titled Gainsborough lady smiling graciously down at them from over a mantel. Once Duveen had such a clue, he hastened to telescope the circumstances in which the Gainsborough-owner just might. Often the dealer who had enjoyed the brandy did not find himself in a position to enjoy the emolument that went with handling the Gainsborough. In negotiating with the



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heads of noble families, Duveen usually won hands down over other dealers; the brashness and impetuosity of his attack simply bowled the dukes and barons over. He didn't waste his time and theirs on art patter (he reserved that for his American clients); he talked prices, and big prices. He would say, "Greatest thing *I* ever saw! Will pay the biggest price *you* ever saw!" To this technique the dukes and barons responded warmly. They were familiar with it from their extensive experience in buying and selling horses.

In Paris, Duveen often got frantic letters from his comptroller in New York imploring him to stop buying. Duveen, who was never as elated by a sale as he was by a purchase, usually laid out over a million dollars on his annual trip abroad, and occasionally three or four times that sum. These immoderate disbursals of money paralleled the self-indulgence of Morgan. Frederick Lewis Allen, in his biography of Morgan, writes, "As for his purchases of art, they were made on such a scale that an annual worry at 23 Wall Street at the year end, when the books of the firm were balanced, was whether Morgan's personal balance in New York would be large enough to meet the debit balances accumulated through the year as a result of his habit of paying for works of art with checks drawn on the London or the Paris firm." Each man, his bookkeeper thought, spent too much on art.

Duveen's finances were a puzzle to his friends, his clients, his associates, and other art dealers. In July, 1930, when art dealers all over the world were gasping for money, he stupefied them by paying four and a half million dollars for the Gustave Dreyfus Collection. Bache, who was a close friend as well as a client, once said, "I think I understand Joe pretty well—his purchases and his sales methods. But I confess I am quite in the dark about his financing." Depression or no depression, it was Duveen's principle to pay the highest conceivable prices, and he usually succeeded in doing so. Adherence to this principle required finesse, sometimes even lack of finesse. A titled Englishwoman had a family portrait to sell. Duveen asked her what she wanted for it. Meekly, she mentioned eighteen thousand pounds. Duveen was indignant. "What?" he cried. "Eighteen thousand pounds for a picture of this quality? Ridiculous, my dear lady! Ridiculous!" He began to extol the virtues of the picture, as if he were selling it—as, indeed, he already was in his mind—instead of buying it. A kind of haggle in reverse ensued. Finally, the owner asked him what he thought the picture was worth. Duveen, who had already decided what he would charge some American customer—a price he could not conscientiously ask for a picture that had cost him a mere eighteen thousand pounds—shouted reproachfully at her, "My dear lady, the very least you should let that picture go for is twenty-five thousand pounds!" Swept off her feet by his enthusiasm, the lady capitulated.

Duveen had enormous respect for the prices he set on the objects he bought and sold. Often his clients tried, in various ways, to maneuver him into a position where he might relax his high standards, but he nearly always managed to keep them inviolate. There was an instance of this kind of maneuvering in 1934, which concerned three busts from the Dreyfus Collection—a Verrocchio, a Donatello, and a Desiderio da Settignano. Duveen offered this trio to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for a million and a half dollars. Rockefeller felt that the price was rather high. Duveen, on the other hand, felt that, considering the quality of the busts, he was practically giving them away. He allowed Rockefeller, in writing, a year's option on the busts; they were to remain for a year in the Rockefeller mansion as non-paying guests. During that time, Duveen hoped, the attraction the chary host felt for his visitors would ripen into an emotion that was more intense. After several months, the attraction did ripen into affection, but not a million and a half dollars' worth, and Rockefeller wrote Duveen a letter with a counter-proposal. He had some tapestries for which he had paid a quarter of a million dollars. He proposed to send Duveen these tapestries, so that *he* could have a chance to become fond of *them*, and to buy the busts for a million dollars, throwing the tapestries in as lagniappe. As the depression was still on and most people were feeling the effects of it, Rockefeller thought, he said, that Duveen might welcome the million in cash. This letter threw Duveen into a flurry. It bothered him more than most letters he got from clients. His legal adviser told him that the counter-offer, unless immediately repudiated, might result in a cancellation of the option. Duveen sat down and wrote a letter himself. As for the tapestries, he told Rockefeller, he had some tapestries and didn't want any more. Moreover, he stated, he was not in the stock market, and therefore not in the least affected by the depression. He let fall a few phrases of sympathy for those who were; by his air of surprised incredulity at the existence of people who felt the depression, Duveen managed to convey the suggestion that if Rockefeller was in temporary financial difficulty, he, Duveen, was ready to come to his assistance. He appreciated Rockefeller's offer of a million dollars in cash, but he implied that, just as he already had some tapestries, he also already had a million dollars. Having dispatched the letter, Duveen, with his customary optimism, prophesied to his associates that Rockefeller would eventually buy the busts at his price. At Christmastime, with a week or so of the option still to go, Rockefeller told Duveen that his final decision was not to buy the busts, and asked Duveen to take them back. Again, Duveen was prepared to be generous, this time about the security of Rockefeller's dwelling. "Never mind," he said. "Keep them in your house. They're as safe there as they would be in mine." In all love affairs, there comes a moment when desire demands possession. For Rockefeller, this occurred on the day before the option expired. On the thirty-first of December, at the eleventh hour, he informed Duveen that he was buying the busts at a million and a half.

On his visits to Paris, Duveen often gazed admiringly at the building occupied by the Ministry of Marine, a beautiful production of the illustrious Jacques-Ange Gabriel, court architect to Louis XV. The noble façade executed by Gabriel stretches its lovely length to front an entire block along the Place de la Concorde. The Ministry consists of a tremendous central edifice, flanked by great wings. One day, in his lively imagination, Duveen snipped off and reduced in size one of Gabriel's wings and saw it transferred to New York. With his immense energy and drive, he set about materializing this snip at once. In 1911, he engaged a Philadelphia architect, Horace Trumbauer, and a Paris architect, René Sergent, to put up a five-story, thirty-room reproduction of Gabriel's wing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, to serve as his gallery. Even the stone was French—imported from quarries near St. Quentin and Chassignelles. The total cost was a million dollars, but this was not too much for an establishment that was to house the Duveen treasures. The eight or ten big clients who would enter the building—the handful of men with whom Duveen did the major part of his business—to look at the garnered possessions of kings and emperors and high ecclesiastics were rulers, too, and must be provided with an environment that would tend to make them conscious of their right to inherit these possessions.

IN Paris, Duveen always stayed at the Ritz. A permanent guest at this hotel, with whom Duveen had many encounters over the years, was Calouste S. Gulbenkian, the Armenian oil Croesus. Gulbenkian, who controls now, as he controlled then, a good deal of the oil in Iraq, is often said to be the richest man in Europe, and possibly in the world, and possesses one of the world's most valuable art collections. Of all his achievements, perhaps the most chic is that he several times outmaneuvered Duveen. One day, happening upon Duveen in one of the Ritz elevators, Gulbenkian told him that he knew of three fine English pictures for sale—a Reynolds, a Lawrence, and a Gainsborough. The owner wanted to sell them in a lot. Gulbenkian proposed that Duveen buy them and give him, as a reward for his tip, an option on any one of the three, with this proviso: Duveen was to put his own prices on them before Gulbenkian made his choice known, but the total price was not to exceed what Du-

A WORD OF REASSURANCE

The one thing that always seems to go with sound teeth is vigorous chewing and tough food, Dr. Neumann finds. Wherever cutlery and good table manners appear, teeth decay. His prescription for postponing tooth decay: chew hard on tough, sour bread of the kind made by European peasants.—*Time.*

If it's the idea to scotch pyorrhea by confining one's dining to the hardly chewable;
If fang pang is withstandable by tiring the mandible, otherwise entirely unsubduable;
If the gourmet, to downy flour bred, is to be such a prizer of an incisor as to deem it wiser to devour bread like chewy sour bread, or to be willing to shoo aside
A *soufflé crème fouettée,* let us say, though it sway the distrait *cuisinier* either (a) to inveigh, or (b) to suicide,
Or if it's expected the unaffected, cheerful, beer-full, stuff-'n'-cram burgher,
To avoid a rent in his dentin, will bristle and be annoyed that no gristle has been employed to toughen his hamburger;
If gentry are to sit dentary sentry and permit alimentary entry to titillants cuisinary
Eschewed, if not booed, in the crude, economy gastronomy pursued in a beanery;
If, in sum, a mammal is sure to crumb his tooth enamel unless he says phooey to,
And treats as detestable, a comestible which, though unveeringly digestible, may be endearingly gooey, too—
Then, D.D.S.s, fear no dispossesses! No fiscal stress is about to vary your customary pecuniary ease—
Eternal our caries!

—ARTHUR KRAMER

• •

"Now let me take one of you four."

• •

veen had paid. Duveen bought the pictures and went about setting the individual prices. As he wanted from Gulbenkian a sum that would become the richest man in Europe, he pondered deeply before deciding which picture he thought Gulbenkian would choose. The finest, although the least dazzling, of the three was Gainsborough's "Portrait of Mrs. Lowndes-Stone." The showiest was the Lawrence. Duveen concluded that the Lawrence would have the greatest appeal to his client's Oriental taste. He put a Duveen price on the Lawrence, and therefore had to set reasonable figures for the two others. He overlooked the fact that Gulbenkian is a canny student of art as well as an Oriental. Gulbenkian took the Gainsborough. It was one of the few times anyone acquired a Duveen without paying a Duveen price for it.

Altogether, Duveen wasn't fortunate in his dealings with Gulbenkian. He tried hard, but he didn't meet with the success that favored him in his dealings with his American clients. Not only that, an effort Duveen made in 1921 to get a couple of Rembrandts for Gulbenkian led to an acrid lawsuit in which he found himself in the embarrassing position of having to testify against one of his best American clients, Joseph E. Widener, the celebrated horse and traction man. The paintings, "Portrait of a Gentleman with a Tall Hat and Gloves" and "Portrait of a Lady with an Ostrich-Feather Fan," were considered very good Rembrandts. The Russian Prince Felix Youssoupoff, the slayer of Rasputin, had inherited them. He left Russia for Paris rather hurriedly after the Revolution, but he managed to take the pictures with him. Soon, finding himself in need of cash, he proposed to Widener, whom he went to see in London, that he lend Widener the pictures in return for a loan of a hundred thousand pounds. Widener replied that he was not in the banking business; he would buy the pictures for a hundred thousand pounds, but he wouldn't lend a penny on them. Widener returned to New York, and after some weeks of negotiating by cables and letters, Youssoupoff signed a contract in which he agreed to sell Widener the pictures for a hundred thousand pounds, with the understanding that Widener would sell them back for the same sum, plus eight per cent annual interest, if on or before January 1, 1924 (and here Youssoupoff was expressing a nostalgia for the future), a restoration of the old regime in Russia made it possible for Youssoupoff again "to keep and personally enjoy these wonderful works of art." Just about this time, Gulbenkian indicated to Duveen a hankering for Rembrandts. Duveen took hold of Gulbenkian's wistfulness and turned it into an avid melancholy. "If you're interested in Rembrandts," he said, "you've just lost the two best in the world to Widener. He bought them both for a hundred thousand pounds, and each of them is worth that." Gulbenkian was indignant that a man of Rembrandt's talent should sell for less than he was worth; he was willing to give the artist his due. News of Gulbenkian's suddenly developed sense of equity was transmitted to Youssoupoff, who was delighted to hear that Rembrandt was coming into his own. On the strength of the two hundred thousand pounds that seemed about to accrue to the artist, Youssoupoff felt he was in a position to ask Widener to give his pictures back. This he did. Widener wanted to know what revolution had taken place that would enable the Prince to enjoy the pictures again. Youssoupoff said that it was none of his business. Widener said that an economic revolution had been stipulated in the contract, and that if Youssoupoff was going to be so reticent, he jolly well wasn't going to get the pictures. Youssoupoff's reply to this was to bring suit against Widener for the return of the pictures.

This lawsuit, which was heard in the New York Supreme Court in 1925, was something less than urbane. One of Widener's lawyers said of Youssoupoff that "any man who paints his face and blackens his eyes is a joke." Emory S. Buckner, one of Youssoupoff's lawyers, contended that the Prince had merely mortgaged the paintings to Widener for a hundred thousand pounds at eight per cent, and another of the Prince's lawyers called Widener a "pawnbroker." Clarence J. Shearn, a third lawyer, declared that Widener was a sharp trader who had taken in a gentleman. With extraordinary reserve, he abstained from making even harsher allegations against Widener. "I could shout 'perjury' from the housetops," he said. "I could say that Widener is a thief, a perjurer, and a swindler. This is not necessary. He has drawn his own picture on the witness stand." Duveen, called in by the defense as a witness, gave the court a somewhat different picture of Widener. He testified that Widener had, in the past few years, bought six hundred thousand dollars' worth of art from him, and he, Duveen, had told him that the Widener name on his books was good enough for him. "You can pay when you want," he had said. Youssoupoff's lawyers, during their attempt to establish that Widener had taken advantage of Youssoupoff, countered by putting Duveen on the stand as a witness for the plaintiff. Duveen testified that he had once offered the Prince five hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the two Rembrandts and that the Prince had wanted a million. At the Prince's price, Duveen said, he himself could have made only ten per cent on whatever deal he might have effected. Sometimes, though, he said, he did sell at a very small profit, sometimes even at a loss. "I sold some art once to Mr. Widener for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and I sold to him losing the interest," he said. "That seems to be the usual way with people who deal with Mr. Widener," Shearn observed. There was an objection, and he withdrew the remark, but at least he had had the pleasure of making it. Later in his testimony, Duveen let it be known that his enthusiasm for the disputed Rembrandts had diminished; there were better ones, he said, than the Prince's pair. He mentioned one he himself had sold to Widener. After all, Youssoupoff's Rembrandts had never been Duveens.

Other unconventional vignettes were drawn at the trial. The art dealer Arthur J. Sulley, Widener's London agent, who had delivered the hundred thousand pounds to Youssoupoff in the form of two checks—one for forty-five thousand pounds and one for fifty-five thousand—testified that when the Prince came to his office to sign the contract and pick up the checks, he brought along several friends, who kept snatching at the checks before the contract was signed. Sulley had had to hold them over his head to keep the friends from grabbing them, he said. They told him they merely wanted to look at the checks. When Widener, who had written Youssoupoff asking him to keep the entire transaction secret, was asked why he had done that, he testified, "I didn't think it would be a good thing to have it known publicly that large sums of money were being spent for works of art at that time. I thought it might tend to foster a spirit of Bolshevism." This was one of the many occasions on which the millionaires of the era demonstrated that they thought it expedient for their conspicuous consumption to be kept inconspicuous.

Gulbenkian's name was brought into the suit early. Shearn stated that Gulbenkian, as a *beau geste*, had advanced money to Youssoupoff to buy the pictures back and that Youssoupoff, out of courtesy, had insisted on Gulbenkian's taking a lien on them. The defense, on the other hand, set out to prove that Gulbenkian wanted to get hold of the pictures for himself, not for Youssoupoff, that Youssoupoff was not trying to put himself in a position "to keep and personally enjoy" the pictures but simply trying to sell them for a higher price. The Prince tried to raise the dispute to a less tawdry plane. On the stand, he made it clear that he considered Gulbenkian's offer the fiscal equivalent of a new regime in Russia, and that he felt that Widener, in his insistence on a return of the Romanovs, was being technical. He went on to say that he came of a Russian family that had been worth half a billion dollars, and that, despite the Revolution, he owned a summer home in Geneva worth a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars and a house in Paris worth forty-five thousand dollars. There was also an estate in Brittany worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; his family had given it to the French government, but he was expecting to get it back any minute. Several days later, the Prince took the stand again and testified that he had forgotten to mention seventy thousand dollars' worth of jewelry in England and a New York bank account amounting to $62,250. One of Widener's lawyers said tartly, "By all this haziness and loss of memory, do you want to appear to the Court as being very simple?" "I do not want to appear to the Court," replied the Prince with manly modesty. "I want only to be myself as I am."

Widener, unnecessarily complicating matters for himself, mentioned the fact that Youssoupoff not only had signed

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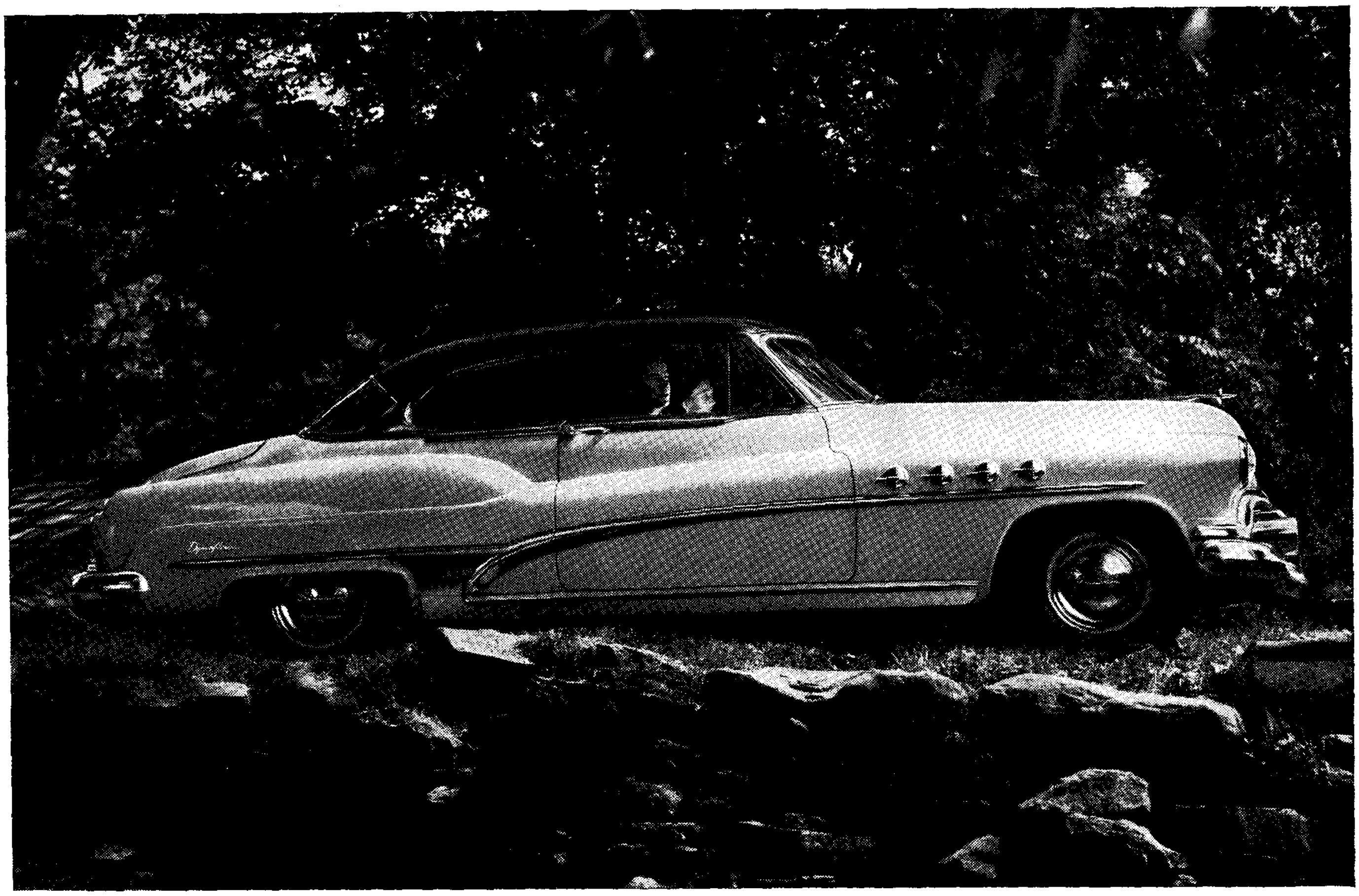

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the contract but also had sent him a cable confirming the closing of the deal. When Widener was asked to produce the cable, he couldn't find it. "I concede that the cable couldn't be found," Shearn said generously, "because it appears quite plain that such a cablegram was never sent." The Interstate Commerce Commission at that time required that the cable companies keep duplicates of cables for a year, but after the year was up, the companies destroyed them. "All anyone would have to do if they were impelled by a sinister motive," Shearn continued, "would be to wait a year and then testify as to the contents of a fictitious cable, the actual sending of which could never be traced, especially if the plaintiff in such a case were to bring along a host of retainers and secretaries to swear as to the contents of such an unproduced cablegram as against the emphatic denial that such a message was sent from the person who is alleged to have sent it." Goaded by these remarks, Widener sent several Pinkertons to Lynnewood Hall, his estate in Elkins Park, outside Philadelphia, where they ripped pillowcases open and peered into the secret compartments of antique escritoires, but the missing cable did not turn up. Nevertheless, Widener won the case. The Court decided that his contract with Youssoupoff amounted to a sale, and that if Gulbenkian were permitted to lend the Prince the money to buy the pictures back, Gulbenkian would be the man "to keep and personally enjoy" them. A year before Widener's death, the Rembrandts went to the National Gallery, in Washington, where they now hang. Months after the suit was over, the missing cablegram fell out of an old studbook in the Widener living room.

When Duveen was in London, he stayed at Claridge's, and his suite there, like his accommodations at all points on his itinerary, was transformed into a small-scale art gallery. He had infallible taste in decoration—even his detractors admit that—and he arranged the paintings, sculptures, and objets d'art he travelled with so that his clients and friends could visit him in a proper setting, and possibly take home some of the furnishings. He was never without a favorite picture (invariably the last one he had bought), and he kept it beside him on an easel whenever he dined in his suite and took it along to his bedroom when he retired. At Claridge's, titled ladies from all over Europe, and merely rich ones from America, would drop in to see him. With his long succession of lady clients—the first one he attracted, when he was fairly young, was the remarkable Arabella Huntington, the wife of, consecutively, Collis P. Huntington and his nephew H. E. Huntington—Duveen seems to have had the relationship Disraeli had with Queen Victoria; he gave them the exciting sense of being engaged with him in momentous creative enterprises. The ladies felt that he and they were fellow-epicures at the groaning banquet table of culture.

One of Duveen's closest London friends in the days between the two World Wars was Lord D'Abernon, the British Ambassador to Germany during the early twenties. Lord D'Abernon used to describe Duveen as an exhilarating companion. It was his interesting theory that Duveen's laugh, which was famous, was a copy of the infectious laugh of a well-known British architect; Duveen's partiality for architects started early. Everyone agrees that his enthusiasm was irrepressible, and that he engaged in a kind of buffoonery that was irresistible. Most of his friends were, like D'Abernon, older men, and they enjoyed his company partly because he made them feel young. Duveen was even able to rejuvenate some of his pictures. Once, in the late afternoon, he was standing before a picture he had sold to Mellon, expatiating enthusiastically on its wonders to the new owner. A beam from the setting sun suddenly reached through a window and bathed the picture in a lovely light. It was the kind of collaboration Duveen expected from all parts of the universe, animate and inanimate. When his dithyramb had subsided, Mellon said sadly, "Ah, yes. The pictures always look better when you are here."

In London, Duveen occasionally, and uncharacteristically, devoted himself to the artistic tutoring of a non-buyer who was not even a potential buyer. For a period, with the tenderness of a master for a pupil whose aesthetic perceptions were virginal, Duveen piloted Ramsay MacDonald, then an M.P., around the London galleries. This had the look of a disinterested favor, and it was one, for MacDonald came from a social stratum that did not indulge in picture-buying. But even Duveen's altruism proved to be profitable. MacDonald became Prime Minister in 1929, and shortly afterward Duveen was appointed to the board of the National Gallery, a distinction that had never before been conferred on an art dealer and that caused a scandal and a rumpus. Was it decorous for a man on the sell-

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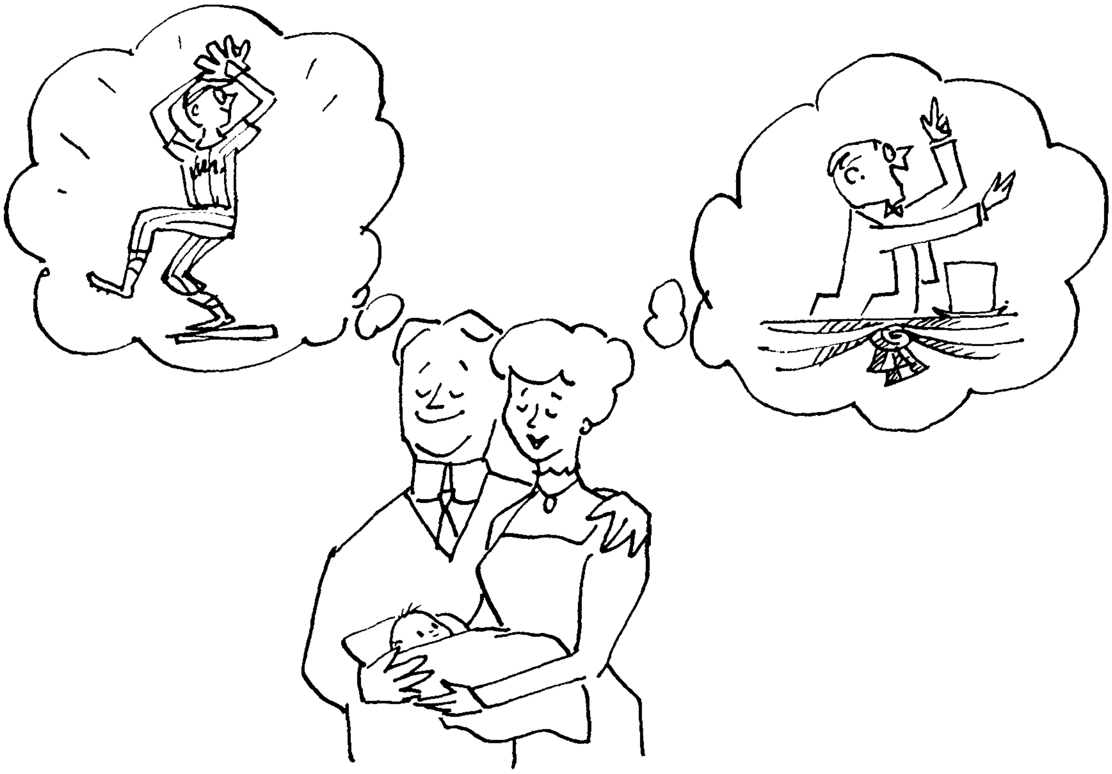

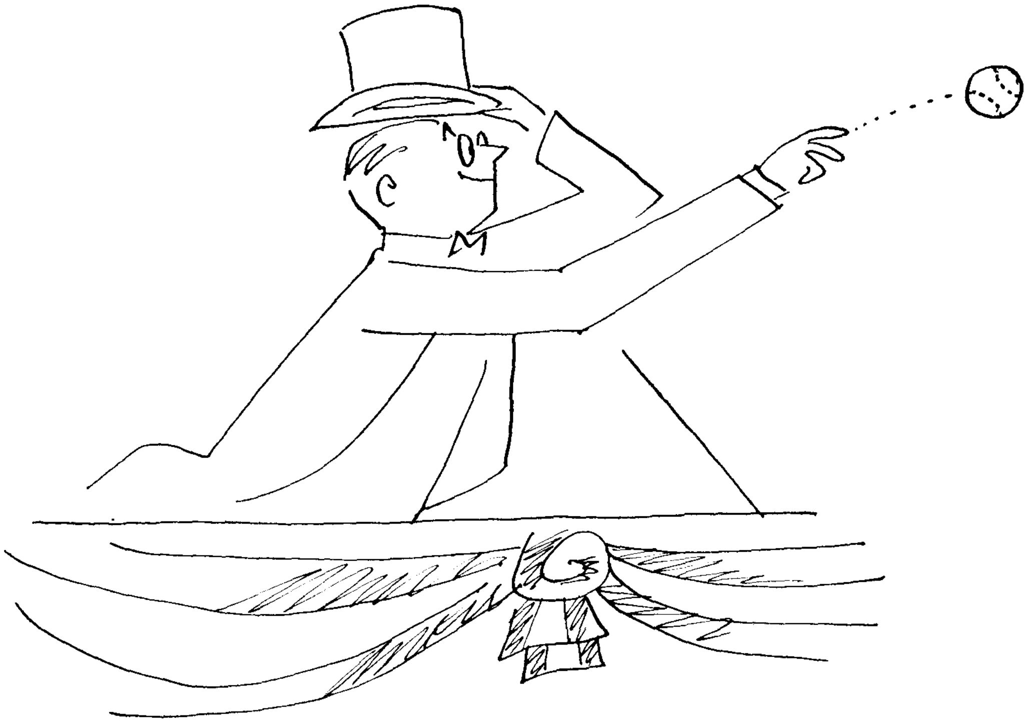

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LADIES' HOME **JOURNAL** THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN ing end of art to be on the buying end of a publicly supported institution? Neville Chamberlain, who became Prime Minister in 1937, didn't believe it was, and he revoked the appointment. This deposition shadowed the last years of Duveen's life. Earlier, however, MacDonald and Duveen had a good time sitting next to each other at board meetings of the National Gallery, and in 1933 the grateful pupil brought Duveen the apple of the peerage. At a birthday dinner for MacDonald, given by Duveen at his beautiful house in New York, at Ninety-first Street and Madison Avenue, a few years before, the visiting Prime Minister had announced, "I think I know what Sir Joseph's ambition is. If it's the last act of my life, I shall get it for him." MacDonald personally canvassed the heads of all the art museums in England, asking them to petition the King for Duveen's elevation to the peerage. Duveen had been knighted in 1919; he had been made a baronet in 1927; and now, in 1933, he was made a baron. Very often, Englishmen elevated to the peerage have commemorated their home town in their titles, as Disraeli did Beaconsfield. But Duveen, who had no settled home for a long time except for the house on Madison Avenue, chose to commemorate the section of London known as Millbank, because that is where the Tate Gallery, to which he had made numerous gifts, is situated. So he became Lord Duveen of Millbank.

EACH time Duveen arrived in New York from London, there were fanfares of publicity for him and his most recent fabulous purchases. The "Twenty Years Ago Today" column of the *Herald Tribune*, which provides a capsule immortality for those judicious enough to have exerted themselves two decades before, has been studded for

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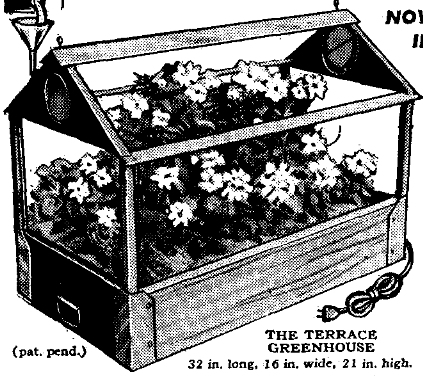

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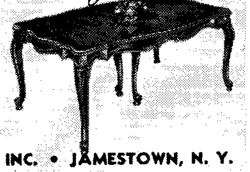

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some time now with Duveen tidbits, such as:

February 19, 1926.
Sir Joseph Duveen, the art dealer, has bought the Wachtmeister Rembrandt for $410,000, one of the highest prices ever paid for a Rembrandt, and is bringing it to New York. The painting, which is called "Portrait of a Young Man," was sold by Count Carl Wachtmeister and it has been in the possession of his family for 200 years.

July 18, 1927.
Sir Joseph Duveen, international art dealer, bought in London yesterday the entire collection of 120 Italian old masters belonging to Robert H. Benson. It will be brought intact to New York. The purchase price was $3,000,000.

January 7, 1929.
LONDON: Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, has purchased [from Duveen] for $970,000 Raphael's "Madonna," known as the "Cowper Madonna." The painting bears Raphael's signature and the date "1508."

•

Once, Duveen brought back Gainsborough's "The Blue Boy," which he had already sold, in Paris, to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington; another time, he brought back Lawrence's "Pinkie," the portrait of a girl who sat for Lawrence when she was twelve, in the last year of her life, and whose brother became the father of Elizabeth Barrett. There were tearful farewells for both these eminent children when they left their native heath, and jubilant welcomes when they arrived in their adopted land. The circumstances attending Duveen's purchase of "Pinkie," in 1926, illustrate his tenacity in the fight he made to establish his preëminence among the art dealers of the world. His chief rival in this country was the venerable firm of Knoedler. When Duveen was starting out, Knoedler had arrangements with Mellon and several other big collectors to make all their art purchases for them, on a fixed commission. From the beginning, Duveen felt that his educational mission was twofold—to teach millionaire American collectors what the great works of art were, and to teach them that they could get those works of art only through him. To establish this *sine qua non* required considerable daring and a lot of money. When it was announced that "Pinkie" was to be sold at auction at Christie's, in London, a partner in Knoedler's came to Duveen, who was then in London himself, with the suggestion that they buy it jointly. Knoedler's, he said, had a client he was sure would take it. Duveen suspected that the motive for this friendly overture was to keep him from forcing the price up for the prospective buyer, and he

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politely declined. The Knoedler man said that no one could outbid his client. Duveen said that no one could keep him from buying "Pinkie." On the eve of the sale, Duveen went to Paris, leaving behind him an unlimited bid with the manager of Christie's. In Paris, he awaited the result, with increasing nervousness. On the day of the sale, he informed his friends that he was buying a great picture, that he had once sold it himself for a hundred thousand dollars, and that, as a rich bidder was interested, the price might go to two hundred thousand. That evening, he learned that he had paid three hundred and seventy-seven thousand dollars for "Pinkie." When he recovered from the shock, he brought the young lady to New York and gave her a lavish reception at his Ministry of Marine. While she was being ogled by an invited throng, Duveen telephoned Mellon, in Washington (he had known all along who his rival's rich client was), and offered her to him for adoption. Mellon said that he had indeed been trying to get her but that Duveen had paid an outrageous price for her and he wasn't interested. Duveen admitted that the price he had paid was steep, but he repeated his cardinal dictum: "When you pay high for the priceless, you're getting it cheap." Another saying of his, endlessly repeated to his American clients, was "You can get all the pictures you want at fifty thousand dollars apiece—that's easy. But to get pictures at a quarter of a million apiece—that wants doing!" Duveen now repeated this to Mellon, too. Mellon, having heard all this before, was still not interested. Duveen then told Mellon that "Pinkie" was being offered to him as a courtesy, because a man of his taste was worthy of her, but that if he thought her price too high, it was all right, because he had another prospective purchaser. Mellon was skeptical, and he was still not interested. The next morning, Duveen telephoned H. E. Huntington, at San Marino, the Huntington mansion near Pasadena. The mansion is today a public art gallery and library, and there "Pinkie" now hangs.

This demonstration to Mellon of the *sine-qua-non* principle was worth all Duveen's trouble. Mellon did not make the same mistake again. When, shortly afterward, the Romney "Portrait of Mrs. Davenport" was put up for auction at Christie's, Knoedler's once more suggested to Duveen that he go shares with them, and once more Duveen refused. To get revenge, Knoedler's kept bidding until the picture cost Duveen over three hundred thousand dollars, the highest price ever paid for a Romney. Duveen was less vindictive than they were; despite Mellon's earlier lapse, Duveen offered him the Romney, and Mellon immediately bought it.

IN his five decades of selling in this country, Duveen, by amazing energy and audacity, transformed the American taste in art. The masterpieces he brought here have fetched up in a number of museums that, simply because they contain these masterpieces, rank among the greatest in the world. He not only educated the small group of collectors who were his clients but created a public for the finest works of the masters of painting. "Twenty-five years from now," Lincoln Kirstein wrote in the *New Republic* in 1949, "art historians . . . may investigate the ledgers of Duveen, as today they do the Medici." The phenomenon of Duveen was without precedent. In the eighteenth century, Englishmen making the Grand Tour bought either from the heads of impoverished families or directly from the artists, as, three hundred years before, Francis I bought from Leonardo da Vinci. Generally speaking, the nineteenth-century collectors of all nations operated on the same basis. There had never before been anyone like Duveen, the exalted middleman, and he practically monopolized his field. Ninety-five of the hundred and fifteen pictures, exclusive of American portraits, in the Mellon Collection, which is now in the National Gallery, in Washington, came to Mellon through Duveen. Of the seven hundred paintings in the Kress Collection, also in the National Gallery, more than a hundred and fifty were supplied by him, and these are the finest. It has been stated by the eminent American art scholar Dr. Alfred M. Frankfurter that except for the English collections that were put together in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, this country has the largest aggregation of Italian pictures outside Italy. Of these, according to Dr. Frankfurter, seventy-five per cent of the best came here through Duveen.

When the twentieth century began, the American millionaires were collecting mainly Barbizons, or "sweet French" pictures, and English "story" pictures. They owned the originals of the Rosa Bonheur prints that one can remember from the parlors of one's youth—pastoral scenes, with groups of morose cattle. Those pictures are now consigned to the basements of the few big private houses that still exist or the basements of museums that no longer have the effrontery to hang them. Troyons, Ziems, Meissoniers, Bouguereaus, Fromentins, and Henners crowded the interstices of the mother-of-pearl grandeur of the living rooms of the American rich, and their owners dickered among themselves for them. When Charles Yerkes, the Chicago traction magnate, died in 1905, Frederick Lewis Allen says in "The Lords of Creation," "his canvas by Troyon, 'Coming from the Market,' had already appreciated forty thousand dollars in value since its purchase." Duveen changed all that. He made the Barbizons practically worthless by beguiling their luckless owners into a longing to possess earlier masterpieces, which he had begun buying before most of his American clients had so much as heard the artists' names. Duveen made the names familiar, and compelled a reverence for them because he extracted such overwhelming prices for them. Of the Barbizon school, only Corot and Millet now have any financial rating, and that has greatly declined. A Corot that in its day brought fifty thousand dollars can be bought now for ten or fifteen thousand, and Millet is even worse off.

Although the French painter Bouguereau represented the kind of art that Duveen was eager to displace, he was flexible enough to make use of him in order to bring the education of the Duveen clientele up to his level. A highly visible nude by the French master was used by Duveen as an infinitely renewable bait to bring the customers who successively owned it sensibly to rest in the fields in which Duveen specialized. This Bouguereau travelled to and from Duveen's, serving—a silent emissary—to start many collections. Clients enrolled in Duveen's course of study would buy the Bouguereau, stare at it for some time, get faintly tired of it, and then, as they heard of rarer and subtler and more expensive works, grow rather ashamed of it. They would send it back, and Duveen would replace it with something a little more refined. Back and forth the Bouguereau went. Sometimes, Duveen amused himself by using it for a different purpose—to cure potential customers who had succumbed to the virus of the ultramodern. Some collectors who had started with painters like Picasso and Braque grew hungry for a flesh-and-blood curve after a while, and presently found themselves with the travelling Bouguereau. Duveen sent it to them for a breather, and afterward they went the way of the group that had started with the Bouguereau.

Duveen has been called by one of his friends "a lovable buccaneer." Wheth-

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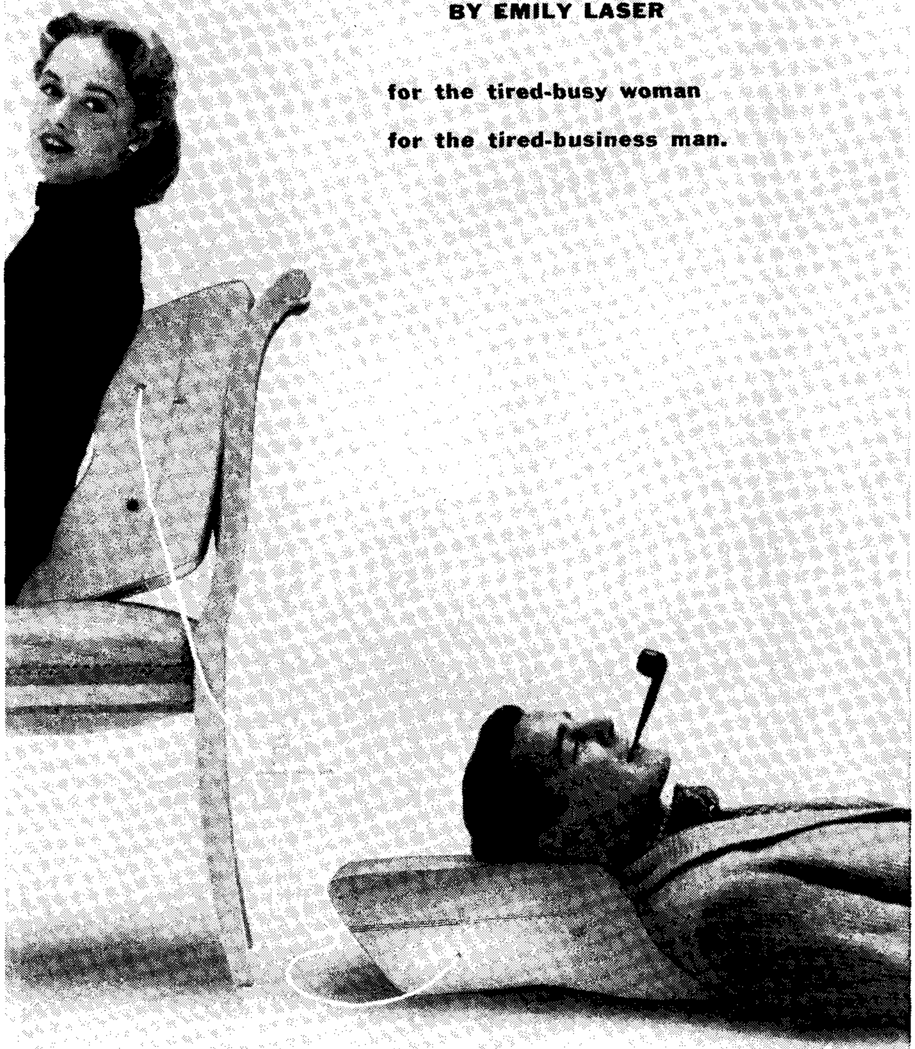

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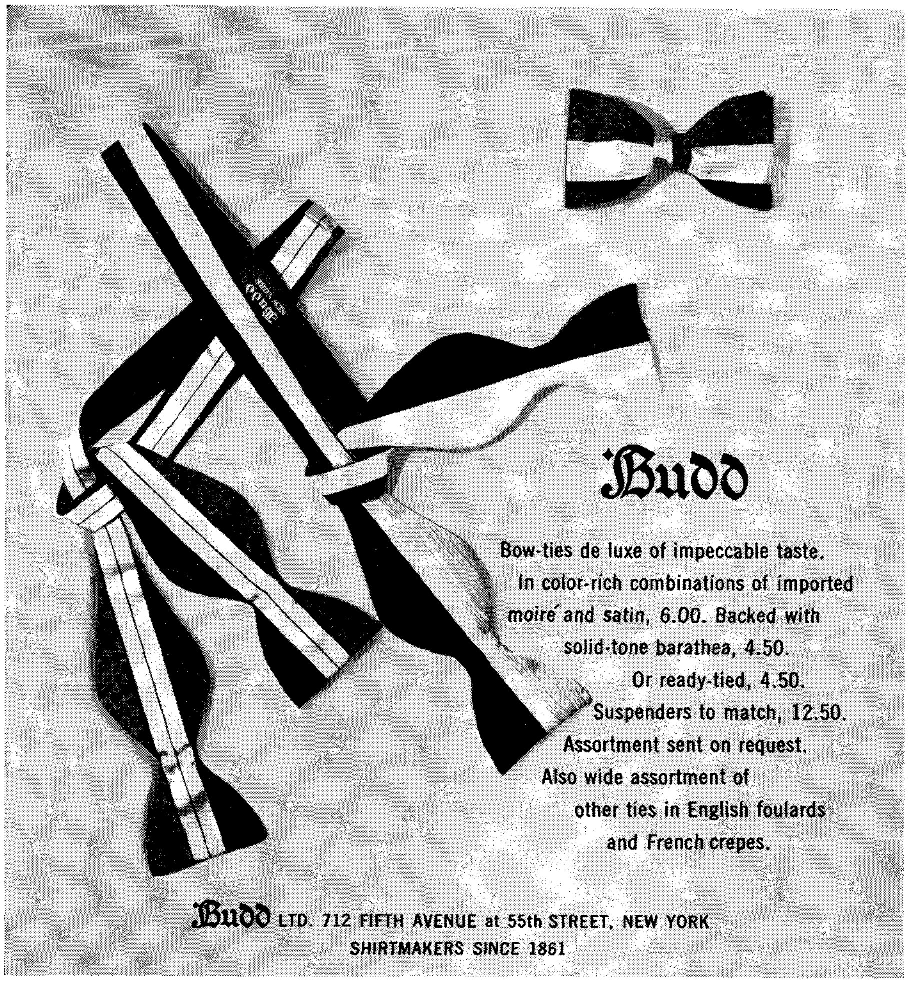

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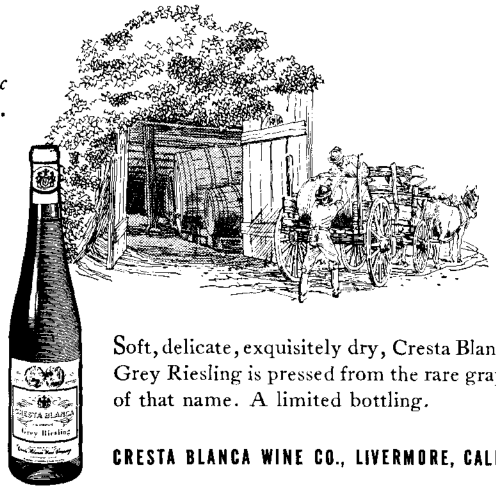

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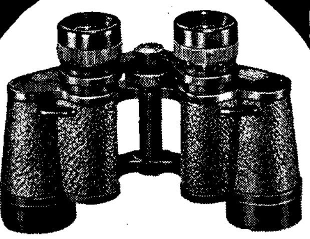

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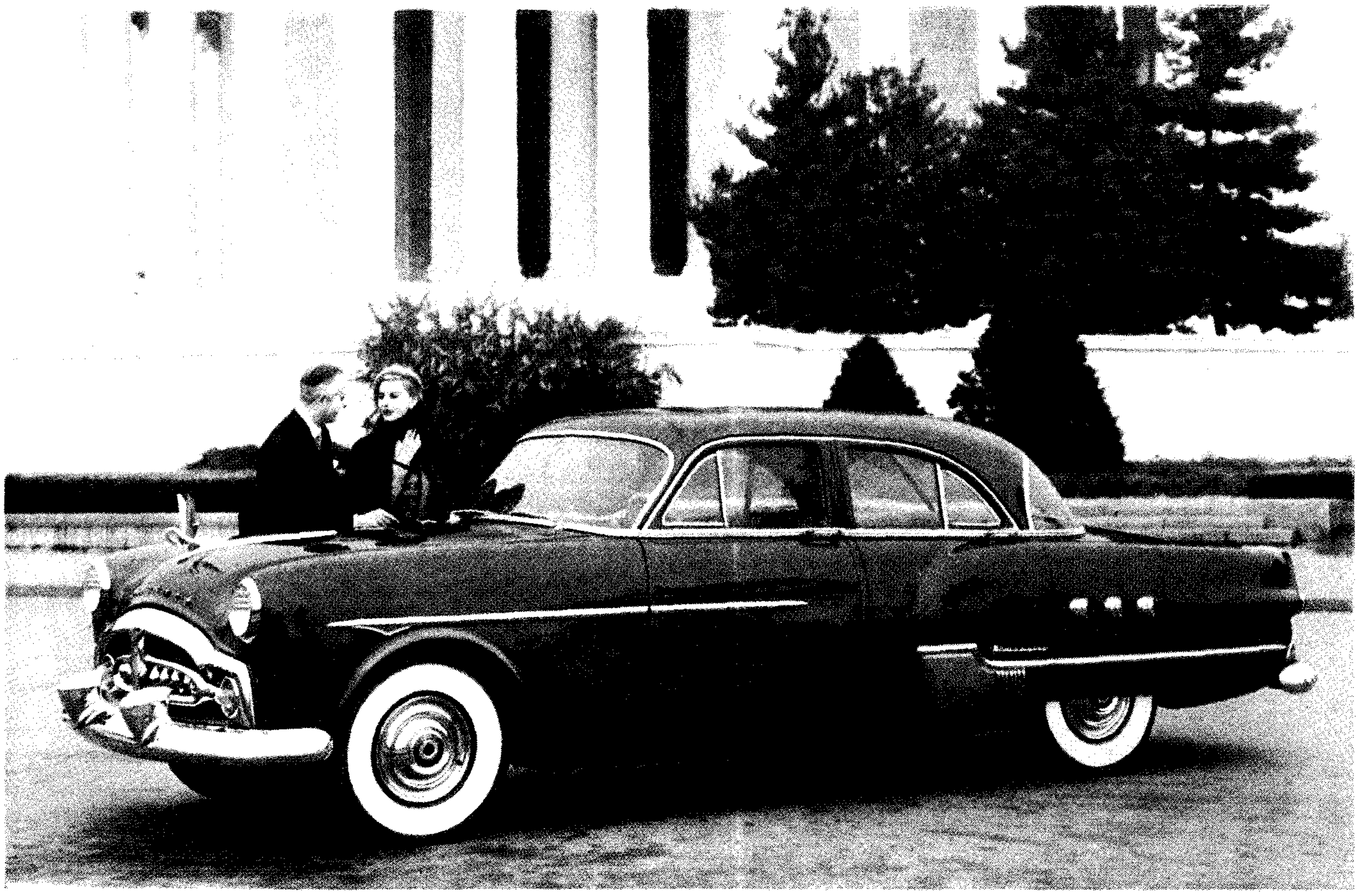
er he was or not, he forced American collectors to accumulate great things, infused them with a fierce pride in collecting, and finally got their collections into museums, making it possible for the American people to see a large share of the world's most beautiful art without having to go abroad. He did it by dazzling the collectors with visions of an Elysium through which they would stroll hand in hand with the illustrious artists of the past, and by making other dealers emulate him. His rivals could no longer sell their old line of goods, and the result was that he elevated their taste as well as that of his customers. An eminent English art dealer whose family has been in the business for five generations and who could never endure Duveen says, nevertheless, that with Duveen's death an enormously vital force went out of the trade. The dealers are still living off the collectors he made, or off their descendants. Duveen had a cavalier attitude toward prospective clients, and there was a certain majesty about it. He ignored Detroit for years after it became rich. Then its newly made millionaires came to him, and they were delighted to be asked to dine at Lord Duveen's. Once, when he was told that Edsel Ford was buying pictures, and was asked why he didn't pay some attention to him, he said, "He's not ready for me yet. Let him go on buying. Someday he'll be big enough for me."

When Duveen entered the American art market, he was barging into a narrow field and one that was dominated by long-established dealers. Duveen not only barged into this field but soon preëmpted it, although, for the most part, his American clients didn't especially care for him. "Why should they like me?" he once asked one of his attorneys rhetorically. "I am an outsider. Why do they trade with me? Because they've got to. Because I've got what they can't get anywhere else." The daughter of one client, who competed with Duveen in a long contest for her widowed father's attention and ultimately lost out, tells, in a voice still weary with frustration, how Duveen managed to elude her even when she was sure she had him in a corner. Once, her father had asked several friends to their home to inspect some of his latest acquisitions from Duveen. Among the guests, in addition to Duveen himself, was a distinguished art connoisseur. She showed the connoisseur, a French count, around the gallery in which her father housed his collection of paintings. The count was full of admiration for them



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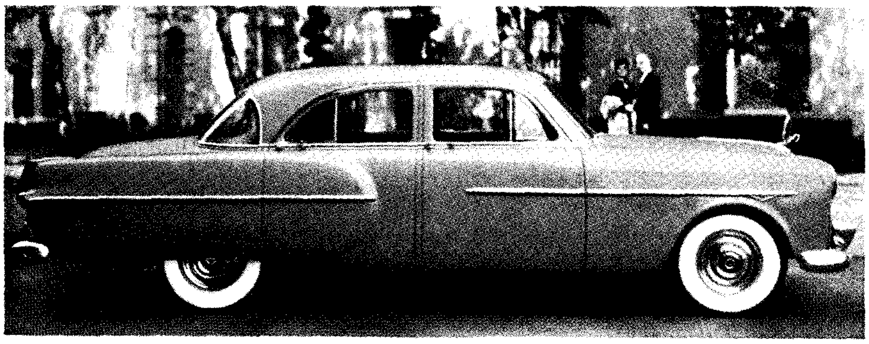

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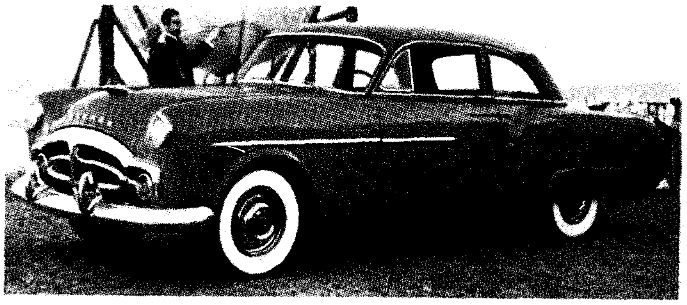

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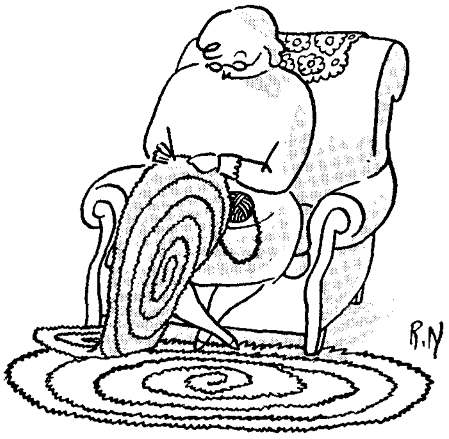
On another occasion, the beleaguered daughter, with Duveen and her father, was inspecting a house that Duveen had chosen for them, and that they eventually bought. She said it was too big—it had eighteen servant's rooms—and running it would be a terrible chore for her. "But Joe thinks it's beautiful," her father said. A few days later, the three of them, now accompanied by Duveen's aide Boggis, were looking at the house again. Duveen enlarged on its potentialities, then abruptly looked at his watch. "No more time today," he said, firmly but not unkindly. "What about tomorrow, Joe?" the humble millionaire wanted to know. Again Duveen's famous laugh rang out. He turned to Boggis. "What am I doing tomorrow, Boggis?" he asked. Boggis knew. "Tomorrow, Lord Duveen, you have an appointment in Washing-



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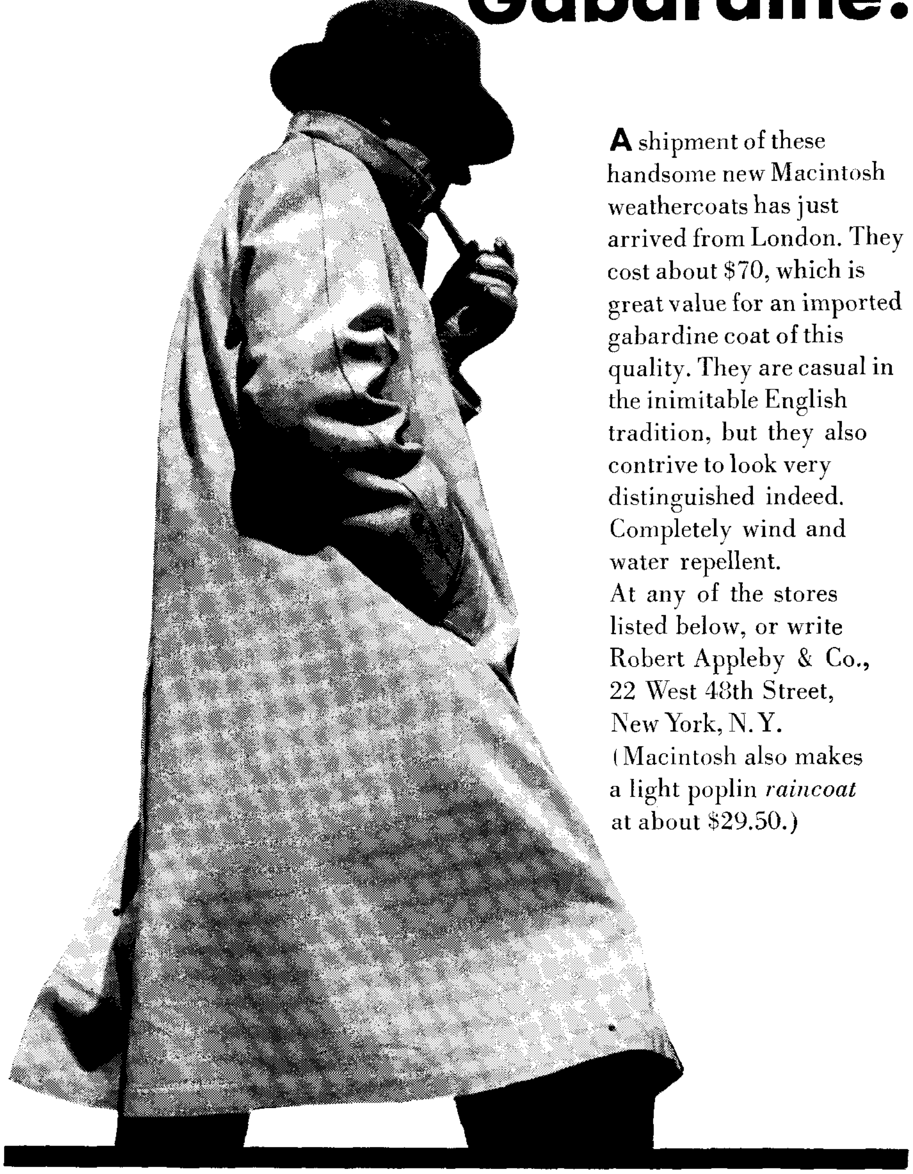

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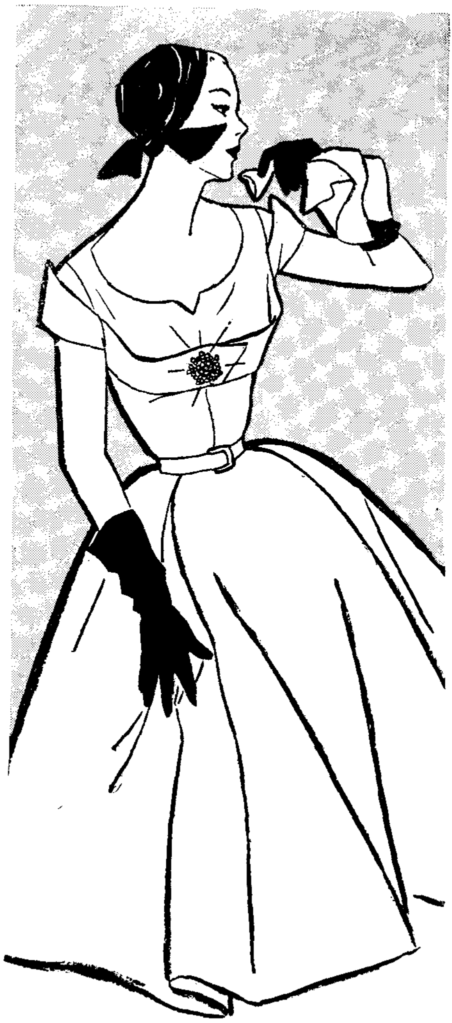

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ton with Mr. Mellon," he said. Against this there was no argument. The client automatically accepted his lesser place in the Duveen hierarchy, grateful for the blessings he had received that day.

SIR OSBERT SITWELL has an interesting theory about Duveen—that he was a master exploiter of his own *gaffes*. He expounds it in one volume of his memoirs, "Left Hand, Right Hand!":

> Since the following anecdote often appears in the press, I had better recount it myself, correctly. In later years, and especially in 1926, when I visited New York, I used to see a certain amount of Lord—then Sir Joseph—Duveen, and several times went to his house there. The following summer I met him at the opening day of some exhibition in the Leicester Galleries, and he rushed up to me, and said, "Oh, my dear Mr. *Lytton Strachey*, I am so glad to see you again."
>
> Lytton and I were not much alike, for I was tall, fair, clean-shaven, and certainly by no means thin, whereas he was bone-thin and angular, as well as tall, and bearded, with something of the reflective air of a pelican. In fact, no two people could have resembled each other less. Consequently, I telegraphed to him: "Delighted to inform you that I have this morning been mistaken for you by Sir Joseph Duveen. Osbert." Lytton telegraphed back: "One can only say again how utterly duveen. Lytton." [The "again" was a reference to a celebrated remark made by the late Belle da Costa Greene, director of the Pierpont Morgan Library, when she was first shown through the art collection in Jules Bache's Fifth Avenue house: "How utterly duveen!"] Sir Joseph, with his expert amiability, which resembled that of a clownish tumbler on the music-hall stage, heard of these telegrams and subsequently always referred to them at some moment of any luncheon or dinner party at which he and I happened both to be present, appealing to me to "tell the story about Strachey." Being a remarkably astute man in most directions, I think that, in this different from most people, he enjoyed having the stupid side of his character emphasized; it constituted a disguise for his cleverness, a kind of fancy dress.... After the story had been related, he used to add, "*Of course* I knew Osbert Sitwell. I love his books. He's written about *my country*." At first this statement rather surprised me, until I comprehended that by it he meant Scarborough and the district round, which are said to figure in my novel "Before the Bombardment."

Sir Osbert's surprise at Duveen's reference to his "country" was due to the fact that Duveen was so seldom in England. Indeed, he was sometimes assumed to be an American, he was here so much. (It was only in America that he was always taken for an Englishman.) To counteract this notion, Duveen, who was actually a native of Yorkshire, bought a country home in Kent. He rarely visited it, however. In his

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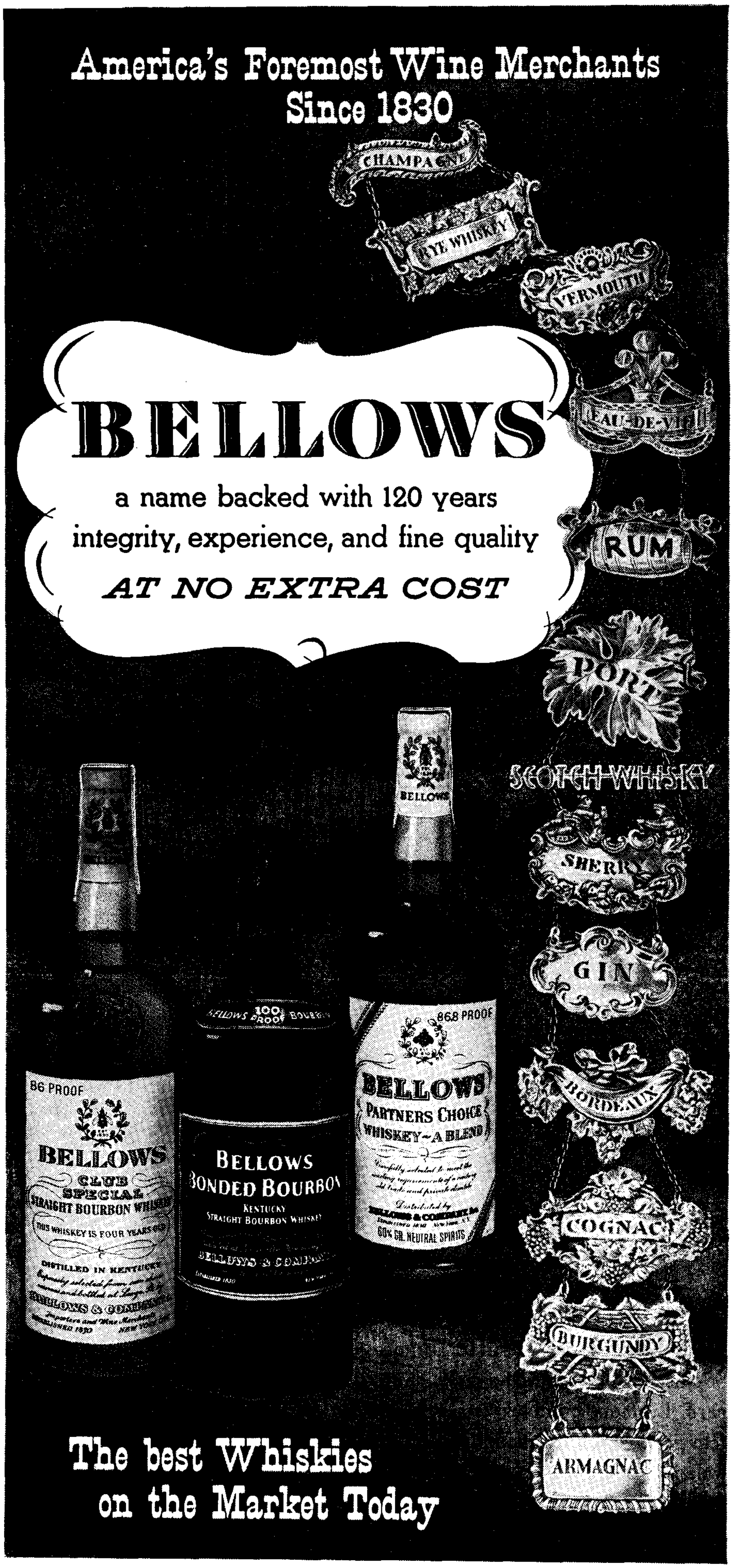
New York gallery, Duveen was a stickler for keeping up the correct English tone. The members of his staff, in the words of a former associate, were invariably "dressed like Englishmen—cutaways and striped trousers." The censorship of the staff was linguistic as well as sartorial. You could drop an "h" there with impunity, but under no circumstances pick up an Americanism. One day, a Duveen employee, throwing caution to the winds, said, "O.K." Duveen was severe. This was unbecoming in an English establishment, a colonial branch of the House of Lords, engaged in the business of purveying Duveens. After that, Duveen was yessed in English.

Duveen looked like a conservative English businessman. He was of middle height, stocky build, and ruddy, almost apoplectic coloring. He had clear, penetrating gray eyes and a cropped mustache. He exuded opulence. He sometimes played golf or went to the theatre, but only halfheartedly; he was interested in practically nothing except his business. He never carried more than a little cash; money in small amounts was something he didn't understand. His valet decided what he would need for incidentals and provided him with it. When he dressed Duveen, he would put in his pocket a few bills to enable him to get about. Once, when the valet was ill, Duveen said that he, too, would have to take to his bed, because there was no one to give him cash for taxi fare. Duveen was meek toward his valet, but in general he was imperious. He had the Oriental habit of clapping his hands when he wanted people; an acquaintance who visited the British Museum with him recalls that Duveen clapped his hands even in that august institution, and that the attendants came running. After becoming a peer, he was proud of being a member of the House of Lords and would occasionally drop in there, to prove that he could. Politics meant little to him, but when he wanted to terminate an interview, he would suddenly remember that he had a political side. "Sorry, old man, but I've got to go to the Lords," he would say. "Important measure coming up." Like some of his clients, he seldom read anything. (It has been suggested that a number of his American clients gobbled up his wares with such avidity because they could thus indulge in expensive contemplation without making the painful effort of reading.) But if a book said something about a picture Duveen was interested in, he was eager to see it. His impetuosity was sometimes ex-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treme. Once, when the custodian of an immensely valuable collection of books on art he kept in the Ministry of Marine brought him a rare volume he wanted, he seized it and tore out of it the pages he was after, to free himself from the encumbrance of irrelevant text.

The favored art critics who were permitted to use Duveen's library say that in his time it was in some respects superior to the Metropolitan's and Frick's. One critic, looking up an item in another rare volume, found an irate crisscross of pencil marks over the passage he was after, and, scribbled in the margin, the words "Nonsense! It's by Donatello!" Shocked by this vandalism, he took the book to the librarian, who said calmly, "Oh, Joe's been at it again." Duveen's habit of editing by mutilation impaired the pleasure of students using the library. To books that weren't in his library Duveen was flamboyantly indifferent. Once, on the witness stand, opposing counsel asked him if he was familiar with Ruskin's "The Stones of Venice." "Of course I've heard of the picture, but I've never actually seen it," he answered. When his error was later pointed out to him, he laughed and said he'd *always* thought Ruskin was a painter, and not a very good one, at that.

Duveen was more interested in the theatre than books. His favorite play, which he thought illustrated a great moral lesson, was an English comedy, "A Pair of Spectacles," adapted from the French by Sydney Grundy, and first produced in London in 1890. It was about a kindly and gentle man who gets into all sorts of trouble because, as he starts out from his house one morning, he picks up the wrong pair of spectacles, and thereafter finds himself becoming mean and distrustful. Duveen said that this play showed how necessary it was to look at life through the right glasses, and that it was his function to furnish his clients with the right glasses for looking at works of art. He joked about it, but he believed it. At the theatre, his appreciation of a funny line was sometimes given audible expression five minutes after the rest of the audience had got the point. He didn't mind at all impersonating the guileless and traditional British Blimp; speaking of himself, he often repeated the formula for giving an Englishman a happy old age: tell him a joke in his youth. He had a fondness for basic humor. A friend, chiding him about his persistent litigiousness, made the mistake of telling a "darky" story—the one about the colored man arrested for stealing chickens who, when confronted by ir-

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refutable evidence, said to the magistrate, "If it's all the same to you, Jedge, let's forget the whole business!" Duveen made the friend repeat it whenever they met. Perhaps, in the steam bath of litigation in which Duveen was immersed all his life, the number of occasions on which his own attitude toward the judge approximated the colored man's made him such an enthusiastic audience for this story.

Certain men are endowed with the faculty of concentrating on their own affairs to the exclusion of what is going on elsewhere in the cosmos. Duveen was that kind of man, and the kind of man who, if he met you out walking, would take you along with him, no matter where you were bound or how urgent it was for you to get there. One day, walking along Central Park West, he ran into the art dealer Felix Wildenstein, who was going the other way, bent on what was, to him, an important errand. Duveen, with his infectious friendliness, linked his arm through Wildenstein's and suggested that they go for a walk in the Park. Wildenstein explained that he was hurrying to keep an appointment, but they were presently walking in the Park. Duveen turned the conversation to queries and interesting speculations about his own personality, in which he took a detached but lively interest. "What do people think about me?" he asked. "What are they saying about me?" Wildenstein quoted a slightly derogatory opinion a friend had expressed; he had to have some revenge for being so abruptly swept off his course. Duveen was not upset by the derogatory opinion. "That's all right," he said, as if a favorable opinion *would* have upset him, "but does he think I am a great man?"

Duveen's New York home was filled with rare and lovely things. To an illustrious Englishman invited to a dinner party there, Duveen said, as they sat down, "For you, I'm bringing out the Sèvres!" During dinner, the Englishman overheard Duveen say to another guest, "How do you like this Sèvres? Haven't used it since Ramsay MacDonald dined here." Duveen seemed to make a point of showing his multimillionaire clients that he lived better than they did. Over a period of many years, he dined once a week at Frick's house when he was in New York. One evening, he remarked to his host that the silverware at the table was not quite in keeping with the many Duveen items in the house. Frick asked Duveen what he should have. The work

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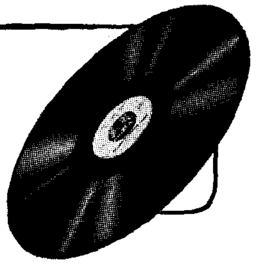

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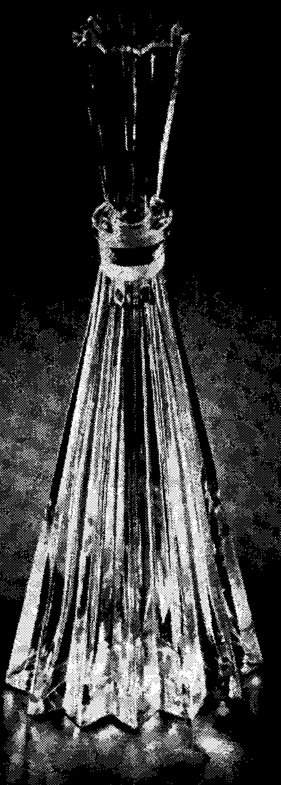

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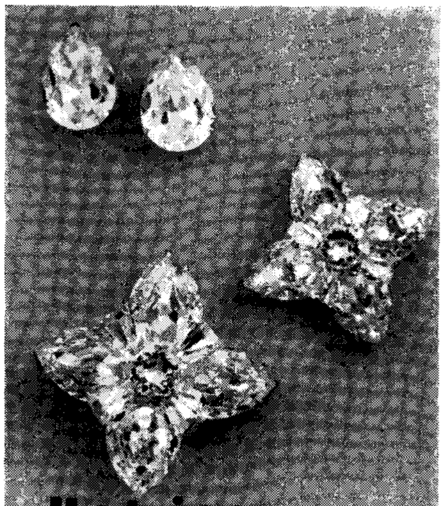
of the greatest of English silversmiths, Duveen replied, and explained that this master was Paul De Lamerie, who had practiced his craft in the eighteenth century; each of De Lamerie's creations was a museum piece, and Frick ought to have only De Lamerie silver in his home. Frick asked his uncompromising guest if he could supply a De Lamerie service. It wouldn't be easy, said Duveen, and it would take time, but he would be willing to accept the commission. After some years, he succeeded in making it possible for Frick to invite him to dinner with a feeling of perfect security.

Duveen's clients, as their friendship with him ripened, saw their homes become almost as exquisite as his. A new house that Frick built in 1913 at Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue was, in the end, thanks to Duveen's choice of its architect and decoration, a jewel of such loveliness that Duveen could have lived in it himself. Duveen chose the firm of Carrère & Hastings as the architects, and his friend the late Sir Charles Allom, who had been knighted by King George V for doing *his* place, as the decorator. The collaboration between Duveen and Allom was comprehensive; Duveen indicated to Allom what precious objects he had in mind for the house and Allom devised places in which to put them. It was Duveen who supplied the paintings for the magnificent Fragonard and Boucher Rooms, to mention only the most famous of the pleasances that have attracted many visitors to the house, now the Frick Museum. By the time it was done, the place was beautiful, and Duveen, when he went to dinner for the first time, was—except when he contemplated the silverware, which hadn't yet been replaced—thoroughly at ease.

On one occasion, Duveen found it necessary to subject Frick to the same kind of benevolent but firm discipline to which he later subjected Mellon; that is, to teach him that no great picture was to be obtained except through Duveen. At dinner on a night in 1916, Duveen noticed in his host an air at once abstracted and expectant. Duveen was adept at following the nuances of his clients' moods, reaching out antennae to probe their hidden thoughts. He knew there was something in the wind, because Frick, always laconic, on this occasion faded out completely. He finally drew from his client and host the fact that he was on the trail of a really great picture, the name of which he refused to disclose. Duveen went home and pondered. To allow Frick to buy a



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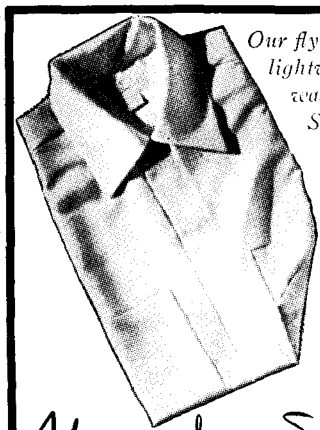

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great picture through anyone else was unthinkable. He cabled his office in London and inquired whether anybody there knew of an outstanding picture that was for sale. Through the underground of the trade, Duveen found out in a few days that Sir Audley Dallas Neeld, whose home, Grittleton House, was in Wiltshire, was about to sell Gainsborough's "Mall in St. James's Park" to Knoedler's. Obviously, this was the picture Frick had in mind. Knoedler's had an even bigger in with Frick than it had with Mellon; Charles Carstairs, one of the heads of Knoedler's and a man of great charm, was an intimate friend of Frick's. Duveen immediately cabled his English agent exact instructions. He believed that Knoedler's man, sure the Gainsborough was in the bag, would be in no hurry to consummate the deal. Duveen told his agent to take the first train next morning to Wiltshire, tell Sir Audley that he was prepared to outbid everyone else for the picture, and offer him a binder of a thousand pounds to prove it. Duveen got the Gainsborough for three hundred thousand dollars. The next time he dined with Frick, he found his host depressed. "I've lost that picture," Frick told Duveen. "I was on the trail of a very great painting—Gainsborough's 'Mall in St. James's Park.' " "Why, Mr. Frick," Duveen said, "I bought that picture. When you want a great picture, you must come to me, because, you know, I get the first chance at all of them. You shall have the Gainsborough. Moreover, you shall have it for exactly what I paid for it." In the first joy of acquisition, Frick was ecstatically grateful, not stopping to think that Sir Audley would probably have sold the picture to Knoedler's for so much less that Knoedler's price with a profit would have been lower than Duveen's without one. Duveen charged the lost profit off to pedagogy. When he brought the Gainsborough to Frick, he pointed to it triumphantly and laughed his infectious laugh. "Now, Mr. Frick," he said magnanimously, "you can send it to Knoedler's to be framed."

—S. N. BEHRMAN

(This is the first of a series of articles on Lord Duveen.)

•

"The Folklore of Sex," a new book by Dr. Albert Ellis recently published by Charles Boni, has been recommended by Bertrand Russell as a guide for any European contemplating a journey to the United States.—*Pasadena Star-News.*

And then there's Duncan Hines' "Adventures in Good Eating."

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TELL YOUR CHILD he's loved, say the experts. Many a father and mother have undoubtedly answered this advice with, "Of course, I love my child. Don't I slave all day cooking and cleaning and working and providing him with a good home, food, clothing and fun? What more does it take to make him know I love him?" Tell him you love him, is the way the child psychologists answer this. Tell him in words and other ways many times and day after day. Tell him with a warm hug as he passes by or with a quick kiss on the cheek for no reason at all, or by a special smile when he comes into the room. Another way a parent can show love for a child is to devote a portion of each day to the child alone. Give the child undivided attention. Sit with him, accept him, enjoy him. Tell him you came to sit with him because you like to be with him. You'll learn to understand him better, be less annoyed by some things he does, and, he'll do fewer things to annoy you, simply to get your attention . . . Come here, boys, while you and your Old Man just sit.

★

HERE'S A STATISTIC that is quite a whopper: The Minneapolis Star and Tribune are now carrier-delivered to homes in more than 1,239 towns in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and western Wisconsin . . . and it takes more than 8,500 carrier salesmen to do the job. That shows better than anything else, I think, what I mean when I tell you that the best-read, best-liked newspapers in the Upper Midwest are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 615,000).

★

HUSBANDS ARE MORE LETHAL to wives than lovers. Out of 324 murdered women, 102 were done in by husbands, 49 by lovers, 37 by relatives, the rest by strangers. Careful, girls . . . You can now buy vitamins according to your zodiac—different strengths for different signs . . . Iowa has a cemetery tagged "Fry Hill" . . . You may now find your swimming pool woefully inadequate in its attachments. A new development is a speaker that vibrates music into the water, so you can swim to tango rhythm. The speaker is so powerful it will blow itself apart if it's lifted out of the water . . . To move that heavy refrigerator around without scarring up the kitchen linoleum, just slip pieces of flattened milk cartons under the feet of the thing. Makes it slide with the greatest of ease.

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STRANGE TRICKS YOUR EYES can play. Tests now show that when you're lying on your side, the eye that's downward will be more sensitive to red, the upper eye to blue. When you turn over the thing is reversed . . . If your automobile sun shade masks out traffic signals and you haven't yet tumbled for one of those periscope gadgets to see the signs, there's a simpler dodge you might try for the time being. Just shine up the hood of your car. Somewhere, on its curves, you'll be able to catch the reflection of the lights . . . Planned now to excite the taste buds are discs of hickory wood to be tossed into the fire of your barbecue pit. The wood gives your barbecue product a hickory-smoked flavor . . . Available for your dearest friends are fancy loving cups as gifts. You can have your choice of inscriptions: Wolf, Lover, Liar or Jerk . . . The Pine drive-in theater at Waterbury, Conn., sells hotdogs like any other. Manager of the theater is Frank McWeeney . . . Songstress Lisa Kirk has a culinary tip. Mix Philadelphia cream cheese and chives and stir that concoction into your scrambled eggs for a midnight taste delight.

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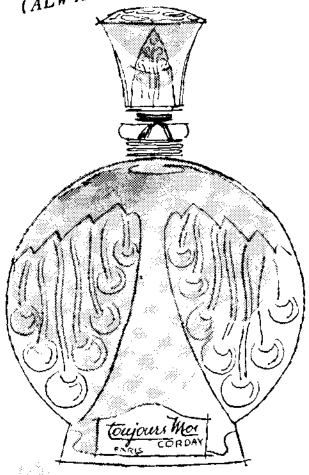
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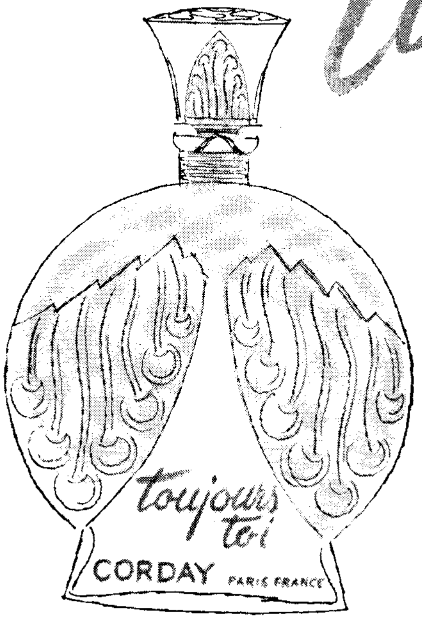
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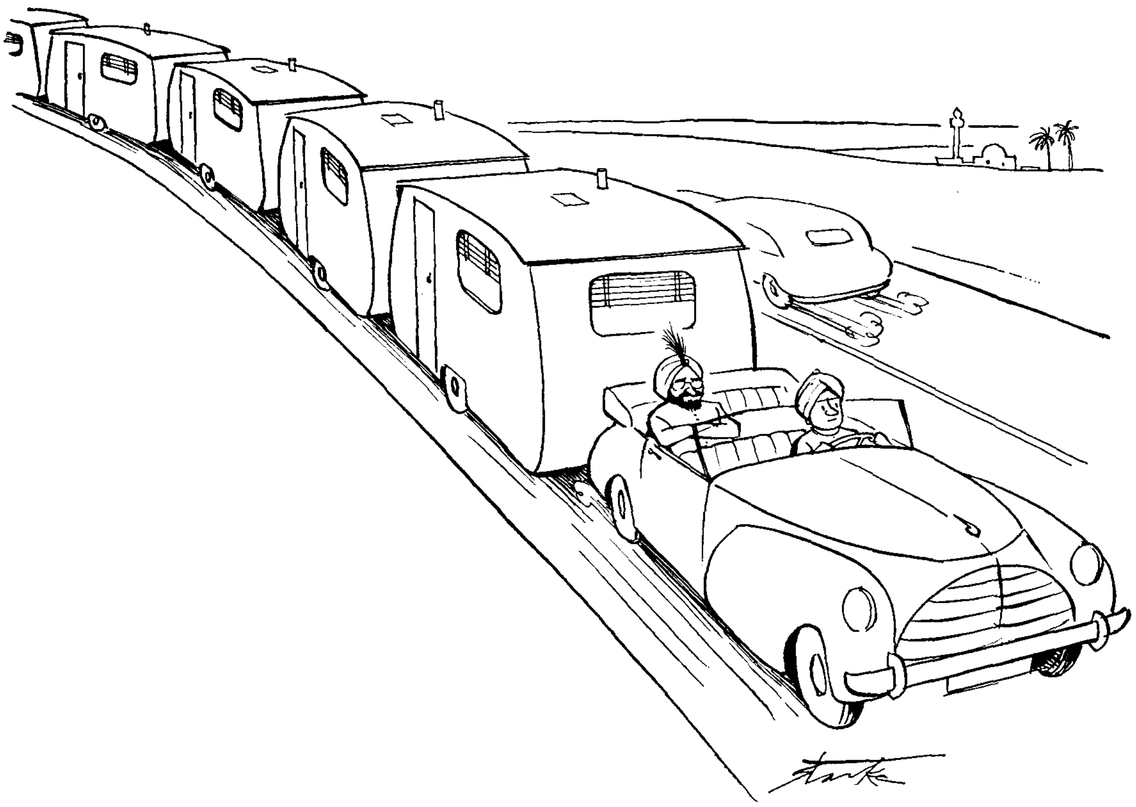
THE THEATRE

OFF LIKE A TORTOISE

FOR some reason or other, it didn't seem to me necessary to attend "Bagels and Yox," the first entry in the Yiddish-art sweepstakes, which opened a couple of weeks ago at the Holiday, so I am not equipped to say how it compared with the equally repellently entitled "Borscht Capades," which turned up last week at the Royale. The latter, however, is almost exactly what you'd expect, being profuse in references quite incomprehensible to those whose accomplishments don't happen to include a knowledge of Yiddish; for the most part, either vulgar or dull when the performers lapse into the English tongue; and relieved only occasionally by what might conceivably be regarded as entertainment suitable for a Broadway theatre. In a temperate way, I admired a lady billed simply as Raasche, who sings several songs, notably one called "Lighting of the Sabbath Candles," with a good deal of style; two young women known as the Barry Sisters, who operate in both languages and seem competent in each; and a couple of comedians, Phil Foster and Dave Barry, who are sometimes funny, though usually handicapped by material that might easily dismay a laborer on television. The principal menaces on the program are, I should say, Mickey Katz, who directed the show and who conducts the orchestra ably enough but is unfortunately moved to tell a succession of jokes, all moderately paralyzing; Patsy Abbott, in whose mind the boundary between humor and bad taste would appear to be dim; and the Ted Adair dancers, who struck me as uninspired, to put it as courteously as possible. The settings and costumes, designed by Charles Elson and Natalie Barth Walker, respectively, are not memorable.

The idea that such highly specialized amusements as "Bagels and Yox" and "Borscht Capades" have enormous potential audiences is, I understand, firmly fixed at the moment in the mind of the trade. This theory, like the one that any literary work can be successfully turned into a musical comedy, is extremely debatable in my opinion, but I am no man to argue with the experts.

"LACE ON HER PETTICOAT," at the Booth, is the kind of play that may reduce quite a number of sentimental ladies to tears, but otherwise its merits are hard to discern. The action is focussed mainly on two young girls—a minuscule aristocrat and a daughter of the people—whose deep affection for one another is finally defeated by the difference in their social condition, and the underprivileged child is told that she will not be received at a party being given by her fashionable little friend. There is, I suppose, a certain amount of easy pathos in this situation, but it is almost fatally diminished by the author's subsidiary conversation, which is concerned chiefly with class distinctions in rural Scotland in 1890, and has a queer, high-minded monotony, not unlike the collected speeches of a backwoods politician. This effort is not greatly assisted by the Scotch accent that several members of the cast employ as if they had been instructed to imitate the late Sir Harry Lauder, or by Herman Shumlin's direction, which produces some of the most singular entrances and exits I have seen since "Diamond Lil." The characters, in addition to the children, who are well enough played by Patsy Bruder and Perlita Neilson, include a handsome young woman, who usually seems to be cooking something or other; her suitor, whose vocabulary consists almost entirely of the word "Aye" and who is convinced that everybody would be a lot happier in Canada; her mother, who is one of those rude and formidable old ladies who suddenly stopped amusing me a couple of years ago; and a senescent coachman, who was practically unintelligible from where I sat, though I doubt if this mattered much one way or the other. These parts are taken by Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, Muriel Aked, and Jock MacGregor, in that order, and their work is, I guess, about all that could be expected under the circumstances. Aimee Stuart is responsible for the script, and Samuel



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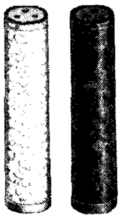

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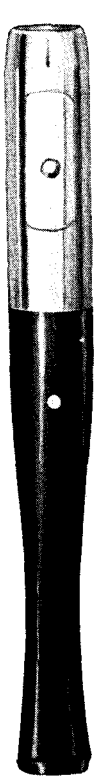

Leve executed the set. As far as I can tell, they complement one another admirably.

"OUT WEST OF EIGHTH," by Kenyon Nicholson, which closed after four performances at the Ethel Barrymore, was laid in a shoddy hotel near Madison Square Garden and employed the services of twenty-four actors, not counting an invisible but occasionally audible horse that somehow got locked up in the heroine's bathroom. The majority of these people represented performers associated with the rodeo, and the plot had something to do with a contest between one of them and a bellhop for the hand of the resident manicurist. Also hanging around the premises were a rich and festive matron with a weakness for cowboys; a low-comedy maid, who unhappily didn't turn out to be very funny; and a nervous old lady, who rather arbitrarily was instrumental in straightening everything out in the end. Most of my colleagues were inclined to take a dark view of these proceedings, and in spite of my admiration for several members of the cast, I'm afraid I have to agree with them.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

"Is there a reason to kissing?" you demanded, and drew me over you, to embrace me more detailedly.

"It is like snowflakes," I said after a time, lying relaxed in your arms.

"What is?" you asked drowsily.

"Kissing," I said meditatively, "or anything else pleasant that one does repetitiously, like shopping or taking a bath. All snowflakes are made of the same thing, frozen water, just as a kiss is made of air, but no two snowflakes ever have the same pattern, nature is inexhaustibly diverse. In the same way no mouth can repeat its kiss. It is perhaps not a very clear comparison," I apologized, "snowflakes and kisses, but it's the best I can do."—*From "The Widow," by Susan Yorke.*

Best you can do in a clinch?

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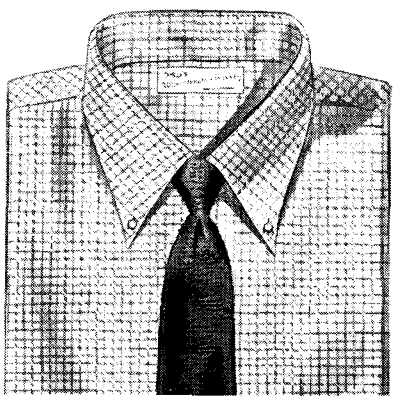

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ONE rather expects the unexpected from fillies. Still, it was something of a shock to see Thelma Berger win the Beldame Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. She'd been beaten badly in most of her starts this summer; in fact, she had been in the money only once since early April. However, in the Beldame she ran well from the very beginning, saved ground on the turns, took the lead a furlong from home, and won comfortably from Bed o' Roses. Kiss Me Kate, the favorite, was third. It's a little hard to decide just what made Thelma Berger run. The track condition and the weight she carried were the same as in a race the week before when she was down the course to Red Camelia, Wistful, and Ruddy, all of whom she beat easily in the Beldame. (Of course, she finished lengths ahead of Bed o' Roses that afternoon, but let's not go into that.) Perhaps it was the way she was handled by Willie Shoemaker, her jockey, that roused her to such efforts this time. Whatever it was, the story goes that her performance surprised her stable just as much as it did anybody else. It had counted on its Red Camelia to win, and thought she was a real good thing, too. Oh, well, it only goes to show how horses can fool you. There was some consolation for Joe W. Brown, who owns both horses, and for those who bet on Red Camelia. The winner's share of the purse was $49,300, and if you wagered on Red Camelia, you collected on Thelma Berger, because they were coupled in the betting. A lot of people apparently did wager on one or the other, for the entry paid only $11.20. As for some of the other runners in the Beldame, Kiss Me Kate, I think, finds a mile and a furlong a shade beyond her powers; Wistful hasn't the zip she once had; and Lithe wasn't within pounds of her best Chicago form. But, as almost every watcher remarked, no matter what you thought of the runners or the way the race came out, the Beldame was a good show.

IT'S useless to be polite about the collection of two-year-olds that ran for the Cowdin Stakes, earlier in the week. By and large, they were as mediocre a lot as I've ever seen in that fixture. Eternal Moon, the winner, had been first only twice in thirteen tries; no wonder he paid nearly 33–1. Cold Command, who was second, had been a disappointment, too, and if Baybrook, who was third, was one of the better colts in the Middle West this summer, as he is said to have been, we have nothing to worry about from that direction. The frightening thought is that these beasts will grow up into the three-year-olds of 1952.

IF all the owners of Saucy, a two-year-old filly who won the first race at Aqueduct last Saturday, had backed her even moderately, the chances are that she wouldn't have been as long odds as she was. (She paid $59.10.) You see, although Saucy runs in the name of the Little M Farm and carries its colors, she has around a hundred and fifty, maybe two hundred, owners. Dick Andrade, who is no newcomer to racing, bought her last year, and shortly afterward he began giving away shares in her to his friends, just for the hell of it. Now she's cut up as many ways as some of our best fighters. According to the latest returns, there are two hundred and fifty-six shares of Saucy (some owners hold more than others), and if the shareholders are all registered with the Jockey Club, the card must be the biggest in Marshall Cassidy's files.

WHICH brings us to the best steeplechase at Aqueduct this season—the Glendale, last Thursday, in which Kipper beat Navy Gun by the shortest nose you ever saw, with Boom Boom third, inches behind them. Also, I'm pleased to report that attendance and betting at Aqueduct—the meeting ended Saturday—were the biggest in years. This is as it should be, for the management at least tries to make things pleasant for its customers. Oh, yes. Colonel Martingale is all atwitter over the mobile stall starting gate being tried out at Rockingham Park, in New Hampshire. He hopes to inspect it before the season closes. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 20

NOW that the date for the general election—October 25th—is at last a fact, people here seem to feel that they are in for thirty-five days of intensive and fairly exhausting treatment from all parties, after which, they hope, they'll be feeling a good deal more comfortable. Following the weeks of rumors that the Labour Government could not risk facing another highly problematical winter and, alternatively, that it had decided to hang on grimly to its perilously narrow majority until spring, the decision apparently came as a big relief all around, both to those who think their party will get in and to those who fear it won't. Officially, of course, no party holds the latter view. The jubilant tone of some of the Tory newspaper editorials the morning after the Prime Minister's announcement, not to mention the gambols of the Stock Exchange, which jumped several points, made no secret of how good Mr. Churchill's party expects to be feeling on October 26th. The Labour Party, with more restraint, says that it's confident, too. It will try to turn a composed face toward the electorate when it meets for its shortened Party conference at Scarborough on October 1st. (The Conservatives also were to have held a conference at Scarborough, later in the month, but have called it off, owing to pressing engagements elsewhere.) The Liberals simply say they're ready with a policy that is the only one that won't split the country into warring classes.

The new Parliament will meet on October 31st, and the King will drive in state to the formal opening on November 6th. He, and not the new Government, will be what Londoners will turn out in force to see on that date. His health, and not the speculation over the election, has made the most frequently discussed national news during the last few days. Since nothing that the public can make head or tail of has yet been issued in the Palace medical bulletins, the nature of his complaint is only gloomy rumor. With genuine anxiety, the British are hoping that on November 6th both the King and his Government will look stronger.

THE strategies that the historic talks in Ottawa and Washington have undoubtedly been fixing for the British and their neighbors will become real to people here only after the Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have arrived home and reported to Parliament on the decisions made. At the moment, the decisions are just communiqués, not yet translated into terms of everyday life. All the same, many encouraged Britons think, even at this distance, that for the first time the framework of the conferences looks like the unmistakable form of that elusive dream girl, Miss (or Mademoiselle or Fräulein or Signorina) United Europe. The spark of imagination is now needed to make her move.

Certainly the fair words Mr. Herbert Morrison gave to the Pleven and Schuman Plans was a sudden, startling change in the ardor of the Government's pursuit of the lady, which up to then had hardly been impassioned. This change has just been stressed by Mr. John Strachey, Secretary for War, in a speech at Dundee, where he admitted handsomely that the French notion of a European Army was one he and his colleagues were more and more coming to feel was, after all, "the right conception." He got strenuously heckled by Conservatives and Communists. There are bound to be nervous qualms here, and in more than one section of opinion, over the old nightmare of Germany rearmed. Lots of Britons are going to feel, though, that any step taken, even a risky one, is heartening if it is toward making Western Europe get together in the flesh rather than merely in the dry words of endless committees and organizations, all known to the elect by short, cozy initials, which to ordinary Britons are as familiar as a nice bit of Euclid. If the Ottawa discussions succeed in bringing the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, or dear old Nato, to life as something that can be seen, touched, and, above all, felt by an apathetic public here, it will be historic news indeed.

LAST week's universal topic of the hour was, of course, the big fight for the middleweight championship, and the outcome is still being chewed over in glum retrospect. The disappointment was enormous and deeply psychological. Turpin's victory in London had magically made millions of Britons (including many who normally take not the faintest interest in such things) feel better in their egos, which had been adjusting painfully, with or without resignation, to the deflationary postwar idea that America alone has the cash, the strength, and maybe the steaks to make champions and first-class world powers. On the day of the return bout, even the sort of elderly British ladies in flowered dresses and long, swaying earrings who seldom read anything tougher than gardening notes on how to fight green fly could be observed resolutely boning up on the Turpin-Robinson form in their daily papers. At bedtime, thousands of families set their alarm clock for 3 A.M. or asked the telephone operator to call them, and then crawled downstairs to brew tea and listen to the account of the fight put out by the B.B.C. The electricity authorities later said that according to their kilowatt readings about four million citizens had all had the same urge to switch on lights and radio sets at the appointed hour, which used up around seventy precious tons of coal.

THE Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, the junior partner in the famous Sadler's Wells firm, has just completed a rapturously applauded three-week season in its home theatre and will sail next week for a six-month tour of Canada and America. When the troupe reaches New York, which it is scheduled to do about March, it should not be missed. Though it may not have quite the high gloss of the senior company at Covent Garden, it has a whole lot of compensating verve, and at least three remarkable young dancers: two ballerinas, Elaine Fifield and a lovely young Lithuanian named Svetlana Beriosova, and an outstanding nineteen-year-old Yorkshire *premier danseur*, David Blair. Fifield, a twenty-year-old Australian, is as precise as a tiny jewelled mechanism and is possibly being groomed as a future Fonteyn, though she lacks Fonteyn's poetic feeling.

The Covent Garden Sadler's Wells Ballet has just had a sharp loss in the sudden death, at the age of forty-five, of the composer Constant Lambert, the company's musical director and friend of many years. Among the tributes in the press, the most discussed has been that of Sir Osbert Sitwell, who gave it as his opinion in the *New Statesman* that Lambert, like Keats, had been killed by "the savage onslaughts of the critics"—in this case on his last and not well-received ballet "Tiresias." "Such is the rage of the uncreative against the creative," wrote Sitwell, "that nearly the whole body of critics, ignoring all Lambert had done both for music and for

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British ballet, jumped on him as if he were a criminal. And they felled him just at a moment when he was unwell and seriously overworked." One of the critics, Scott Goddard, of the *News Chronicle*, answered by pointing out, with commendable mildness, that Lambert himself used to be a musical journalist, or one of the vengeful uncreative, and that anyway he was too big to take much notice of any impolite brickbats from the brotherhood. To judge by a stately bit of prose just added by Edith Sitwell to the argument, the Sitwells remain unconvinced.

A musical event that has been drawing "all London," which means the minute section of it lucky enough to get seats, is the appearance of Kirsten Flagstad in Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," at the tiny new Mermaid Theatre, which has opened for a month's season in the St. John's Wood garden of Bernard Miles, the actor. Miles and his family and friends spent two happy years building a portable Elizabethan stage in a ruined hall attached to the house, working from hundreds of sketches and descriptions in books and from contemporary references in letters. The result is a gay-looking Elizabethan playhouse, which has a blue ceiling painted with stars; the classic circular stage and curtained inner stage, pillared and painted like the forecastle of a Spanish galleon; and a musicians' gallery above it, in which, one warm evening recently, an anachronistic Restoration orchestra gallantly sweated away in periwigs at Purcell's score for harpsichord and strings. The audience sits on steeply tiered pews from an old Methodist chapel, which feel severely Methodist, all right. On this diminutive stage, Mme. Flagstad, who sings the role of Dido twice nightly, out of friendship for the Miles family, somewhat resembles a magnificent goldfish in too small a bowl, but it's fascinating to watch (at almost embarrassingly close range) her noble facial expressions and hear her extraordinary voice, here tactfully modulated to keep the back row of pew-perchers from being blown out into the St. John's Wood night.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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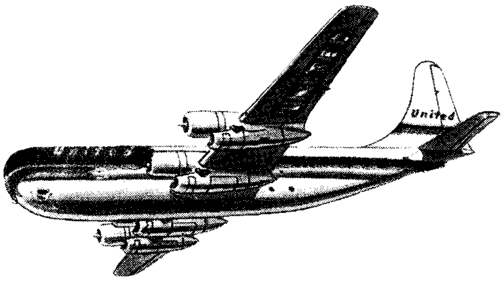

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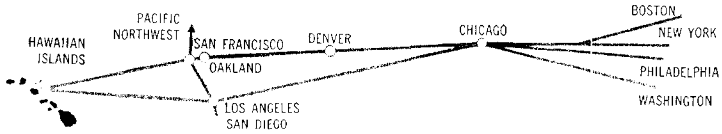
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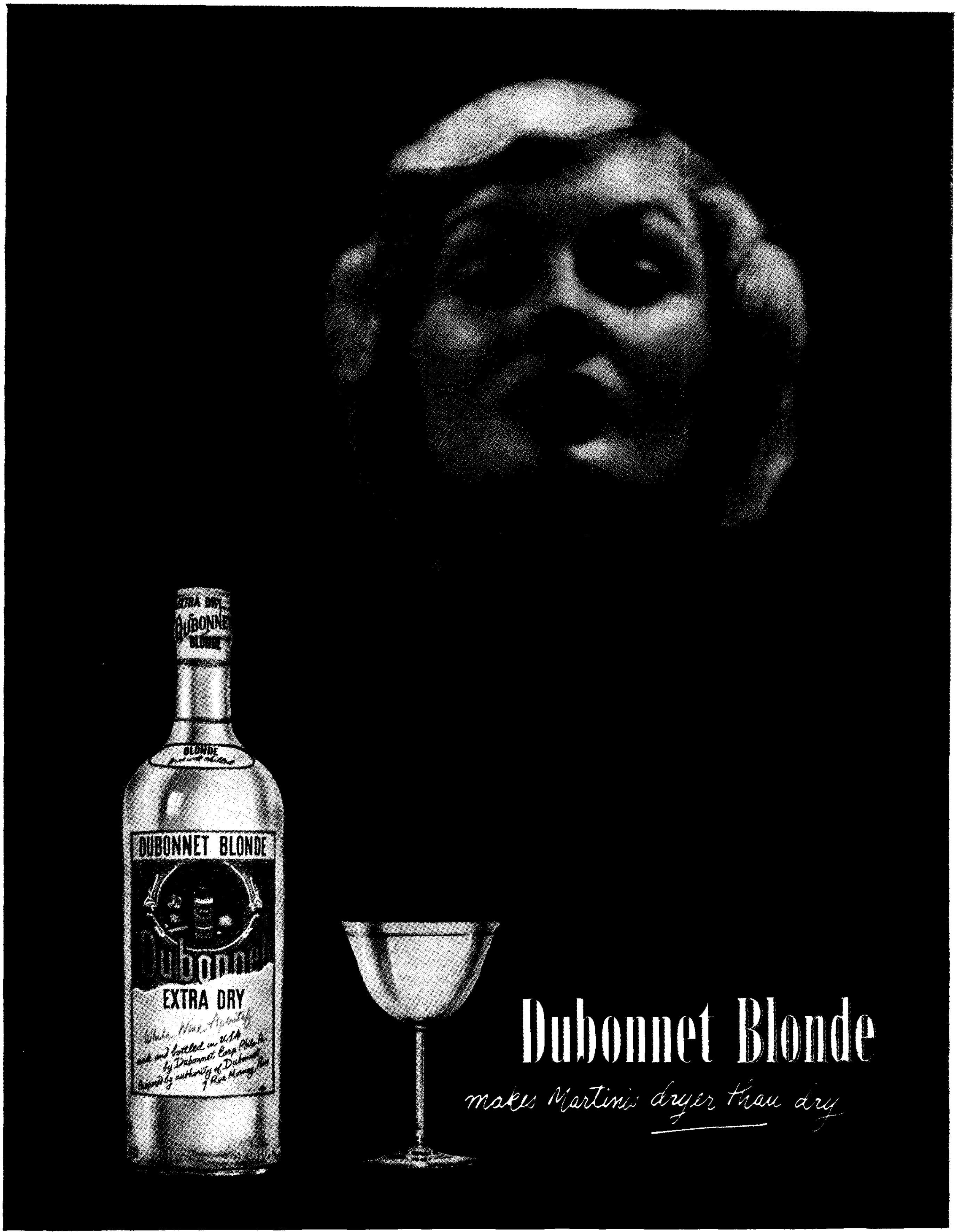
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À BAS THOMAS EDISON

RECENTLY, I saw some old newsreel sequences, in one of which a group of college students of the nineteen-twenties were shown dancing to a fraternity-house Victrola. The sight filled me with a haunting, almost forgotten malaise, a feeling of betrayal, and after some effort I managed to dig the reason for it out of my subconscious. It must have been in 1922 that Woolworth's was selling blank records, made of aluminum and costing twenty-five cents. You simply set one of them going on a phonograph turntable, put the needle on it, and talked, shouted, played an instrument, or sang into the machine. The record picked up these sounds and was good for about three playings, audible within twenty-five feet of the Victrola, before it wore out.

I was a junior at Columbia College in the fall of that year, and considered myself deeply in love with a Barnard sophomore called, if I can trust my memory, Imogene. I had declared my feelings but had found her evasive. On the whole, this didn't disturb me. We had dined together several times and had always parted with fervent and, to me, meaningful kisses. I did not take them to be the usual "necking" of the period; I was sure we were both above that sort of thing. I knew that Imogene occasionally went out with one of my fraternity brothers, a senior, but though that did worry me slightly, I remained determinedly optimistic about the whole business—so much so that one week that fall I assumed, quite without reason, that she was going to Saturday's football game with me. Proceeding on this assumption, I called her up and asked her to dine with me on Friday evening. She accepted the invitation, but when I mentioned the game, she was ominously vague. In fact, she gave me what would now be called double-talk, and for the first time I really doubted her wholeheartedness. Fretfully, I decided we would have to have a showdown.

We had a pleasant dinner on Friday. Afterward, we went to the movies and then to a small speakeasy in Greenwich Village. We had a couple of rather weak Old-Fashioneds, and I asked a direct question or two that got me my showdown. "Fray-ud," Imogene said—I now remember she had a Southern accent—"you're awful sweet, but you're too *young*, honey. I didn't realize you cared so much—that you were so *serious*."

I would have protested, but she went

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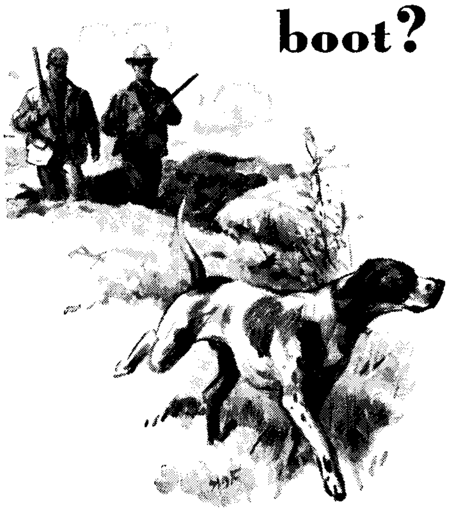

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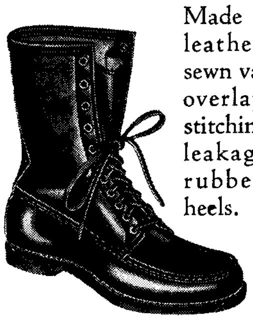

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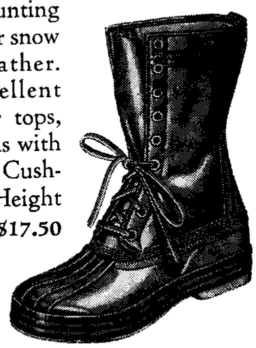

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right on. Not only was she going to the football game with the senior, she told me, but she'd become engaged to him a few days before. She explained that he had a big job in Wall Street waiting for him upon graduation. It was evident to me now that she had practiced deception, and I said so. There was no actual quarrel, but we parted in front of the speakeasy a short time later, Imogene having tactfully insisted on going home alone.

I put her in a cab and returned to the speakeasy. I guess this was ill-advised; I know I stayed there too long. When I got back to the fraternity house where I lived, I found an aluminum disc I had bought at Woolworth's that morning, and hadn't used, lying on my bureau. An impressive idea came to me. I would calmly, majestically, and without bitterness record what I thought of Imogene's conduct, and send the disc to her. Full of the greatness of this plan, I took the disc down to the deserted living room and put it on the phonograph.

When I had finished my speech, I played it back to myself, revelling in my keen, witty, trenchant, ironic, but temperate phrases. It seemed to me that I had hit on exactly the right gesture. I was about to remove the record and go upstairs when a classmate, who also was having girl trouble, arrived with the best part of a pint of priceless bathtub gin. We settled down to knock off the gin, and I didn't give the record another thought.

THE next morning, I slept late, and awoke with a nasty prohibition hangover beclouding my mind. I dressed, ate some lunch, and went to the football game. By the time it was over, I had slipped into a lighthearted mood and was no longer worrying much about Imogene. My fraternity was giving a tea dance; a four-piece orchestra had been hired for the occasion. I went, and danced with other girls just as pretty as she, and I made a date with one of them for an evening the following week. Imogene was there with her prospective Wall Street man, of course, but that didn't trouble me, and I felt that everything was turning out splendidly.

Then, at the intermission, some dance maniacs decided to fill the time until the orchestra's return with Victrola music. I watched them approach the machine, but it wasn't until I heard a girl say "Ooh! What's *that* funny-looking record?" that I remembered what I had left there, and then it was

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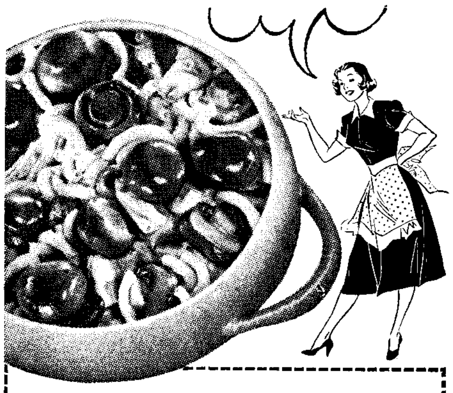

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too late. Before I could get to the Victrola or conjure up some way to stop the record from being played, my voice, tinny but unmistakable, was pouring out. "Imogene," I declaimed, "I am taking this method of saying a few things to you that I feel you ought to hear. I think I have always been fair and aboveboard with you, and that I had a right to expect you to reciprocate this feeling. Well, tonight, when you told me you were engaged to Jack . . ."

I ran. Before the record was over, I was in my room with the door locked. I couldn't hear the rest of it, but I could hear—and still can—the obscene laughter, the whoops and cachinnations, that burst out as it ended.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

MYSTERY OF LIFE

EDITOR, THE HERALD: We are living the nightmare of a dream; the dream of existence, whose origin and conclusion is birth and death—whose expectations is a house of horror, the contents of which are encountered at every corner of a street; in every cross road of life—whose walls are erected upon lies—the floor and ceiling are severity and crookedness—The corner-stone is hate; and the whole is hidden under the attractive form of aim; aim in life.

In every human soul there is a tiny, a fractional part of humanity which is the embodiment of our spirit and which is soon crashed to dust, by the ambitious aim of this life, where mystery is unfashionable and the soul being thus tarnished, the body starts living in an abyss of ignorance. We or some of us, feel sad about it, but the majority have ceased to struggle, and have either recognized or deemed. I cannot tell that thus is our mood and thus is our nature.

What road is this that opens before us the uncertain future, and closes behind us the undoubtful past, shutting everyone away of its beginning and making us wonder about its endless end? Why is it that between us and every spoken word or passing second, a misty wall is soon erected and thus becoming a memory?

Nothing lasts. And we vanishing creatures of the earth where are we going and what are we?

RAYMOND K. SADEK

—*Brazil Herald, Rio de Janeiro.*

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•

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SUGAR RAY AND THE MILLING COVE

PART of the pleasure of going to a fight is reading the newspapers next morning to see what the sportswriters think happened. This pleasure is prolonged, in the case of a big bout, by the fight films. You can go to them to see what *did* happen. What you eventually think you remember about the fight will be an amalgam of what you thought you saw there, what you read in the papers you saw, and what you saw in the films. The films are especially insidious.

During the last twenty seconds or so of the fight between Sugar Ray Robinson and Randy Turpin, for example, it seemed to me from where I sat, in the lower stand, at the Polo Grounds that Robinson hit the failing Turpin with every blow he threw—a succession of smashing hits such as I had never before seen a fighter take without going down. The films show that Robinson missed quite a few of them, and that Turpin, although not able to hit back, was putting up some defensive action until the last second—swaying low, with his gloves shielding his sad face, gray-white in the films. It was the face of a schoolboy who has long trained himself not to cry under punishment and who has had endless chances to practice, like an inmate of Dotheboys Hall. That's the way I now catch myself remembering Turpin's face in the last seconds, although I couldn't see it at the Polo Grounds because Robinson was between us and both were a good distance from me anyway. The face isn't gray-white in real life, but a kind of dun.

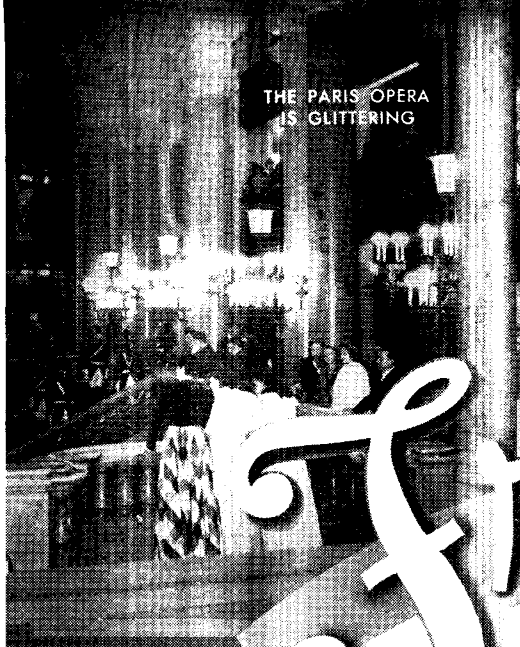
The films of the first nine rounds of the fight upset my original impressions in the same way. Those rounds seem exciting now, because I look for hints of what is to come in the tenth, which contained all the fight's excitement. I forget that when they were being fought, I saw them only as nine very bad rounds, almost a hoax on the 61,370 spectators, who, in the consecrated formula, had paid $767,630 for the privilege of watching them. All they seemed likely to lead to was six more bad rounds and a decision that would be sure to provoke an argument, since the boxers were going nowhere at the same pace. In the third, or maybe the fourth, round, the fans in the general-admission seats began to clap in unison, as they do at small clubs when two preliminary boys either can't or won't fight. I wondered if either Robinson or Turpin had ever before been treated so disrespectfully. Their styles seemed just made to reduce each other to absurdity. But years from now, when I reminisce about the fight, I'll probably say it was tense all the way, and I'll believe it.

I STILL think the referee, Ruby Goldstein, was right to stop the fight; no referee should take it upon himself to gamble on a man's recuperative powers. One more punch like the ones Robinson was throwing might have ended the boxing days of any fighter—even Turpin, who is what "Boxiana" would have called "a prime glutton." "Boxiana," by Pierce Egan, is the history of the British prize ring up to 1828 and one of my favorite books, and, because of the international nature of the fight, I had a refresher glance at it before going up to the Polo Grounds.

On the night of the fight, I started out early, in the true Egan tradition. In his time, the migration to a fight would begin days in advance, when the foot-toddlers (fellows who couldn't afford horse-drawn transportation) would set out on the road for the rumored meeting place. Rumors were all they had to go on because in England at that time prize-fighting, although patronized by the Prince Regent, was illegal. A day or so later, the milling coves and the flash coves (fighters and knowing boys) would set out in wagons or hackneys, with plenty of Cyprians and blue ruin (sporting girls and gin) to keep them happy on their way. The Cyprians counted on making new and more profitable connections later. Last of all, the Corinthians (amateurs of the fancy and patrons of pugilists) would take the road in their fast traps and catch up with the others in time to get their bets down before the fight. But blue ruin stopped many a wagon before it got there; milling coves and flash coves both were lushing coves.

Attendance at an old-time British fight was preceded, for all classes, by a visit to the pubs of the contending heroes, to wish them success. In accordance with this tradition, at six o'clock on the evening of the Robinson-Turpin fight I made my way to Sugar Ray's, which is Robinson's pub, on the west side of Seventh Avenue between 123rd and 124th Streets. Improvements in transportation have made it unnecessary to

23
ALBANY
Chon Day



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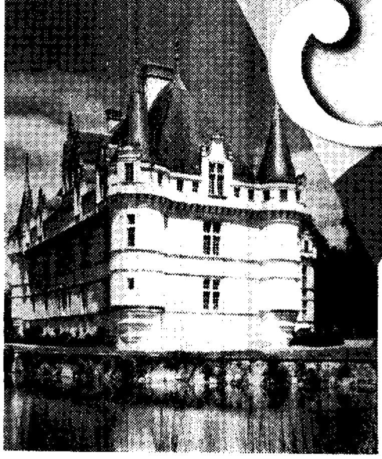
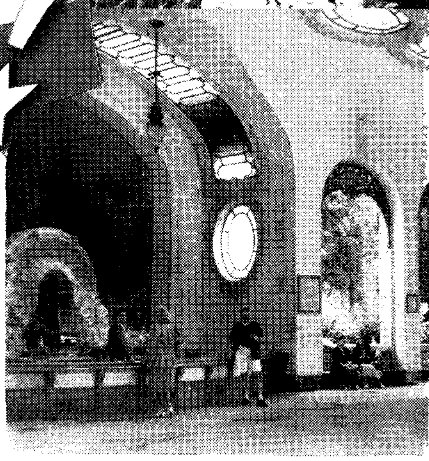


Invest a day seeing the chateaux of the Loire. (Above) Azay-le-Rideau.



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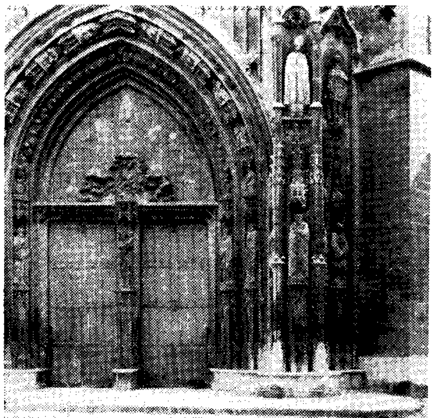

Historic old Aix-en-Provence, near Nimes, Arles. (Above) St. Sauveur.

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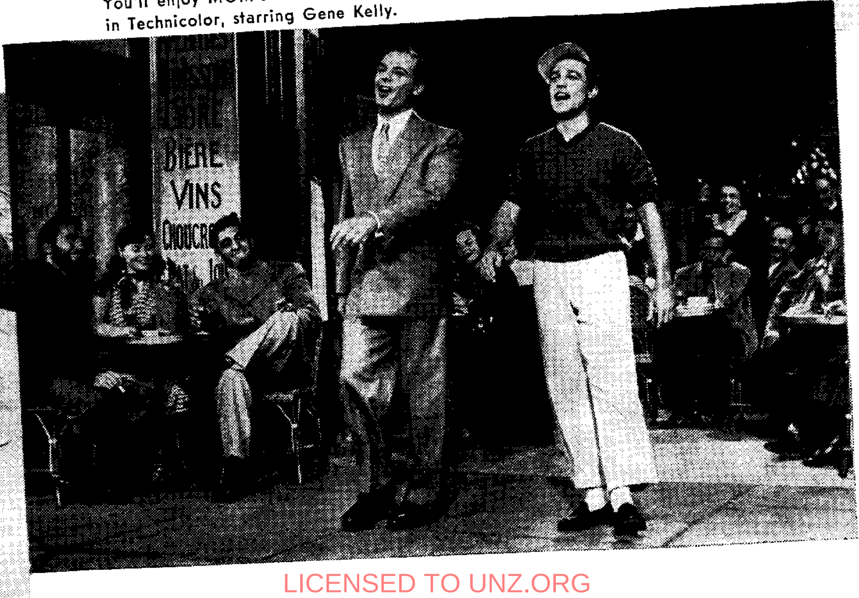

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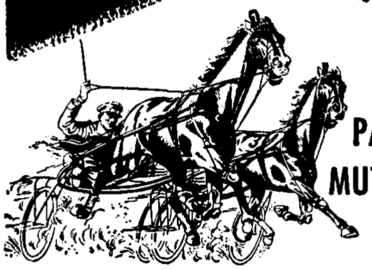

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start for a fight days in advance, unless one is to foot-toddle. I approached the pub by taxi, the equivalent of a hackney, but sans Cyprian, and disembarked on the northeast corner of Seventh Avenue and 124th Street, in front of the Citadel of Hope Mission, which was not getting much of a play. I got out there because if I'd got out on the Robinson side of the street I'd have had to step on somebody's feet. With the time to go to the fight drawing near, the sidewalk in front of his bar-and-grill had vanished. The sidewalk in front of the Hotel Theresa, which extends from 124th to 125th Street on the west side of Seventh Avenue, was similarly jammed with Harlemites, and the narrow traffic island in the middle of the avenue was also filled with Negroes, who were gazing up at the hotel.

A small colored boy, presumably from the Citadel of Hope, handed me a throwaway preaching class war. "There are two classes of people in the world—the righteous and the wicked," it read. "You belong to one of these two classes. Which?"

"Let me ask you a question," I said to the boy. "Who is up in that hotel?"

"Randy," the boy answered. "He's resting until the fight."

I looked about me and imagined the trade consequences of a Turpin victory. I could visualize the thousands of shoulders draped in British tweed, and the equal number of feet, now impacted one on another, encased in shoes by Maxwell of Dover Street. In Harlem, fashion follows the brave. It seemed to me I could already detect a slight premonitory change, in the accent of the first man who spoke to me, but he may have been a West Indian. "Randy is superior," he said. "He's overconfi-*dence*. I mean he feel no fear."

I crossed the street and worked my way into the lobby of the Theresa, which is the largest hotel under Negro management in America and about the busiest hotel anywhere—a contrast to its moribund last twenty years in white hands. Joe Louis was standing, almost unnoticed, with a group of friends near the door. He's still a favorite, but no novelty. Everybody was waiting for a look at Randy.

Coming out of the Theresa, I stood on the inner edge of the sidewalk and allowed myself to be propelled slowly half a block downtown, being carried past the Golden Glovers' Barbershop and the storefront office of Ray Robinson Enterprises. (Robinson is in almost as many businesses in Harlem as Father Divine was before that divinity moved to Philadelphia.) I detached myself from the current just in time to duck into Sugar Ray's, which is a narrow but deep saloon with walls of blue glass chips tastefully picked out with gold. The bar was as crowded as the street outside, but at the back of the place, where the bar ends, Sugar Ray's widens out enough to permit three parallel rows of tables, one row against each side wall and the third between them, and there were a few empty seats. Since I could find no place to stand up, I sat down at a table.

This rear section of Sugar Ray's is decorated with four huge photomontages, two on each side wall. Two show him making a fool of Kid Gavilan, the Cuban fighter, who is a competitor of his for local fame. Another shows Robinson bringing an expression of intensely comic pain to the face of the French middleweight Robert Villemain, a muscle-bound, pyknic type with a square head. The fourth shows him standing above Georgie Abrams, a skillful pugilist who is so hairy that when knocked down he looks like a rug. Abrams got up after this knockdown, but from the picture it doesn't seem as if he ever would.

I asked a man at the table next to mine, who looked like an old colored milling cove, whether the boss was around, and he said he wasn't. "He left about an hour ago," he said. "He's taking this one serious. He was carrying his bag, and I told him, 'Now, don't you stop on the way to do any training.' " Some women at the cove's table laughed, and so did I. I dined on bourbon and the largest, pinkest pork chops I have ever seen, priced at a dollar-sixty-five. "They're mighty good," I said to the cove, who seemed to be regarding me with interest. "They ought to be," he said. "I once fought a man eight rounds for not much more than that."

I approved of Robinson's decision to leave early. Drinking with customers just before a battle was a practice deprecated by Egan. There was, to give you an example from "Boxiana," Dan Donnelly, an Irish heavyweight, who was never beaten but who fell dead in his own bar after drinking forty-seven whiskey punches with well-wishers. His epitaph read:

O'ERTHROWN BY PUNCH,
UNHARMED BY FIST,
HE DIED UNBEATEN PUGILIST!

A slim, earnest black man with a briar pipe in his right hand walked down between the tables, saying in a peremptory voice, "A hundred to seventy-five. A hundred to seventy-five. I bet a hundred to seventy-five." "*What* you betting?" another man asked him. "I bet Robinson," the man with the pipe said. "Everybody here betting him," the second man said. "That ain't no odds." The man with the pipe walked away, and I asked the second man, "Who do you think will win?" "Ray," he said. "Ray, sure. He always win when the chips are down." I did not tell him about the statement of a friend, a good judge of boxing, whom I had encountered the day before and who had seen the films of the London bout in which Turpin defeated Robinson for the middleweight championship. My friend said Turpin appeared to be a very strong boxer, and had kept crowding Robinson from the beginning of the bout. "Ray has never looked too good against a crowding fighter," my friend said, "and now he's getting old. He's got to make a different kind of a fight to win this one." He added that he had just been talking to Jack Kearns, the former manager of Jack Dempsey. Kearns had been out to Pompton Lakes to watch Sugar Ray train, and had said that he was "dry"—not sweating well—which is considered an indication of poor condition. "It'll take him a year to get back in shape," Kearns had told my friend. "Paris licked him."

WHEN I arrived at the Polo Grounds, a short time before the first preliminary bout, the place was only half full, but the people running the show had already effected an almost complete strangulation of movement as far as the customers were concerned. By setting up wire gates between various sections of the stand, probably to prevent ticket holders from "creeping" forward to better seats than they had paid for, they had made long detours necessary for anyone trying to get anywhere. Since even the ushers, of whom there were few, didn't know where the temporary barriers were, they couldn't tell people how to avoid them. A lane so narrow that it could be threaded only in single file had been left between the lower-stand boxes and the first row of lower-stand seats, and people coming in through runways at the ends of this lane had to struggle against each other to reach the aisles leading up into the stands. Once I had made it to my own seat, in the first row of the lower stand, the struggle provided a sort of preliminary to the preliminaries.

The "ringside" seats, which covered the baseball diamond and reached well into the outfield, were for the most part empty at that stage of the evening. They

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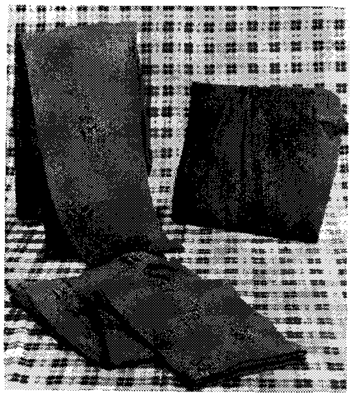

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filled slowly; many of the people who buy them do not much like boxing but go to big fights so that they can talk about them afterward, and they seldom arrive before the main bout. But I knew they would be along; this was something you had to see, like "Guys and Dolls" or a van Gogh show at the Metropolitan. Midway through the preliminaries, hundreds of young hoodlums in Hawaiian shirts, all of whom had clearly come in on general admission—unless they had scaled the fence—dashed down the aisles of the stands in back of third base, vaulted the wire barriers with admirable ease, and hurtled onto the field, racing to occupy empty ringside seats. It was a concerted break, and there weren't nearly enough special cops to stop them. Once in a seat, each of these fellows would try to avoid attention until the rightful ticket holder arrived, upon which, after a conversational delaying action, the interloper would move to another empty seat, continuing to move until the lights went out for the main bout. Then, if evicted again, he would squat in an aisle. The specials were flushing them all through the show, in a succession of comedy chases. The rush, because it was so concerted, did not amuse me; in a previous decade and in other circumstances, the louts might have been wearing black or brown shirts, I thought, and a time might come when they would be again. The night was sweating hot.

I could identify one ticket holder who was already in his seat. He was a man who looks like Ethel Waters, especially when he has his mouth open, and who calls himself Prince Monolulu. He says he is an Ethiopian prince, and wears a bright-red jacket embroidered with the Star of David and the signs of the zodiac, as well as a headdress of ostrich plumes and a set of flowing skirts. These make him fairly easy to recognize if you have seen him once, and I had seen him several times in England—once at Epsom, plying his regular trade as a race-track tout, and on endless Sundays at Hyde Park Corner, where he preaches Zionism. I had read in the morning paper that he'd come over on a chartered plane with fifty other Turpin supporters. When working, Prince Monolulu shouts, at unpleasantly frequent intervals, "I got a 'orse!," and then, to those who gather around in response to his shouts, he tells about the dialogue between the camiknickers and the nightgown, winding up by selling his horse, on a folded slip of paper, for a modest half crown. I bought Black Tarquin from him at Epsom, and it beat twenty-

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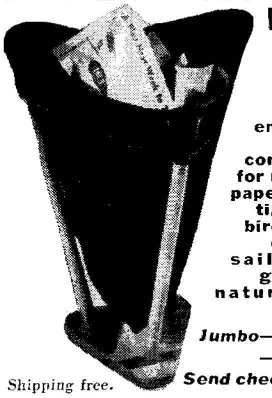

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four other horses, finishing eighth. At the Polo Grounds, I noticed, he was silent. He may have been molting.

In the very first preliminary, one boy knocked the other down for a count of nine in the first round, and the referee stopped the fight. This apparently exaggerated solicitude, I felt sure, could be attributed to the death of a preliminary fighter named Georgie Flores, who had been fatally injured when knocked out in Madison Square Garden a couple of weeks earlier.

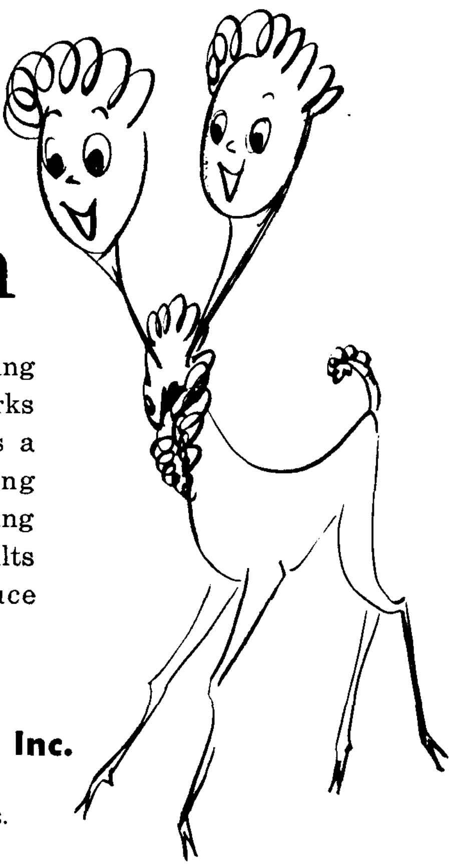
In another preliminary, Jackie Turpin, an older brother of the champion's and a featherweight, defeated a boy named Wamsley in six rounds. Jackie is a light tan, like his bigger brother, but on the night of this fight the resemblance ended there. I thought he boxed a bit like Jackie (Kid) Berg, an English lightweight of the thirties, getting inside fast and throwing dozens of punches, most of which landed but none of which seemed solid. Still, the other boy went down for short counts twice, and Turpin earned the decision. I knew that somewhere in the stands there were five hundred members of the Queen Elizabeth's crew, and the cheering for the featherweight Turpin showed where they were sitting—behind the third-base line.

The semifinal was between two big Negro heavyweights, one of whom, apparently beaten, knocked the other out in the last thirty seconds. "How do you like that?" one of two Garment Center Corinthians on my right asked his companion. "Just before he landed the winning punch, he was supremely out."

THEN the ring was full of fighters, the majority of them colored, being introduced to the crowd, and the belated ringside-seat holders were pouring in, a number of pretty women with them. Jersey Joe Walcott, the present heavyweight champion; Ezzard Charles, his predecessor; and Joe Louis entered the ring together and were introduced, one at a time, and Louis got an ovation, although he was now just the champion-before-last. (When he walked out on the field to his seat before the semifinal, he was given a bigger hand than General MacArthur, who preceded him.) Louis looks like a champion and carries himself like a champion, and people will continue to call him champion as long as he lives. The last fighter before him who had a similar quality was Jack Dempsey, and before Dempsey, I have heard, Jim Jeffries had it.

The two seats at my left, which

Double vision



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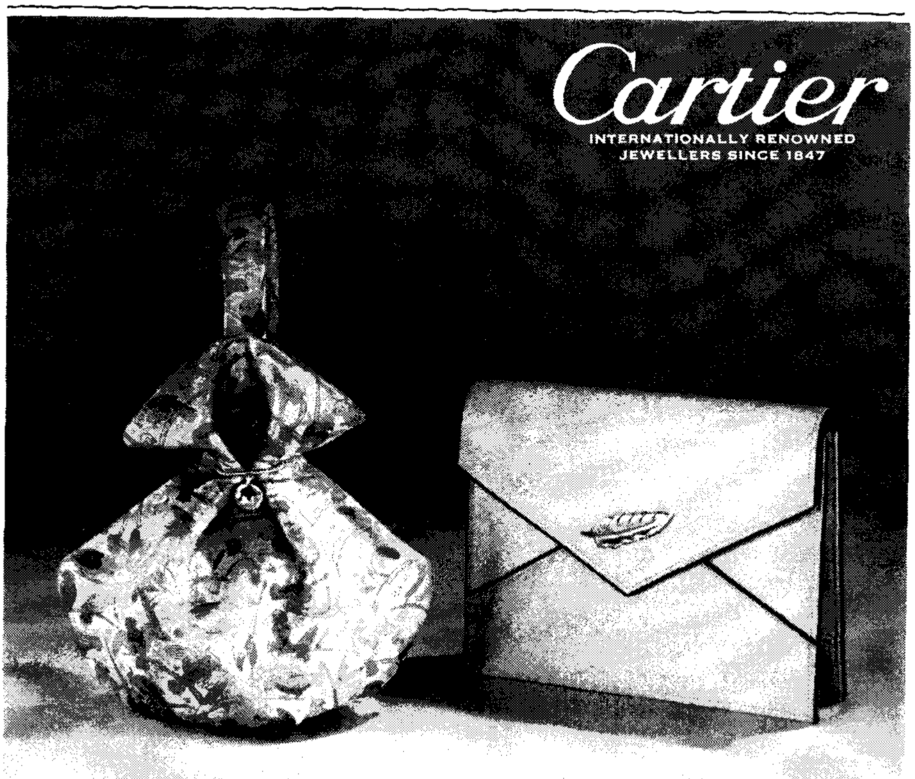
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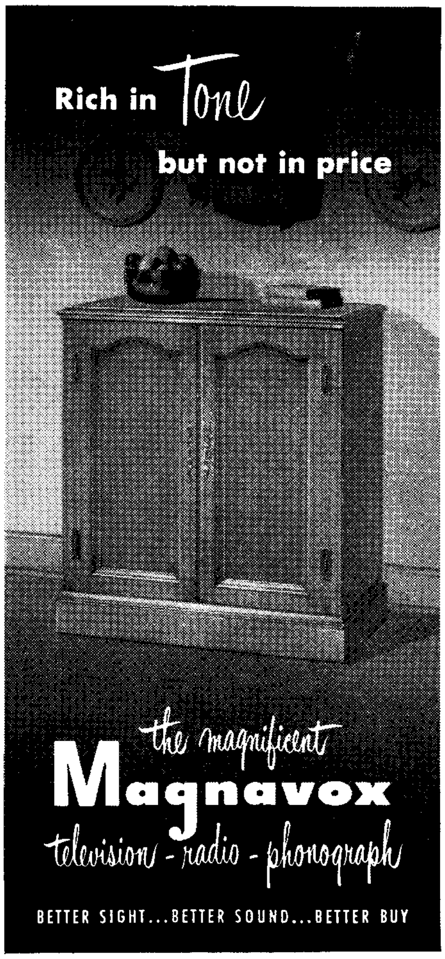
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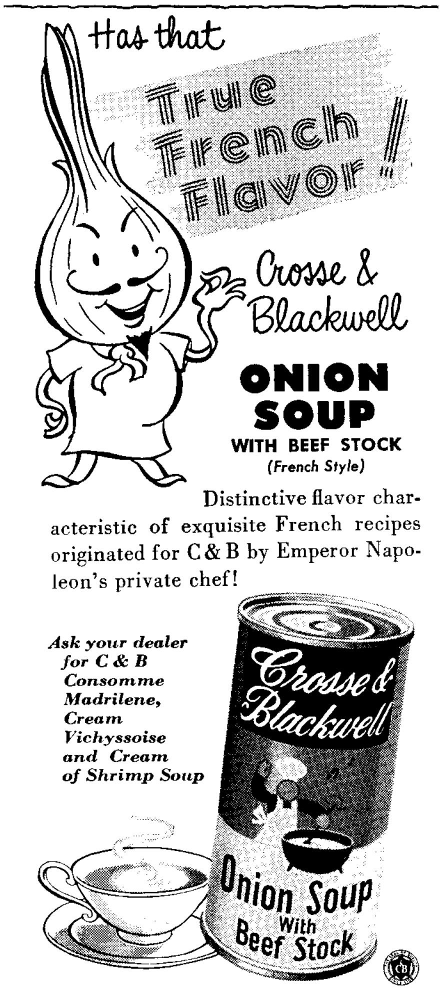
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had been vacant all evening, were now occupied by a couple. The girl, a smashing blonde in a backless black evening dress, must have expected that she was going to sit out in ringside, where people could see her. A woman somewhere behind her said, but not to her, "I call that a vulgar way to dress." It seemed to cheer the blonde, but the man with her looked uncomfortable.

Everybody stood up for a long recorded version of "God Save the King," with a vocal chorus. It reminded me of the time they played the "Marseillaise" for Marcel Cerdan before he knocked out Tony Zale in Jersey City, and the machine wouldn't stop. "God Save the King" received polite applause. The applause for "The Star-Spangled Banner," which followed it, was tumultuous.

The principals came into the ring. Robinson, the challenger, was first—tall, slender, and dark brown, wearing a blue-and-white robe. He discarded the robe, revealing white trunks with a blue stripe, and jigged furiously up and down to limber his leg muscles. Turpin followed, in a yellow bathrobe over black trunks with a white stripe, sat down in his corner, and remained seated, even during the introduction, while Robinson stood and waved to the crowd. Robinson acted like a young, nervous fighter; Turpin, eight years his junior and fighting for the first time in this country, was calm as a Colchester oyster. When the bell rang, it was the same way. Robinson was making the play. Turpin wasn't crowding this time; he was taking it easy, as if sure Robinson would slow down. Jimmy Cannon, of the *Post*, wrote afterward that Turpin "moved with a clumsy spryness and appeared to be serenely anticipating Robinson's collapse." The trouble with this policy was that it gave the much older Robinson a chance to make his own pace, fighting in spurts and then resting. He is still about the fastest thing in the world for thirty seconds or so, as Turpin was to find out.

Turpin stood more like some of the illustrations of boxers in "Boxiana" than a modern fighter. He had his left knee far forward, the leg almost straight out, and all the weight of his body back. It made him hard to get at, but it also made it hard for him to get at Robinson. (I had often wondered, looking at those illustrations, how men could hit from that position. Now I understand why "Boxiana" lists so many fifty- and sixty-round fights.) When Turpin did hit—with marvellous speed, most of which

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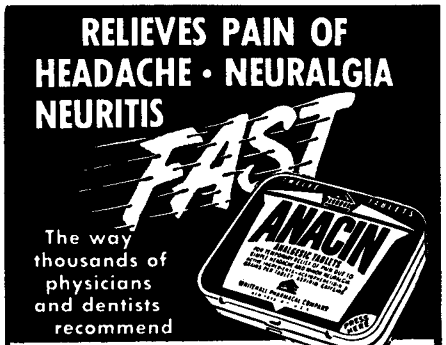
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was wasted in coming such a long way around—it was always at some curious angle. One punch for the body looked like a man releasing a bowling ball; another, a right for the head, was like a granny boxing a boy's ears. His jab was like a man starting his run for the pole vault. If he hit conventionally, from the shoulder, he would be less disconcerting, but he might also be one of the hardest hitters in history. For he is the strongest middleweight I have ever seen—built like a heavyweight, and tall, too. I haven't figured yet how he can be so big all around and still make a hundred and sixty pounds.

Turpin was so strong that his unconventional blows shook Robinson when they landed, although Robinson knew that, according to the book, they shouldn't. When the warning whistle blew ten seconds before the beginning of the second round, Robinson stood up. I thought it a rash gesture, because it meant that now he would have to spend an extra ten seconds on his feet at every interval. If he stayed down, it would be a public confession that he was tired. Turpin sat the full minute.

"The kid's got nothin', nothin', absolutely nothin'," one of the fellows next to me began saying during the fifth or sixth round, meaning Turpin, and he continued to repeat it, like an incantation: "Nothin', nothin'." He must have had a good bet on Robinson, because he sounded worried.

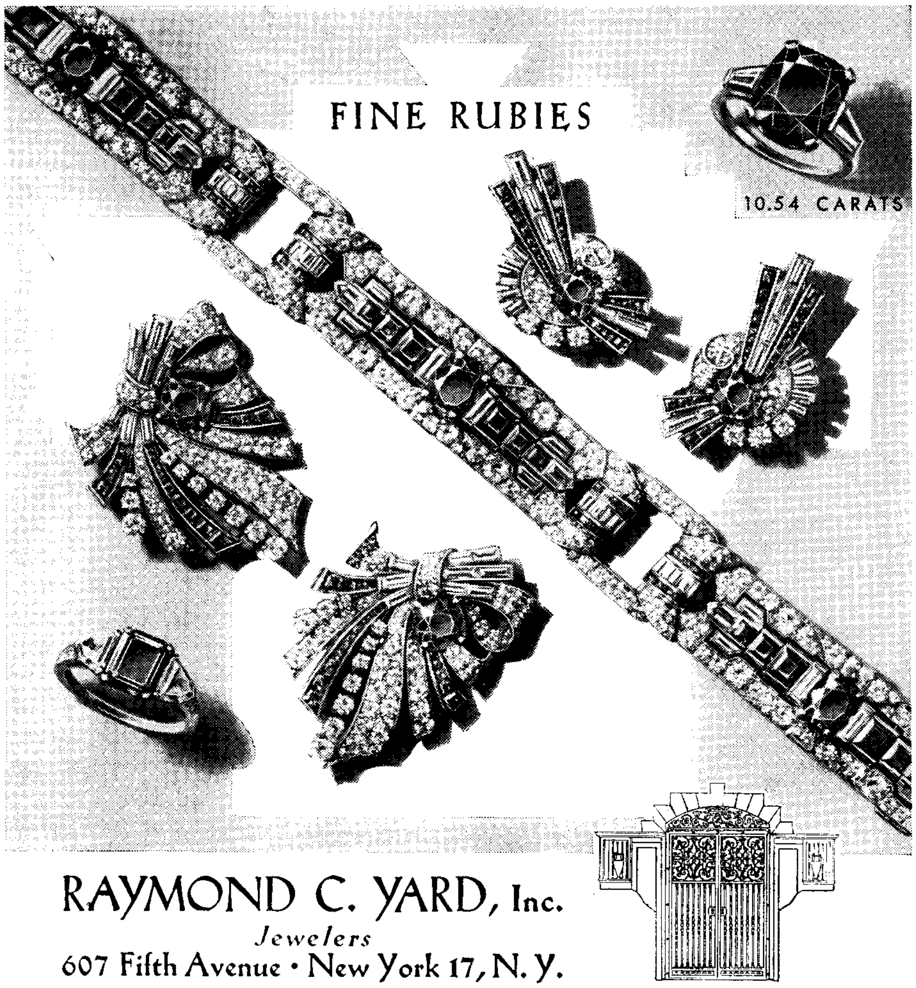
"If Turpin hasn't got anything, what's Robinson got?" I finally asked him. "It's even, isn't it?"

"Even?" He looked at me as if I were mad. "Turpin ain't took a round," he said.

The referee's card had four rounds for each fighter and one even, up to the tenth round.

A stout colored man in back of me was wearing a bright-green suit, a Tattersall waistcoat with a green stripe, a yellow tie, and a maroon silk shirt with two-inch white polka dots. If he had taken off jacket, waistcoat, and about forty pounds, he would have been dressed to ride for the Woolford Farm Stable, of Kansas City, Missouri. Every time Sugar Ray started a punch, this man would grunt like a bullfrog and then softly moan, as if enduring the agony of a shattered Turpin, even when the punch didn't land.

I was beginning to resent my neighbors bitterly by the time the tenth round came and Robinson, with his eye cut, either by a butt or by a blow, put together the really amazing attack that finished poor Turpin off—or didn't



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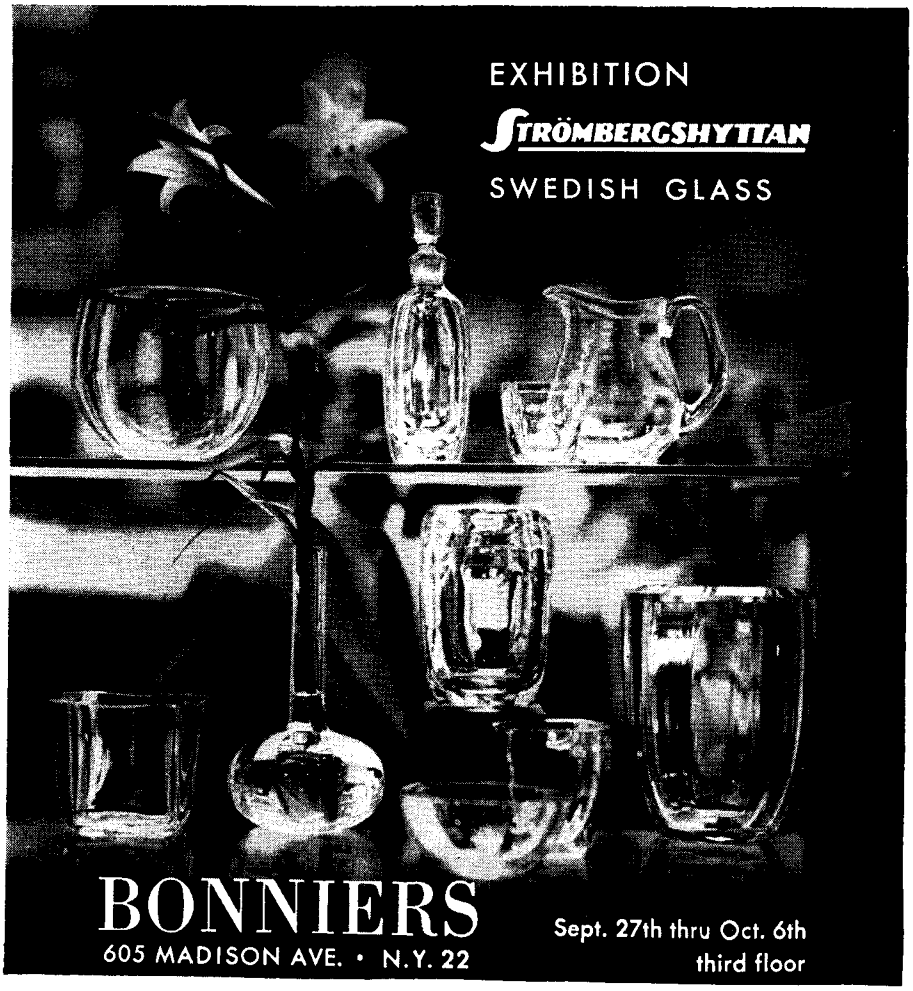
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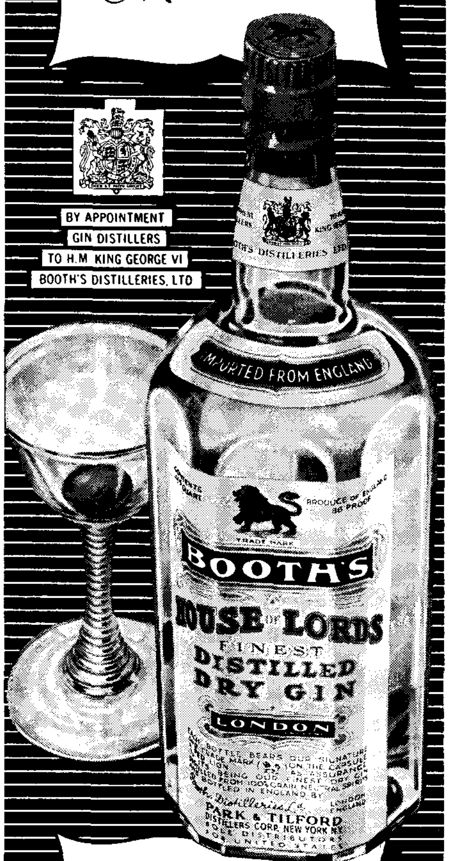

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quite, according, next day, to his manager and to some of the British boxing writers, who hadn't been hit. When the referee stepped between the fighters and grabbed Turpin in his arms, I thought I had never seen a man so game or so beaten as the mulatto from Leamington Spa. Within a minute, the ring was full of policemen, who lined the ropes; I don't exactly know why, since there appeared to be no danger of a riot. There seemed to be nothing to argue about.

On the way down the ramp to the exit, I saw a sight that struck the proper note—a tall, grave, fair-haired man, with a pipe in his mouth, walking silently beside an equally grave blond boy of around fifteen, who was carrying a furled Union Jack. By contrast, as I got out onto Eighth Avenue, under the "L," I nearly bumped into three men who turned out to be sailors from the Elizabeth, and though they were wearing Turpin buttons in the lapels of their land-going clothes, they were all laughing. "I feel like 'iding my fice," one of them was saying. "What a 'iding 'e took!" "What I'm laughing at," said another, "was old Bill, 'erè. 'Go right in, Randy,' 'e says. 'What are you afraid of?' " They were, I felt, devoid of proper patriotic sentiment.

Since there were no taxis to be had and the subway entrances, choked with struggling human bodies, looked slightly less inviting in that heat than gas chambers, I started to foot-toddle down Eighth Avenue, hoping to encounter a cab along the way. After I'd gone a block or so, I was stopped by another British seaman, a square-faced bloke who looked as if he might once have boxed a bit himself. He wanted to know the way to the entrance to the Eighth Avenue subway I had just passed up. I told him, and added consolingly, "I never saw a gamer man than your fellow." "Oh, 'im," the seaman said. " 'E's a good lad, sir, but no experience. No defense. No class, sir. Forget about 'im." This, too, seemed hardly right.

Eighth Avenue, from the Polo Grounds south, is Harlem, but it's poor Harlem, unrelieved by bright lights or jive. I walked past storefronts fetid with the smell of old vegetables, and dismal houses that never were much and now are less, where ill-dressed Negroes sat on the doorsills. Other people walking from the fight, or perhaps a radio bulletin, had carried the news ahead of me. (The fight itself, of course, hadn't been broadcast or televised—for New York audiences, at any rate.) All along

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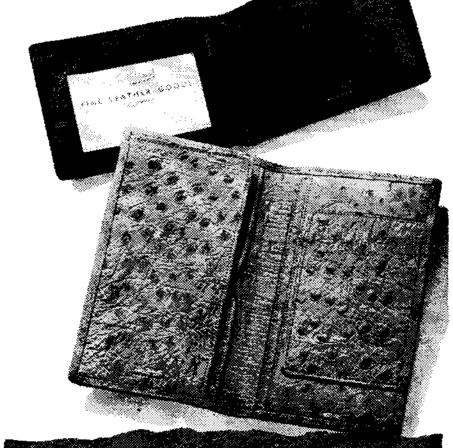

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the way, the people in the doorways knew that Sugar Ray had won, but they didn't seem very excited. Perhaps it was the heat.

I stopped in at a bar at 145th Street for a drink—it was not festive there, either—and then switched over to Seventh Avenue, still looking for a taxi. At 143rd and Seventh, two men in their twenties were bullying a boy of about eighteen. They had him backed up against an automobile, and whenever he turned on one, the other would kick him. A crowd of women had gathered around, at a safe distance. The men had been drinking and looked rough. "You let him alone!" a woman cried. "He's only a young boy!" In a nearby saloon, there was another row going on. Just then, I sighted a cab headed uptown empty, and I stopped it and got aboard. "Drive me downtown, past Sugar Ray's," I said.

As we approached the Theresa, the avenue became so jammed up with traffic that we could barely move. People were packed around the safety islands and overflowed onto the street. Somebody was beating an oilcan like a tomtom, and a tall, limber man was dancing in the street. Any idea I may have had of stopping at Sugar Ray's for a nightcap left me when I saw the crowd in front of the door.

MY maid walked by Sugar Ray's a couple of days after the fight, and she said there were twenty-five Cadillacs parked in front of the place. "Any that weren't 1951 had to double-park," she said. "His is a big pink one. He was standing outside, with just a small patch over his eye, and everybody that came by shook hands with him."

I went up to Sugar Ray's myself on the following Sunday, but it was very quiet, with only a girl about five feet tall behind the bar, and a monumental cash register and a sign that read, "Try Sugar Ray's Bolo, 55 cents." The bolo, which is named after one of Robinson's favorite punches, is made of rum. There were enough customers to keep the girl busy, but they all looked tired, as if they had been celebrating for several nights in a row and had just come in for pick-me-ups. —A. J. LIEBLING

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BATTERY HENS

THE Jeremy incident seemed, at first, only to show how useless it is to take precautions at all. Jeremy was our cat, given to us by friends, who declared it to be a male. I trusted their judgment. They had not been mistaken about the sex of a now defunct kitten that they had given us the year before. And they should have been experts, considering the time and love they lavished on Jeremy's mother. She was named Hodge, for they were intellectuals. I should explain that love of cats is an outstanding characteristic, almost a caste mark, of the intellectual class in England, a country where castes are as clearly defined in their own way as they are in India. Almost every newspaper every day bears evidence of pious obedience to these mysterious and peculiar social distinctions. "He was a lover of cats," said the obituary notice of the composer Constant Lambert, "an authority on railway engines, and a hater of cricket." This at once placed Constant Lambert; he was, officially, a free soul.

Jeremy developed rather slowly but seemed normal otherwise. He was one of the affectionate sort, making four-point landings on my back or leg when I was least expecting it, and persistently climbing into laps at mealtimes. I complained about his pervasiveness, but my husband, who is an English intellectual himself, defended him, and counterattacked by citing some of our dog's misdemeanors.

All this was quite conventional and just as it should be. Charles was upholding the tenets of his class, but I had right on my side, too. In defending the dog, I had another tradition behind me: Hearty people are supposed to like dogs. Sometimes in the middle of one of these low-pitched, routine arguments, I was conscious of a warm feeling of self-approval. I've adapted myself at last, I would reflect. Just listen to me behaving like an Englishwoman!

Before this, I had had an uneasy feeling that I was considered an eccentric on the important subject of animals. Of course, Americans are expected to be eccentric, but to announce, as I did occasionally before I learned better, that I like both dogs and cats but that there ought to be a limit to zoophily is to be too odd even for an American. English animal-lovers feel there should be no limits at all to animal love.

But to return to Jeremy, not only was he given to us as a male but I was positive that I had had him doctored and that there was the vet's receipt in my desk to prove it. Yet Jeremy produced four kittens. It was only when I looked at the date on the receipt that I realized what the trouble was—a simple case of mistaken identity. The vet had operated on our *first* cat, the one that died of mole poison; he had never so much as seen Jeremy. Now it was too late, and Jeremy, upstairs in the tankroom of our house in Dorset, had become a mother.

I tried to pass it off lightly. "I suppose you'll want to keep them all, Charles?" I asked.

"Good Lord, no!" Charles said. "What an extraordinary idea!"

"But I thought you loved cats."

"I *like* cats," Charles said. "Rather, I like Jeremy, in spite of everything. But Jeremy is enough."

I was much relieved. I had been ready to put up with the entire family—ready but not happy about it. However, when Charles went on to suggest a mass purge by drowning, I was startled. They were Jeremy's first, I explained; for her mental and physical comfort we must keep one.

"Well," he said, "if you really think so."

"I'll try to find homes for the others," I said. "Probably, though, they'll have to be drowned."

This was easy to say, but I have never drowned kittens, and it seemed a difficult and distasteful technique to acquire at my time of life. I kept putting the crisis off. Jeremy's family remained in the tankroom more or less forgotten; the children, when they felt like seeing kittens, went upstairs very quietly.

* * *

EARLY this month, Charles and I were in London for a few days, and I went to look at the Festival exhibits over on the South Bank. It was a wet day, and the buildings were not crowded, except in spots; unfortunately, these were the only spots where I myself would have liked to be. I bobbed around in the wake of the crowd, from the Dome of Discovery to the Lion and the Unicorn, without halting long anywhere. At last, I drifted, by way of a passage under a number of gaily painted agricultural vehicles, which were suspended in the air by wires, into a hall where various specimens of livestock were on show.

Inevitably, dozens of doting spectators were massed around the stall that

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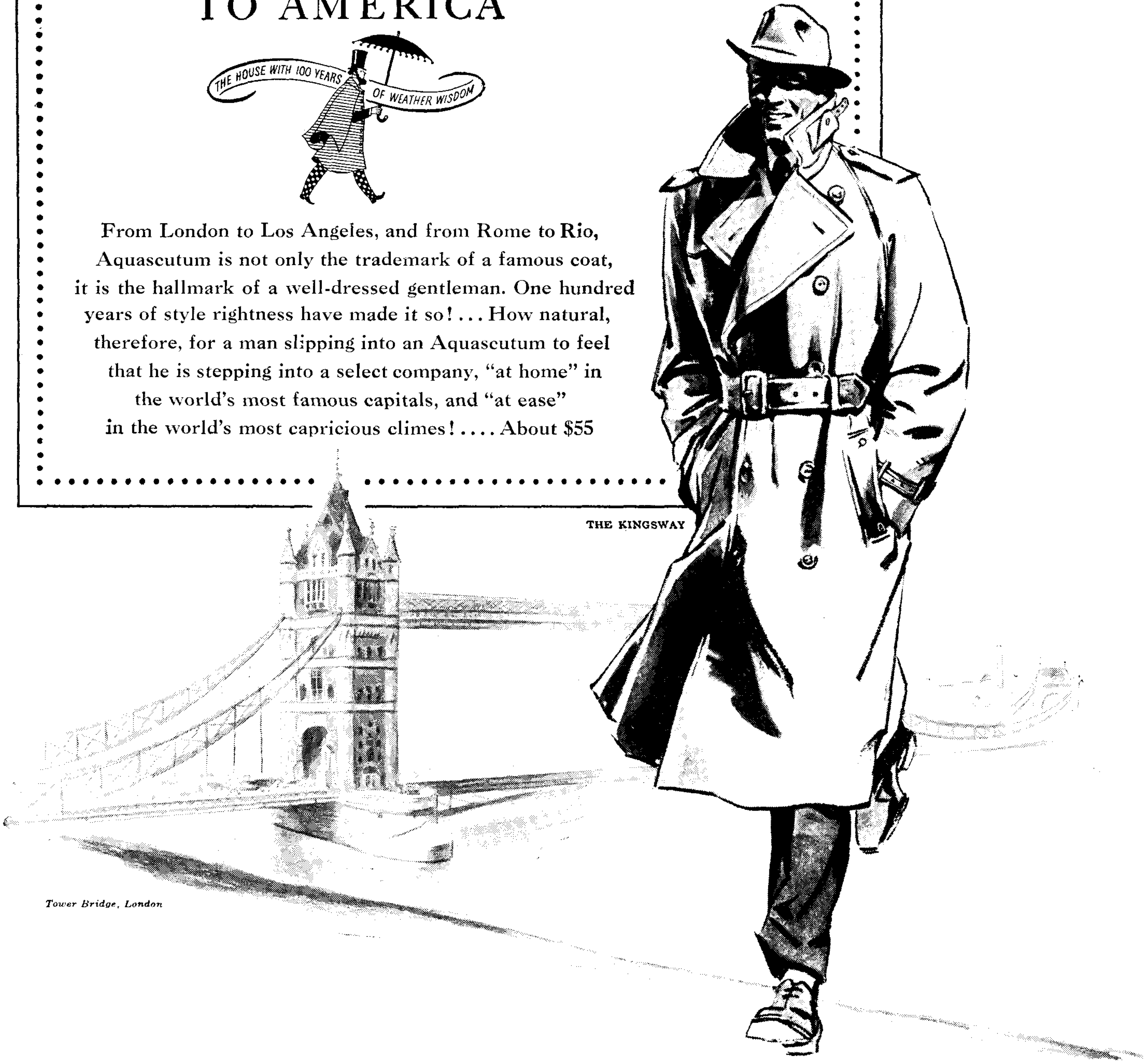

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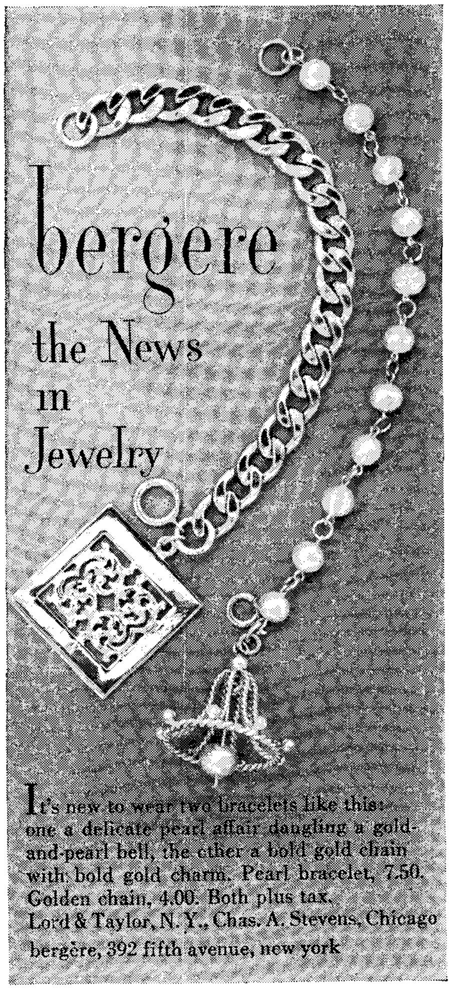

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contained a live work horse, staring at him in a religious ecstasy that made them almost rigid. Other zoophiles congregated in similar fashion about the model pigsty with its prize sow. My recent mishap with Jeremy had put me out of sympathy with all this. I looked at the crowd haughtily and turned to go, but then my attention was caught by the most seething mob of all, gathered about a transparent kind of tenement chicken coop. I ambled over for an idle glance, and was lost.

Hens sat there in rows, in tiers, one to each wire cell. It was the first time I had ever actually seen battery hens *in situ*. Little by little, as worshippers moved off to coo at the horse's shrine, I worked my way up to the front lines, and there I stood openmouthed, like any poor superstitious native. A few eggs had been laid and had gently rolled down to a basketlike gutter. Hopefully I waited, believing from minute to minute that one of the hens would lay another. Certainly most of them looked as if they were just about to lay eggs. They looked thoughtful, peaceful, and expectant. They sat inside the wire, and I stood outside the wire, and we all waited. Slowly, deliberately, unfailingly, a dish of food and a dish of water made their way by trolley around the cage, and the hens leaned out and took bites and drinks, and then settled down again, crooning, as the dishes moved on.

By teatime, my legs felt as if I had developed varicose veins, and not one of the hens had produced an egg under my eyes. I had to give up and go back to the hotel.

In spite of this disappointment, I was enthusiastic about battery hens, and chattered lightheartedly about them at a dinner party that night, quoting a leaflet on the subject that I had acquired at the exhibit. "They lay twice as many eggs as barnyard hens," I said. "That's because there's a light on all the time, you see. The robot feeder is absolutely marvellous. You can fill it up and set it and go away for as long as you like, if only somebody is there to gather the eggs for you every so often." At this point, realizing something was wrong, I paused uncertainly. A disapproving hush hung over the table.

Mrs. Field, the hostess, spoke first, clearing her throat. "Have you ever seen those hens when they're taken out of the cages and put down in a field?" she asked. "It's a pathetic sight. They don't know how to walk, poor things. They just stand, all hunched up."

"I didn't know they were ever tak-

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en out," I said. "They're not supposed to be moved."

One of the guests, speaking heavily, corroborated this. "They're never taken out," he said, "from the cradle to the grave." He glared at me.

I nodded and said, "They're practically hatched out in these coops, and when they stop laying, they're killed for eating."

"Disgusting," said Mrs. Field. "Killed as soon as they're no longer of any use! It's monstrous. There ought to be preventive legislation."

"But everybody does the same thing with ordinary chickens," I said, honestly bewildered. "What's the difference?"

A clamor of voices told me what the difference was. I gathered that chickens like to scratch for their food, that it is cruel to keep them from scratching and running about, that God never intended . . .

"But if they don't know what they're missing," I said, "I don't quite see it. Life is awfully hard on hens anyway. We're terribly cruel to hens. *All* hens."

"Nothing should be kept in a cage," Charles said. His remark met with general approval.

FOR some reason, I could not drop the subject of battery hens from my mind. English logic often bothers me, and this aspect of it seemed more bothersome than most. Mrs. Field, for instance; I couldn't figure her out. She was a scientist, the last person in the world one would expect to get emotional about poultry. Because she worked in a government laboratory, determining the effects of atomic energy on organic substances, I had always made allowances for what I considered her rather cold-blooded attitude toward life vs. death. I now recalled something that happened once at our house in the country. I had one of those ant colonies you can buy, with ants building nests and doing their housekeeping and everything under glass, and it interested Mrs. Field, who had come down from London for the weekend. She asked me if I had ever tried putting a strange ant in with the others, to see what would happen.

"No, because I already know what would happen," I said. "They'd just attack the new ant and kill it."

"Let's try anyway," Mrs. Field said. She found an ant and put it into the colony, and the other ants attacked it and killed it.

A trivial matter altogether, I now admitted to myself, but that was the woman who got upset on behalf of bat-

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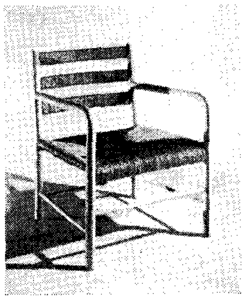

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tery hens while serving creamed chicken at her own dinner party.

It was all so frustrating that on my last day in London—Charles had gone down to the country ahead of me—I went and called on a man I know, a Mr. Hutchins, who works for an ornithological society. The subject of poultry isn't exactly his line, and I apologized for troubling him; I know that he spends most of his time answering letters from bird-watchers, and is always behind in his correspondence. "However," I said, "you're bound to know something about bird mentality, aren't you?"

"I am not sure if birds have any mentality," Mr. Hutchins said in a jaded way. "What's troubling you?"

"Battery hens," I said. Mr. Hutchins had never heard of them, and I poured out all my troubles. I told him about the Fields and their dinner party, and the batteries I had seen at the Festival, and the general inconsistency of British animal love. I talked so much that I began to sound to myself like a guilt-ridden sadist.

"And so you are thinking of installing these—ah—batteries in your own place?" he asked. "Surely the Agricultural Department would be able to advise you better than I."

"No, no, no. I only wanted to ask you if you think batteries are cruel. It's a question of principle that troubles me."

"Let us discuss it calmly," said Mr. Hutchins. He sat back and put the tips of his fingers together. "These birds, now—these hens. They are, I think you said, brought up in cages?"

"Yes."

"They are regularly fed and watered?"

"Yes," I said. "And lights shine on them all the time, so that they'll lay more than once a day. I wish to be absolutely frank with you, Mr. Hutchins. You ought to know the worst before you decide."

"Do they look contented?" asked Mr. Hutchins.

"Well, for what it's worth, they make that crooning noise," I said. "They don't squawk or flutter, they just sit there and lay eggs." I paused, waiting for his reply, but as it was slow in coming, I rushed on. "It's revolting, I suppose, if you want to think of it that way, but so is it revolting to breed milk cows and prolong their nursing days. Or to raise sheep and then kill them for mutton. Domesticating animals, all in all, is a revolting affair altogether. Why, I ask you, why should we boggle at batteries?"

"Quite, quite," said Mr. Hutchins.

"And when did you say you intend to start this chicken farm?"

"I tell you I'm not starting a chicken farm. I just want to know if battery hens are miserable."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Hutchins. "You wanted my opinion. I can't begin to speak for cows or sheep, but, speaking from my own experience in the bird world, any bird born and bred in captivity wants to be fed regularly. And that, I venture to say, is all it does want."

"Ah," I said. I relaxed in my chair.

"In fact," said Mr. Hutchins, "I am willing to go to the extreme of asserting that any creature at all, under these conditions, would feel the same way. Even—yes," he said, squaring his shoulders, "even a meadow lark."

THAT afternoon, at a cocktail party, I repeated Mr. Hutchins' opinion, word for word, and every word had a more maddening effect on the professor I was talking to.

"Oh, he says that, does he?" the professor exclaimed. "And I suppose you agree with him that battery hens are not unhappy?"

I said, growing cautious too late, that I was no expert. "But it sounds like sense to me," I added.

"I suppose you don't consider it cruel, then, to do what Hitler did to the Chancellor of Austria?" the professor asked in challenging tones. "Keeping him up all hours of the night under blazing lights, and questioning him? I suppose that's not cruel, either!"

I gulped my drink, and said, "You forget that the Chancellor of Austria was not a hen, and that hens are not chancellors of Austria." After that, I flounced out and walked back to my hotel, fuming.

As I turned in at the street where the hotel was, I overheard an old lady talking in the front seat of a parked car. The only other occupant of the car was a fox terrier, sitting next to her. "No," she was saying firmly, "you *can't* drive."

I said "Bah!," like some irate character in a play, and hurried on past them.

When I got home, the next day, Charles, winding up the news, said that he thought Jeremy was starting another litter.

—EMILY HAHN

•

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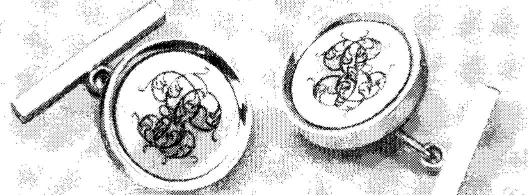

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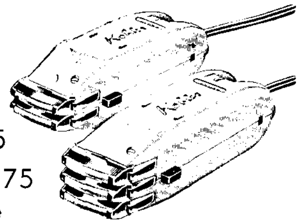

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

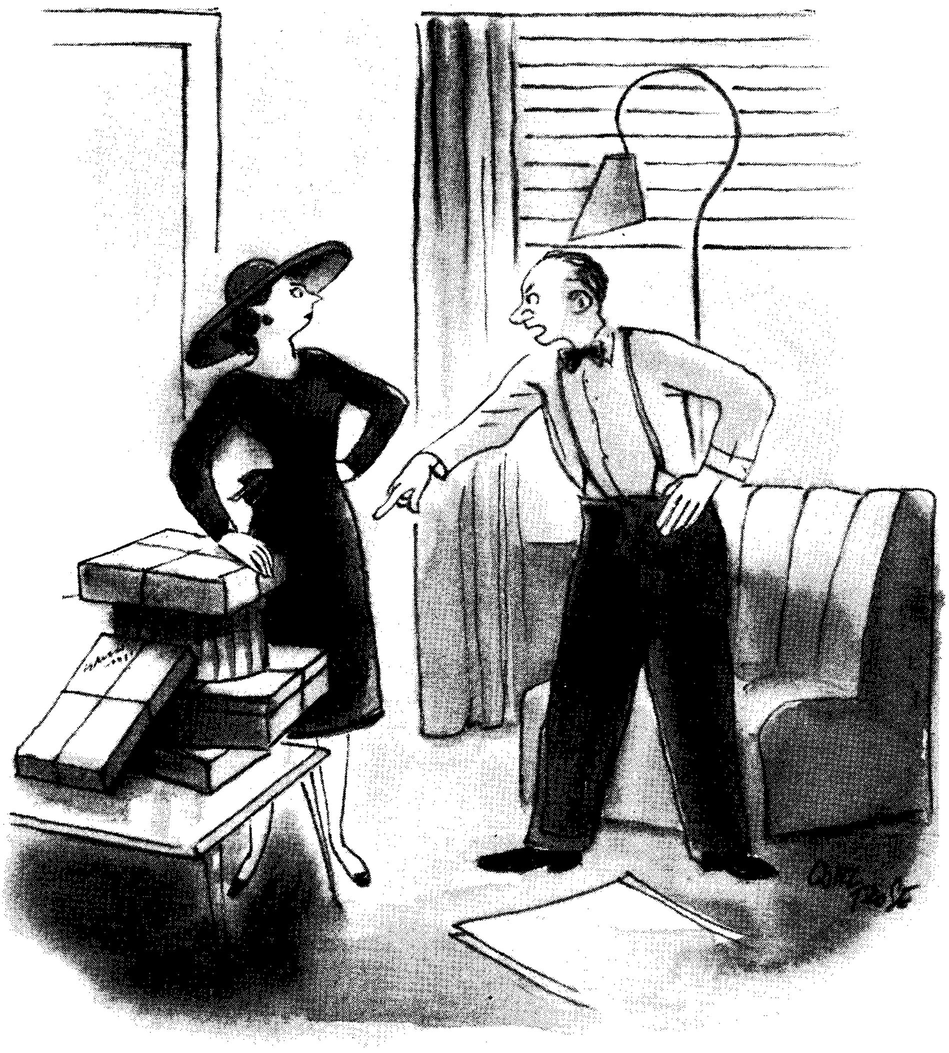
FEMININE FASHIONS

A STAGGERING number of beautiful clothes, both conservative and dashing, are crowding our best custom salons, some designed on the premises and some imported from France and Italy. All of them supposedly indicate a "transitional" period, which is a devious way of saying that nobody knows in what direction fashion will jump next and therefore offers a little bit of everything. Still, this nervous uncertainty gives women their best chance in years to do what is called "dressing your type." You can have narrow skirts, even with mermaid outlines, or your torso can be set as firmly into a full skirt as a cork into a bottle. The just-under-the-bust Empire waistline is now termed "natural" (because there are no falsies, no hip padding, see?) and is supposed to give you the long-legged look you crave, but there are also middy lines that elongate the *top* of the body. The majority of the new clothes, though, still put the waistline where you always fondly thought it was.

It's hard to figure out why, since thousands of dresses were shown this season in Paris, there is so much duplication in the French collections on view over here. Who watches whom, or who dictates? You'd think that Dior and Balenciaga had given a choice of only twenty models to the horde of American buyers. As matters stand, someone who chooses a custom dress (at a custom price) in one of our salons might find that, in many a "better" ready-to-wear department in town, New York manufacturers like Nanty (who does wonders with the lace Balenciagas) are ready with the equivalent. The makers of clothes retailing at well under a hundred dollars, too, are already offering versions (acknowledged and otherwise) of the most popular of the Paris models. Nobody should mind such rivalry in the fairly conservative things, because custom quality and line are bound to make a difference. But anybody considering one of the conspicuous dresses may pardonably pause for thought.

THE biggest success in both coats and suits (and a glorious compromise between the fitted and the full schools) is Balenciaga's way of making a coat or a suit jacket that is fitted in front and either floats free or hangs in a loose, wide panel effect in back. There is nothing intricate about it—an inside belt, like the half belt of a polo coat, goes across the back between the two side seams, pulling the front tight to the figure but leaving the back full and loose. Bergdorf shows a stunning long version in oyster chinchilla cloth. Bendel is one of the shops that have his suit of a heavy, ribbed wool with tiny revers and a single-breasted closing. Another Balenciaga fancy involves sleeves. A coat with a fitted back has cape sleeves ending below the elbows. The sleeves are straight inside the arm, but a godet on the outside imparts a flare there. Then, there is Dior's mad plunge toward the Empire line in coats and suits that have either a back belt just below the shoulder blades or a yoke so deep that it achieves the effect of one. All around town, this idea is gracefully epitomized in a cardigan suit of brushed gray wool. Less startling to the American eye are Dior's spencer jackets, descending just below the shoulder blades in back and ending in a bow just below the bust. These are worn over both day and evening dresses, and they have the stick-to-the-ribs look that is characteristic of this year's simplified, edited Dior. Balenciaga's middy dress, sometimes bloused into a deep hip band, is occasionally done in lace for dinner, for goodness' sake, and women who regretted that Traina-Norell abandoned this line should be happy again.

In a spirit of compromise, Balen-



"*What d'you mean, I can't take it with me? You can't take any of this stuff along, either.*"

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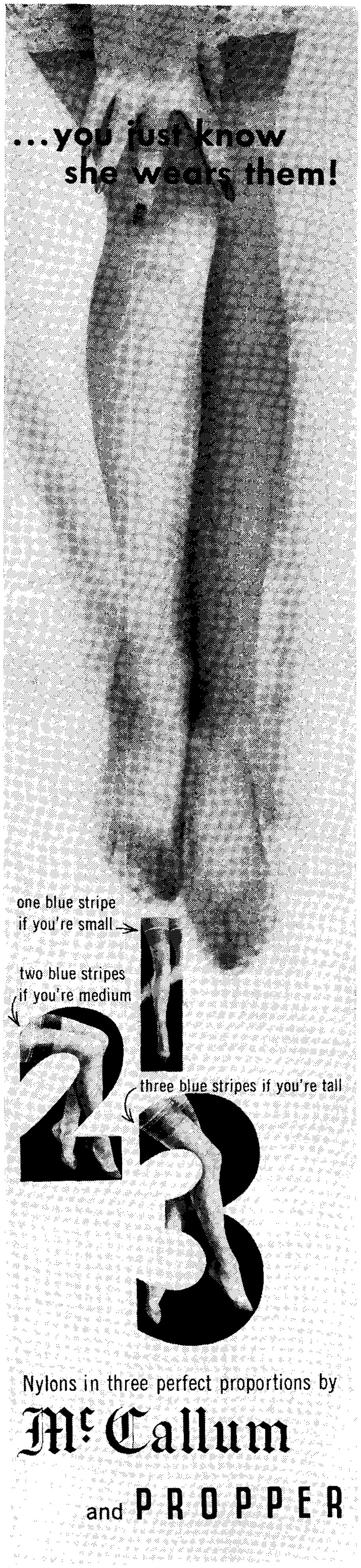
...you just know she wears them!
one blue stripe if you're small
two blue stripes if you're medium
three blue stripes if you're tall
1
2
3

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ciaga takes care of the customers who are torn between the sheath, the hobble, and the full skirt by making a ribbon-embroidered black lace evening dress that is all of them. It starts with a strapless sheath that curves up almost to the knees in front. This is covered with a gathered separate overskirt cut similarly in front but very full around the hips and tapering at the ankles. A pink faille sash anchors a huge pink pouf above the waistline in back. Bendel is one admirer of this. The Balenciaga Can-Can dress smote our high-class shops (and manufacturers) right between the eyes. It is strapless, undulates downward in Diamond Lil fashion, and bursts into a rowdy ruffle that shoots forward just below the knees in front and descends at the rear in a complicated spiral. Bergdorf has this, in black velvet with a facing of cerise faille or in velvet ending in a widely scalloped hem over white lingerie ruffles. Then, the harem drape crops up everywhere. Schiaparelli uses it in a mermaid dress of black moiré, with the puffiness starting at mid-calf. (Scares the hell out of most Bergdorf customers.)

Another evening success is Lanvin-Castillo's long chemise dress of pale-yellow satin with casual cording around the bodice, Grecian style, and a red-and-black velvet over-the-head bolero ending just under the bust (Bergdorf). Grès contributes one of the most lilting ball gowns of the year in a tricolor combination. Slate-blue shantung taffeta makes the floating front panel of the skirt and most of the bodice; red taffeta runs across the top of the strapless décolletage and descends to produce the back bodice and the back panel. The pleated underskirt of white jersey shows at the sides when the wearer moves. Bendel, which is one of its many sponsors, also has Grès's long evening dress of pleated jersey with the one covered shoulder sporting a faille taffeta bow, from which a streamer of the taffeta crosses the bodice diagonally to wind up in a big panel down the opposite side of the skirt. One more evening sensation is Dessès's godeted chiffon dress in three shades of delphinium blue (Bonwit Teller).

None of the foregoing discourse should give the impression that either the American or the European designers are neglecting the wearable little costume with pleats, flying panels, and apron detail to flatter the hips. Jay Thorpe's own order-to-size collection has an exceptionally good assortment of this sort of thing. But the experimental

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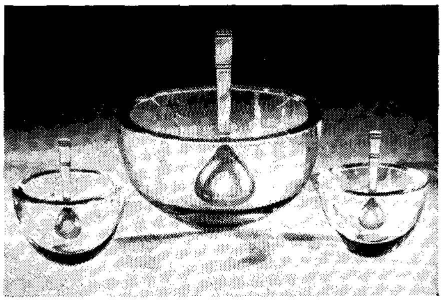

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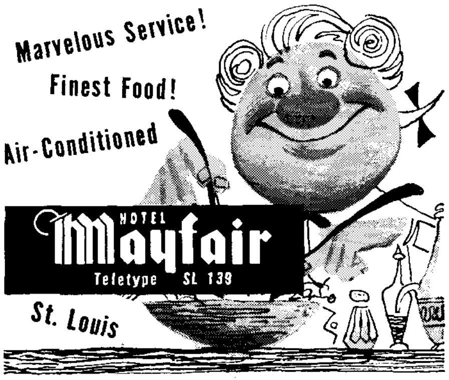
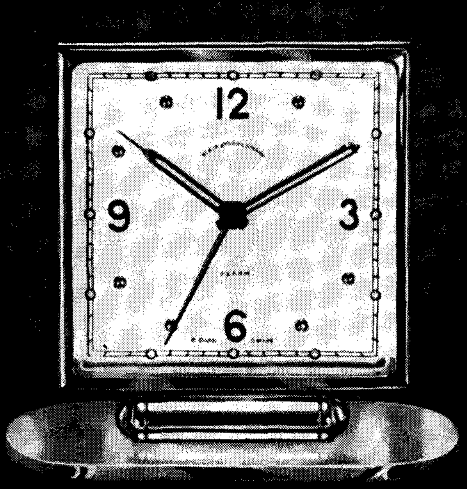


rockets going up around town are the news of the moment, so most of what follows will be concerned with them.

BONWIT TELLER's custom salon has the knack of making ladylike clothes with a slightly wayward twinkle, and the latest efforts of their designer and their French and Italian imports carry on this tradition. Their own clothes, which use chiffon without ever making it look forlorn, follow the current fondness for keeping bodices neat and terse and focussing attention on the skirts. High-waisted detail is also important here; a gray wool dress with a full, gathered front and wide revers faced with velveteen suggests a Directoire line, and a fitted coat of red wool has scalloped, padded self bands to imply a bolero. Fath's absorption with pleats is embodied in a wool dress that has pleats below the fake jacket fold in front. Bonwit is fond of Dessès's black wool dress with a circular skirt, a wide, crushed waistband, a tiny collar, and buttons going diagonally down the bodice, as well as Balenciaga's ball gown—a skirt that's a mass of cocoa-brown tulle, a white satin strapless bodice, and an enormous white satin bow on the stomach. There is also visible Fath's endearing evening jacket (looks like a bed jacket) of white satin edged with ruffled black lace and black sequins. It's just-below-the-bust length, and curves forward into two ovals that button on the chest.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's French and Italian collection includes many, many models made in Europe solely for this house. Let's see—yes, there's Fath's brown plaid taffeta cocktail dress with a vast, all-pleated skirt, and a short Balenciaga dinner dress of black lace with a deep ruffle at the edge of the skirt and a glimmer of pantalets underneath. Dior's spencer jacket, already mentioned, ties over a sinuous evening dress of red taffeta that has jet-embroidered black velvet appliqués all over it. And for girls who like to look foamy at night, Heim offers a ball gown with a huge skirt of white tulle dotted with an occasional white feather. From the strapless bodice, which is all white feathers, a wing arches a bit on each side. Patou presents Pompom, a cocktail dress of black faille, with slashed hip pockets a good eighteen inches deep and lined in cyclamen satin. A fat pompom appears at the bottom of each slash. The Italian designer Schuberth weighs in with a wool cocktail suit that has a white lace top (covered back and short



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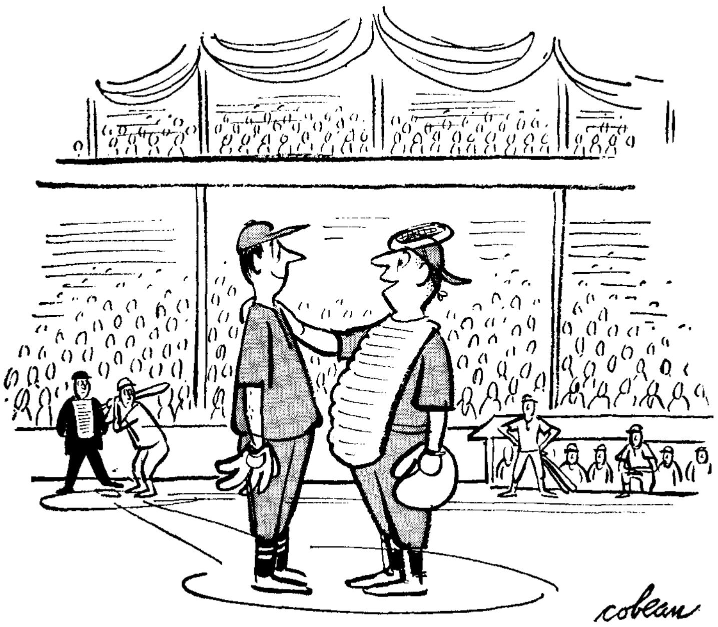

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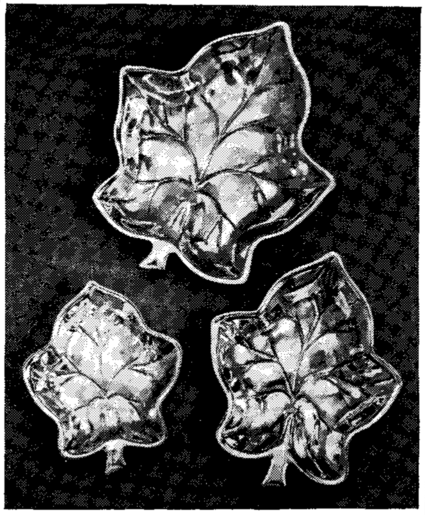
sleeves) and a reversible apron, lace on one side and wool on the other. These are just a few of the eighty imported models I saw here. There are also suave and wearable designs by the establishment's Leslie Morris and Mary Gleason.

AMONG the more inspiring ball gowns at Bendel are two by Dior. One, of elephant-gray faille, has a bodice whose top is a fold of velvet in so dark a green that it looks like antique upholstery. The vast skirt is instep length in front and trails toward the back, where it splits to the waist to reveal the gathered green velvet underskirt. The other is a cloud of dark-gray tulle sprinkled all over with gold-embroidered crescents. Gold sequins mass on the strapless bodice, and brown velvet ribbon circles it to hint at an Empire waist and then ends in a tailored bow in front. Devotees of the harem skirt may take to Mad Carpentier's taffeta cocktail dress with a U neck, long sleeves, and fullness that starts from godets low on the hips. The vogue for grosgrain ribbon plaited in chevron effect is nowhere better demonstrated than in a Griffe taffeta dinner dress with a shallow V neckline emphasized by deep tucks all along the shoulders. Deep, irregular Vs of plaited ribbon descend the skirt, halfheartedly trying to hold down the foam of tulle that cascades to the heels in back and not quite so far down in front.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S custom salon, which affords a mixture of her own designs and clothes made specially for her by anonymous designers abroad, has nice, understated costumes, such as a poised dress of gray flannel with a wide calf belt and a long stole that turns into an elbow cape over one arm. Arden also has several cocktail suits that suggest the days of the dandies of the French court. An elegant one of black velvet is nipped in and has white satin in the V closing of the jacket. The collection has its striking moments, too, such as a long white satin Directoire evening dress that's wrapped upward in front. A scarf is draped around the strapless neckline. With this goes a full-length evening wrap of black velvet lined with white satin. One side of it is a huge sleeve; the rest is a cape that, thrown over one shoulder, turns the owner into an opera tenor. The Directoire line is merely indicated in a short dance dress of black lace that breaks into chiffon godets at the hips. Coral ribbon ties in a bow right under the bosom, and a tiny



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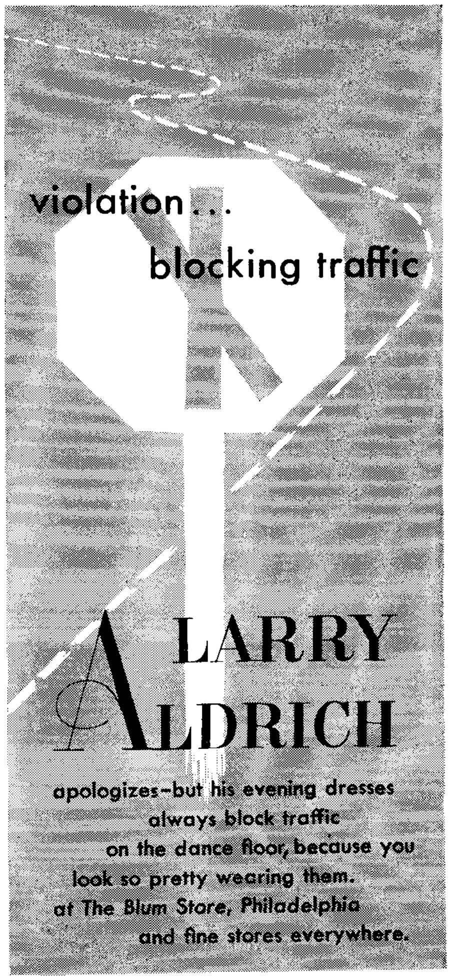

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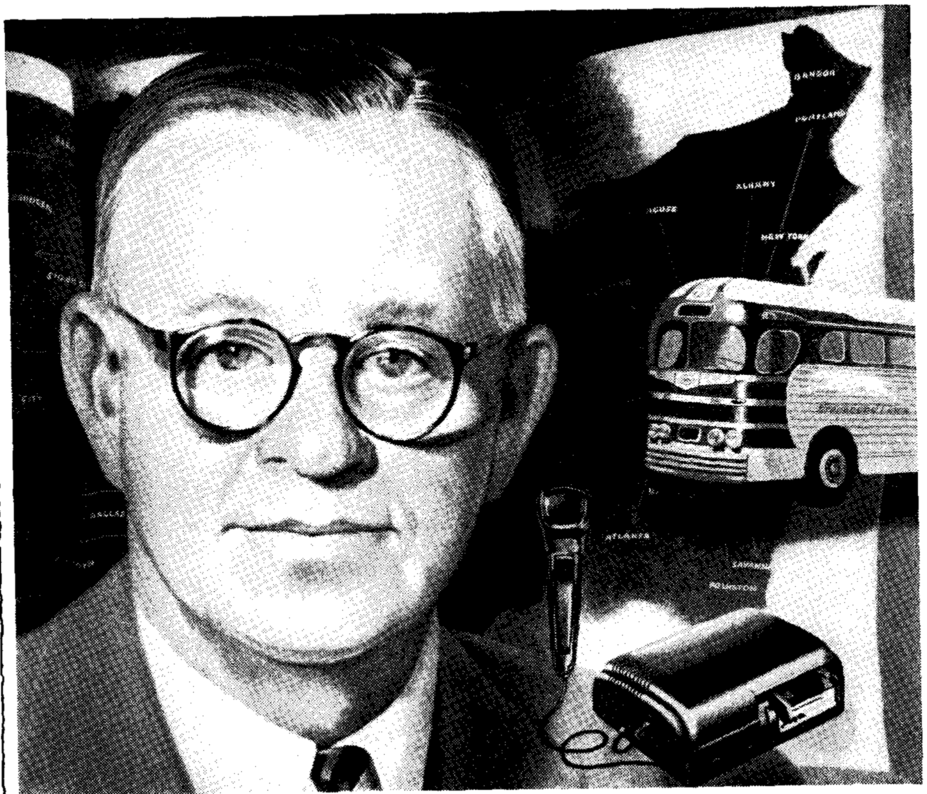
lace bolero with long stole ends of net accompanies it.

HATTIE CARNEGIE has quietly sneaked away from the stiffness of the reinforced full skirt we have become so accustomed to. She shows practically no crinoline petticoats at all in her current collection, using linings and facings of silk instead and concentrating on soft, draped, nonchalant puffiness. There are a few common denominators among the experimental efforts of *la mode* this season. Of them, Carnegie particularly likes the yen for tops that are snug and high-necked (often slashed here and there), so that the beholder's attention is directed to the skirts. Her skirts for afternoon, which go in for all kinds of loops, puckers, and smoothly turned-under treatment, have a tendency toward a blown-back look. A navy satin with a U-neck black velvet top (Carnegie uses plenty of navy combined with black) has panels descending the hips in front and then looping upward to the waist in back. Some more formal dresses have three tiers of lace at the rear (as in a short black dinner dress of velvet), and an ankle-length strapless beaded satin sheath actually owns a bustle. A long, formal dress of yellow satin has a clawlike pattern of velvet edged with jet crawling down the sides of the hips to outline the silhouette and make it seem starker. Her suits have narrow skirts, but the narrowness is sometimes eased with a fold that turns toward the back on each side. Their jackets are nipped, and the tidy collars are usually fastened at one side.

SOPHIE, of Saks Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne, loves opulent fabrics (lots of them from Italy now), and she has such respect for them that she cuts them on the simplest lines. Her afternoon and dinner skirts usually end in the stiffened, circular flare that is far from being a novelty to her. Her skill with short formal dresses is particularly inspired this year. The fact that they *are* short gives them extra piquancy. A cocktails-and-later suit of black bengaline has reëmbroidered black lace over every bit of the nipped jacket except the deep oval yoke below the turnover collar. The lace also makes wide panels at the sides of the skirt, which is nevertheless flat front and back. Another honey has a matador's bolero of black velvet with a lining of red satin and heavy jet beading over the shoulders of its long sleeves. The dress itself, of black velvet, has sawtoothing around the hem, on the hip pockets, and on the two inverted Vs



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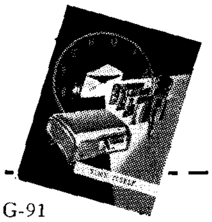

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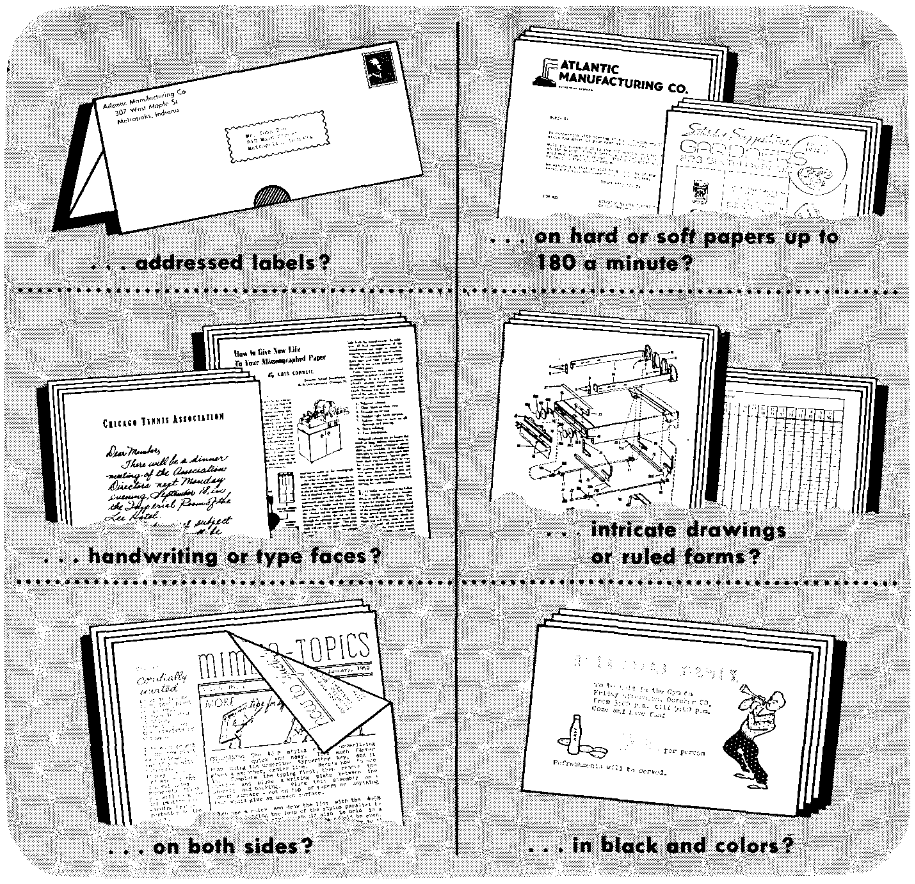
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that shoot up from the deep décolletage to barely cover the breasts. Black net ascends to your choker necklace and descends to your wrists. A petticoat of red satin is the finishing touch. Other short evening dresses are cut as simply as summer cottons, with crushed elbow sleeves and modest V or shirtwaist necks, but they're likely to be of shot taffeta with raised velvet patterns, of white satin covered with black lace, or of brocade. Sophie likes her fitted black velvet coat to accompany these. And, as always, she clings to her beloved appliqué. One full-blown, full-skirted ball dress is of black lace over flesh taffeta, and black velvet panels with wavy edges are appliquéd straight down the skirt and in curves around the bodice. She also has a dress that is pure show, of tulle that ranges from near-white through the smoky tones, with black velvet ribbon spokes from the waist lightly restraining the froth.

MANY American designers are chuckling at all the "new" ideas coming at us from Paris, but none more than Carrie Munn, who has been making skirts small at the waist, smooth down the hips, and wildly circular at the hemline ever since her beginnings in business. Even if the fabric is felt, she does monkeyshines with tassels, embroideries, and satin insets. She is now selling her insouciant designs ready-to-wear as well as custom at her salon, 640 Madison Avenue (60th). In a season packed with full skirts, she has managed to make a custom one a bit different from everyone else's; a dance dress of black faille taffeta with an oval neck (decorated here and there with pearl tassels) has a perfect Infanta skirt, super-wide at the hips and falling softly downward, but flat front and back.

THE Adrian ready-to-wear collection at Gunther Jaeckel is as exciting as its predecessors, but darned if the man isn't making his clothes more wearable, at least to Eastern eyes, every year. He has done two outstandingly good coats. One is straight, with big elbow sleeves, turned-back cuffs, and a double tuxedo front. The two folds of this front hook back in the hollows of the shoulders, but one or both of them can be pulled forward over the chest for extra protection. In several wools, ranging from duvetyn to patterned sports types. The other coat, also straight, is an afternoon job of heavily ribbed silk ottoman. Black wool makes bolero detail in front below the small velvet collar; in back, a panel across the shoulders tapers into a pigtail that extends to the hem. For formal occasions, there's a short dress of black lace reëmbroidered with puckered ribbon. The long tunic is cut away in front to show the pleated net underskirt, and manages a saucy cupping of the hips in the process. Adrian's most elegant cocktail suit is of black wool and glides down the body without nipping or any fuss whatsoever. Jet embroidery in a leaf-and-stem pattern works up into a V up the back of the jacket and also curls up the front; a black taffeta scarf is sometimes buttoned to each side of the jacket and goes around the shoulders like a fichu to dress it up. And, for sheer razzmataz, Adrian sews stripes of red, green, and gold sequins on black crêpe. They make a deep band on a straight, day-length skirt; they are massed to make a strapped top with a peplum and a waist-length separate bolero; they make bolero detail on a straight black wool coat. Sleek as a seal, with all the glitter and good humor of Christmas Eve.

ONE footnote and I'm through. Susan Levrant, at 108 West 57th Street, is now up to some antics with custom hand knits that must be seen (and felt) to be believed. By some miracle of blocking, ribbon crochets are manipulated so that they don't pull or stretch and yet have the consistency of a solid fabric. They are also tailored like fabric when they are made up into suits and dresses, with gores, fine seaming down the back, and other Balenciaga-type details, including lined cuffs, padded hips, boned bodices (on a perfect strapless dress with a gored skirt and a taffeta-lined stole). You get two fittings (there are thirty or forty undated designs to choose from), and there you are—an aristocrat to your fingertips. The full treatment is $250 and up, and worth it, for when the job is finished, you have an outfit you can wear happily ever after.

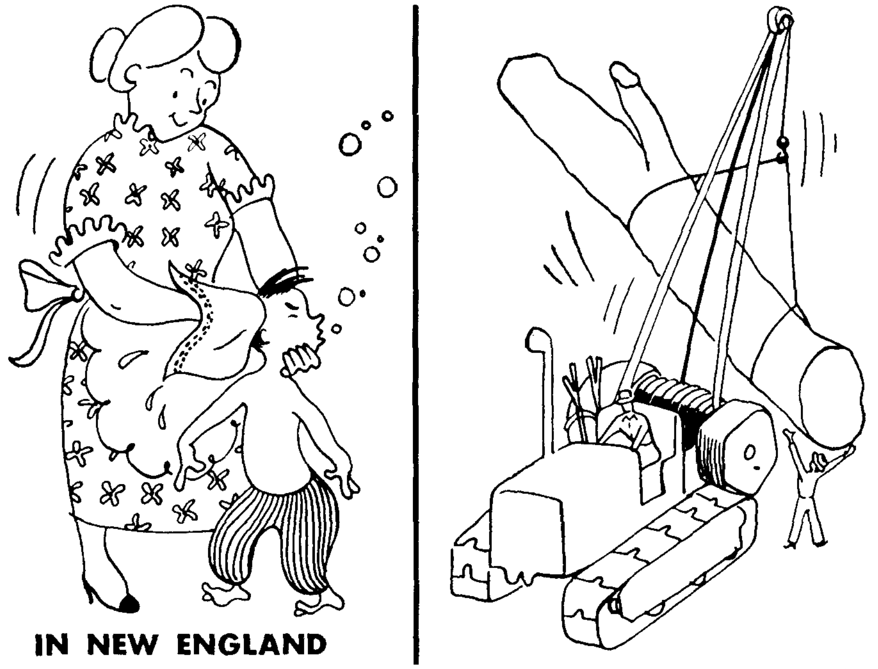
If you happen to like to knit or crochet, Levrant is willing to consider the idea of taking your handiwork and converting it into a suit or dress for rather less money. —LOIS LONG

•

In Wendell White's interesting book "Psychology in Living," I came across this story: A farmer hired a man and set him to sorting potatoes away shdrlu shrdul shrdlu shrdlu—*Charlotte (N.C.) Observer.*

And a clippety-clop and away we go, down to the Super Mart.

FROM Washcloths TO Winches



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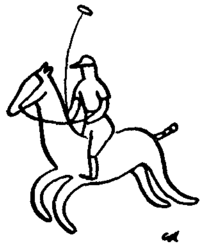
POLO

Open Season



WHEN the Handicap Committee of the Polo Association sends out its ratings for next season, a lot of devotees who watch the game from the sideboards and the horse lines are going to be very surprised if Al Parsells isn't moved up at least one notch from his current eight goals. I won't say that he was the whole show for Meadow Brook last Sunday, when his team beat the Chicago Arlingtons, 11–9, in the first round of the Open Championship tournament, but he was certainly the chief operator. He was particularly good at free hits, clicking with three from the sixty-yard line and tying the score well along in the last period with one from the thirty-yard line. (He really didn't deserve much credit for that one, though, since it followed a No. 2 penalty, which calls for a free shot at an undefended goal; that's like shooting sitting ducks.) And that wasn't all. He was in the thick of almost every play, turning up at exactly the right moment, and you can't ask for anything more. Parsells is a husky local boy who lost one eye shooting firecrackers when he was a child, and who learned his polo indoors, in the winter tournaments. He plays a gay, fast, rough game—the sort everybody loves to watch.

Beating the Chicago Arlingtons wasn't easy. (Their name, by the way, has nothing to do with the race track, although, as it happens, there used to be a polo field at Arlington Park when John Hertz owned it.) The Arlingtons, with two ten-goal men in their lineup—not only the redoubtable, perennial Cecil Smith but Bob Skene, an Australian who played for England in the last Westchester Cup matches, in 1939—started off as if they were going to run away with the match. At half time, they led, 7–5. Then Meadow Brook stiffened, and Parsells really shone in the fifth period, when, thanks also to the support of Buddy Combs (another old indoor star) and Alan Corey, the tide began to turn.

Watching the first round of the Open took a bit of doing, because the two games scheduled were miles apart—one at Bostwick Field, in Old Westbury, and the other at Meadow Brook, in Westbury. Fortunately, however, the match between the Blind Brook Hurricanes and the Bostwick Field team started early enough so you could see three periods of that and then pick up the other match. Of the earlier one, which the Hurricanes won, 8–2, the less said the better. It's my guess that the Hurricanes and Meadow Brook will meet in the final on Sunday, and I'll string along with Meadow Brook.

THE autumn season at Meadow Brook began, early this month, with one of those East-West series, which the West won in straight games. (The West usually wins, you know; to date, the score is four series out of five.) There was nothing special about the first match, except that it was obvious from the start how it would come out. The second was something else again—a seesaw affair that brought out some of the best polo I've seen in years. And it will certainly be remembered by the officials for the number of fouls. There were twenty-five, and if that isn't a record, it ought to be. It's no more than fair to say, though, that most of them were due to carelessness rather than to deliberate roughness.

Somehow, I have the idea that both the East and the West, but especially the East, need coaching. No doubt it's a sign of the changing times, or something of the sort, that nobody bothers with coaching any more. It isn't so long since every team had its adviser; some, indeed, had boards of strategy, which decided, among other things, what ponies were to be ridden in each period (a pretty important matter, when you come to think of it), and even worked out on paper before every match the plays the team would use.

ODDS AND ENDS: Cecil Smith, who rides at No. 3 for both the Arlingtons and the West, played for the West in the first East-West match, eighteen years ago; he is the only participant in that game who is still playing high-goal polo. . . . Maybe the weather's to blame, but the turf of International Field is pretty poor; it cuts up easily and the ball takes crazy bounces over it. I wish the management would transfer the remaining matches to a better field. It shouldn't be hard to find one. The Meadow Brook Club has eight.

—BACKHANDER

•

Her hair was as bright as the sun, her eyes were fringed gentians, and her mouth was a scarlet tanager's wing.—*From a story in Good Housekeeping.*

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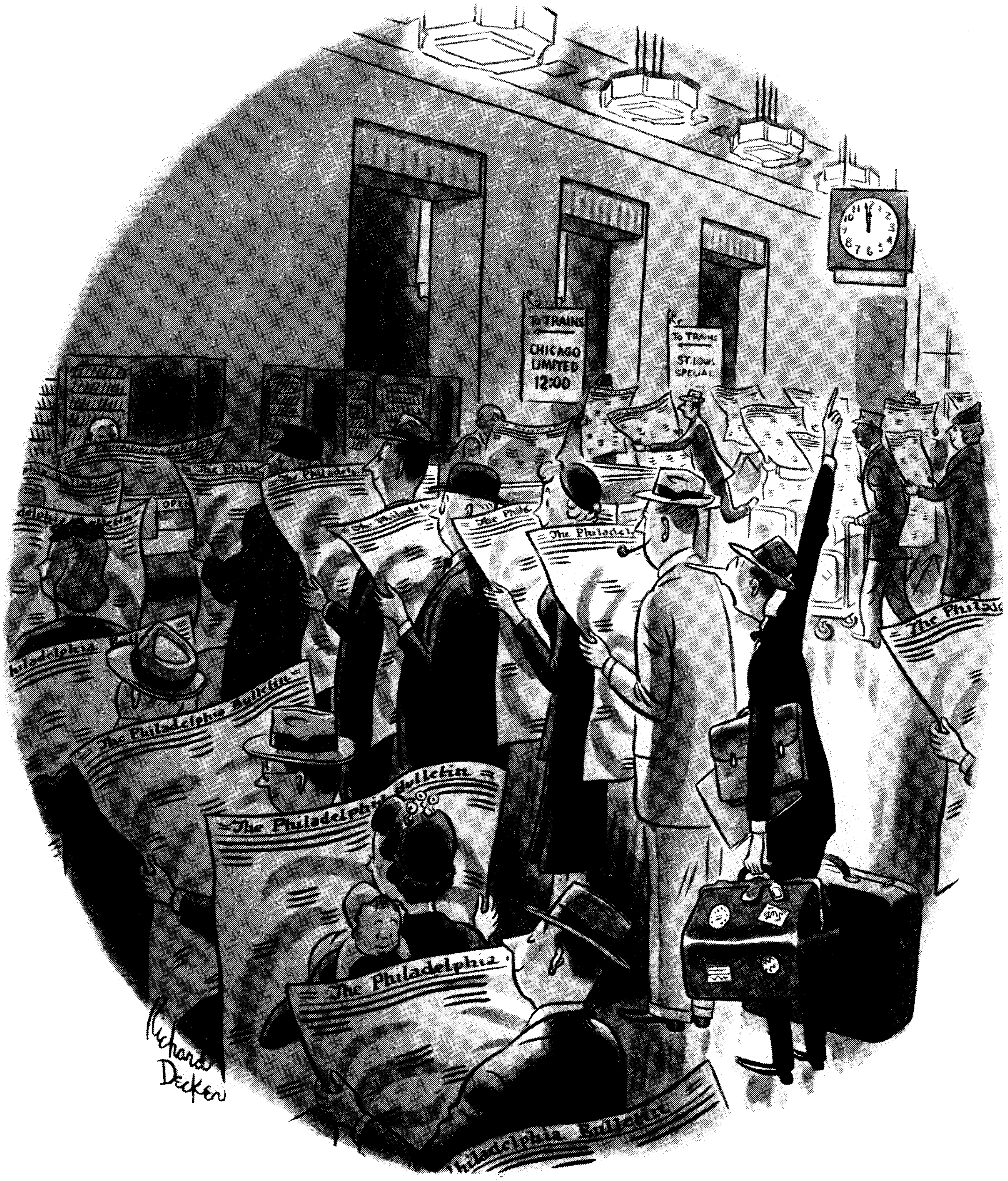
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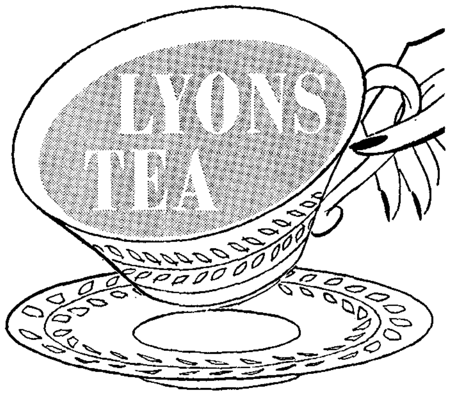

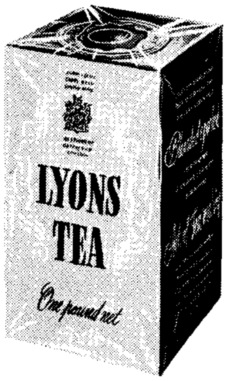

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LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 19

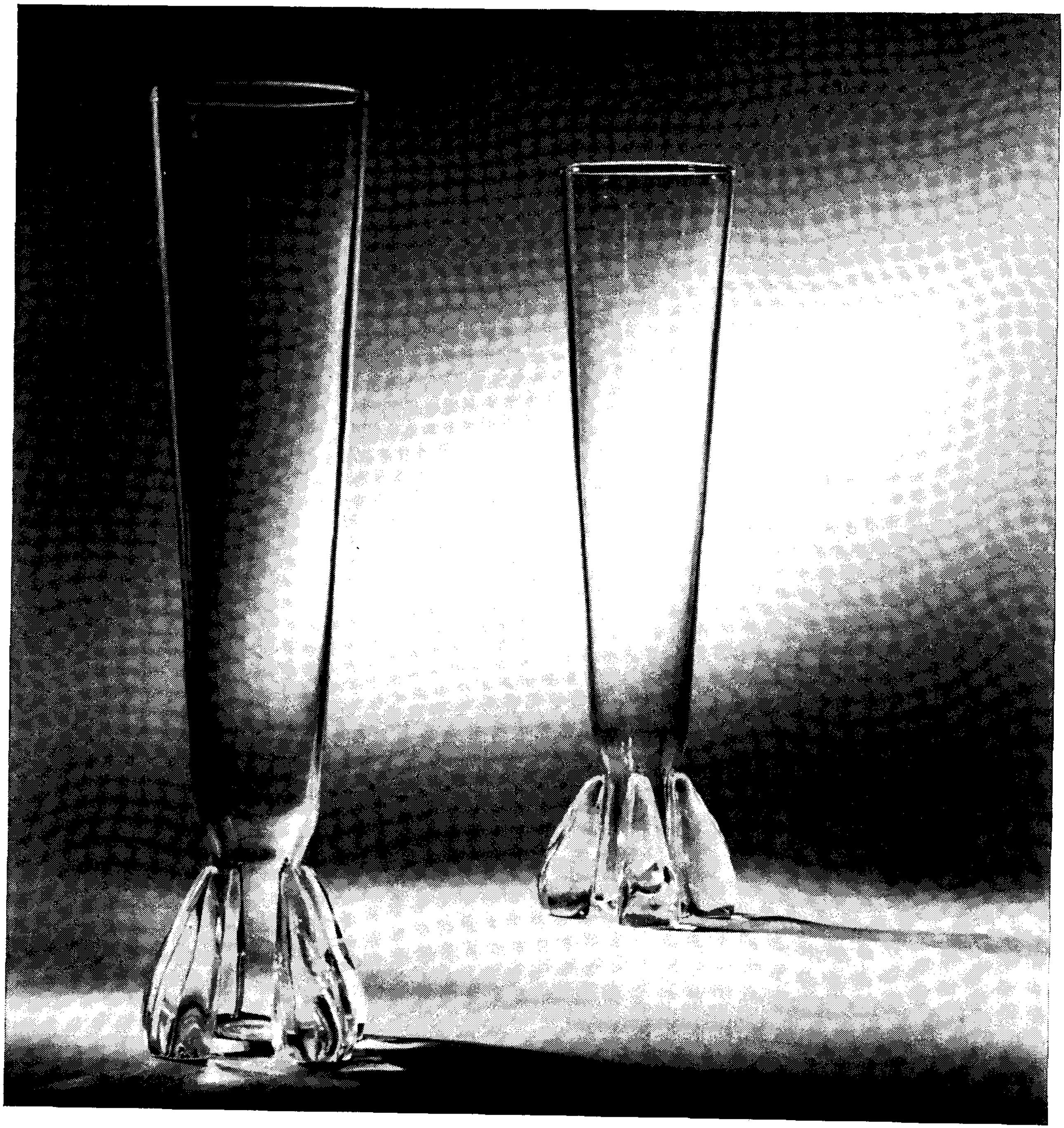
THIS is one of the moments when its being a small world after all is just what is making everyone so nervous. It was the shrinking of Europe's strength in two world wars and, in the last, the shrinkage of its size on the map that have necessitated the new intimacies on the Continent, the rallying of the Anglo-Saxon neighbors across Channel and Atlantic, and today's conferences in Washington and Ottawa, precisely planning (if possible) against a third world war that would shrink Europe to zero. It is exactly the smallness of this world, Parisians feel, and the terror of being reduced to nothing that have at last forced a kind of idealism onto the *conférenciers*, the ideal being a united Europe.

In Paris, there is a warranted feeling of pride and relief that at the Washington conference both the Americans and the British finally accepted the Schuman and Pleven European plans. They are French conceptions, they can be used as starters, in the lower materialistic depths of coal, steel, and permitted German soldiery, toward a basic communal Continental structure. They are also the only new international European notions anybody has thought up since the British put forth their balance-of-power scheme at the Congress of Vienna. As near as the French can make out (and there was one moment when the Washington Conference reached such a state that Premier Pleven had to tell Parliament he had just buzzed Schuman on the transatlantic phone to ask him to explain what on earth was going on), the acceptance of the Schuman-Pleven plans was due largely to the man who was not there. This was General Dwight Eisenhower, who frankly, almost optimistically, stated in July that he thought joining Western Europe together was the key to the whole thing.

With bitter realism, the French recognize—indeed, it is the Schuman-Pleven thesis—that the one proof of any federation will lie in the relations of the Big Three with the Bonn government. In other words, the developing destiny of what is left of Allied Western Europe will principally depend on its relations with the half of Europe's old attacker, Germany, that is left. This in particular makes it seem a remarkably small world. In a profound editorial, *Le Monde* just stated, "Politics and economics count less than the spirit. Europe will be no more if she does not forge a common soul." The editorial went on to say that for this soul no nation could rely on its politicians, old in the practice of nationalism. What is needed is a vast, rich European brew of young Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians, and Germans, all poured together so that their national prejudices can be lost in their recognition of their common European patrimony. "Schools for European cadres, considered possible at the Washington conferences, ought not to be limited to military exigencies," the editorial concluded. "It is the cadres of tomorrow that count and that must be taught to think and act as Europeans." Maybe this sounds soppy in translation and in New York. In French and in *Le Monde*, it sounds like a kind of hope, not for parents but perhaps for their children. Right now, the ideal of a civilly united Europe really amounts to little more than a planned coal pool. But beneath is the hope of the future, provided it has not come too late in history and is not too soon fatally interrupted by what it aims at preventing—war.

AN announcement in *Le Monde* has just made it clear that its editor, M. Hubert Beuve-Méry, will soon be editing there no longer. As a piece of newspaper news, this is as disquieting as if New York or London reported grave trouble on the staff of its *Times*. The rumor is that Beuve-Méry has been too *avancé* in his economic views, too anti-American in some of his editorials, and too neutralist in his belief that war can settle nothing to be able to please the Protestant French banks that are said to own part of the paper; the State Department in Washington; the Quai d'Orsay; his dissenting, more conservative colleagues; and his appreciative readers all at the same time. It is a fact that under Beuve-Méry *Le Monde* has had the most fearless editorial column in Paris, the cream of intelligent readers all over France, the most extensive international reporting on the Continent, and the prestige of being the only great liberal independent journal in Western Europe. By many of us journalists, foreign and French, the outgoing editor's dispassion will be missed.

YOU can never tell how things will tie up. Because of the fourteenth Congrès International de Chirurgie be-



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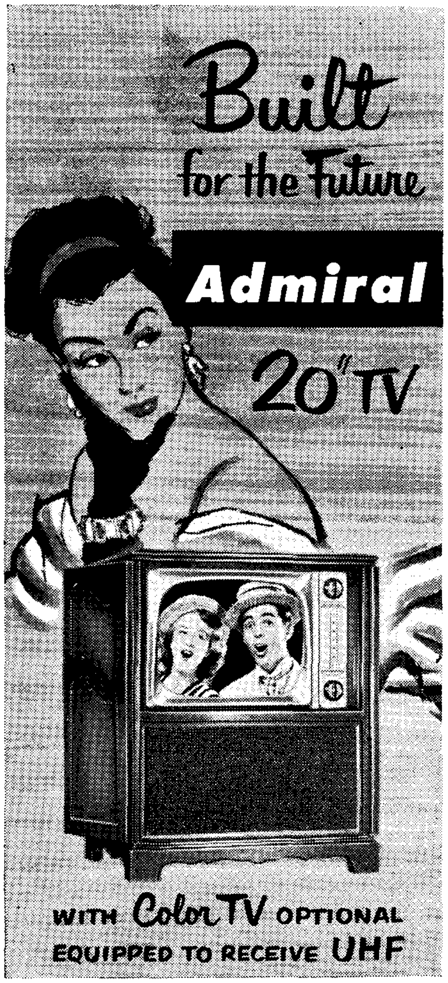

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ing held here now, the Musée Galliera has put on an almost unbearably unusual art show, "La Chirurgie dans l'Art." It is difficult for anyone who feels well to enjoy it much. For many French, the most familiar canvas is Vuillard's "Le Professeur Gosset Opérant," Dr. Gosset having been the Dr. Erdmann of prewar Paris and probably more intimate with the insides of ailing Parisians than any other man of his time. "L'Autopsie," by Cézanne, and the famous operation scenes of Dr. Péan by Toulouse-Lautrec are lacking, but there is a sufficiency in Delacroix's "Etude de Cuisse Coupée" and a Géricault horror, "Les Suppliciés." At least, nothing is shown from the sadist Surrealist school, doubtless considered light-minded by professional surgeons. The most pleasing items, if one can call them that, are Michelangelo's superb anatomical studies, Dürer's great "Livre des Proportions," and the celebrated Bibliothèque Nationale diurnal "Les Heurés d'Anne de Bretagne," which is opened to the page showing those early sainted doctors, Cosmas and Damien, being martyred.

From the Musée Galliera, the surgical tieup goes on to the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York, the surgeons' congress having invited it to send over a TV color outfit to make color broadcasts of some very special operations the surgeons were to perform. This C.B.S. outfit was also invited by the French government to give a public demonstration of color TV at the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs. The show in itself was nearly nothing—an Opéra ballerina, a Fratellini clown, and so on. The point of it was that this was the first official public demonstration of color TV in France. (The first color television seen anywhere in Europe was displayed in Berlin last month, as part of a Marshall Plan show to impress West Berliners.) The event also offered the first demonstration of a new French black-and-white set equipped with a simple, cheap converter for receiving color as well. This French machine is put out by Radio-Industrie, which has specialized in high-definition television and has been working since the war years on an eight-hundred-and-nineteen-line screen. (American screens have five hundred and twenty-five lines.) All this, of course, is merely intended to encourage French television fans, at present as rare as hens' teeth, to realize that if and when color TV comes here, there need not be any scrapping of sets, or even any of the plain scrapping that marked the recent adoption of a color system in

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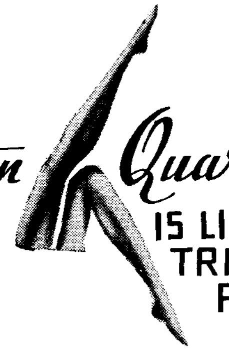
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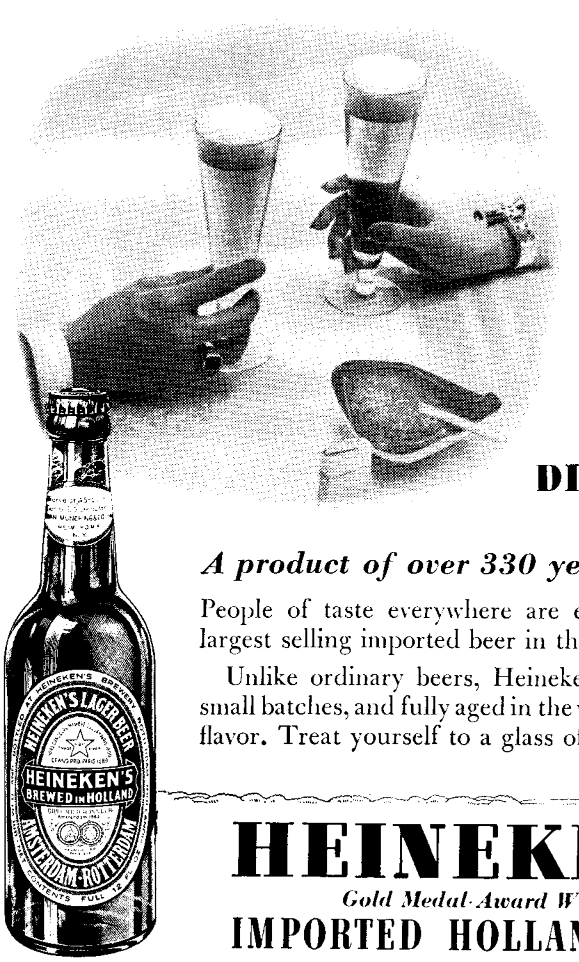
the States. Right now, there are only twenty-five thousand TV sets in all France. This condition is probably too pleasant to last long.

A SMALL book of a hundred and twenty pages entitled "Et Nunc Manet in Te, Suivi de Journal Intime" constitutes for French readers the final shock of the sort that André Gide's obstinate candor about his private life unceasingly furnished during his writing career. The booklet also probably constituted a shock to Gide's regular French publisher, La Maison Gallimard, for the new work has just come off the presses of the Editions Ides et Calendes, of Neuchâtel, Switzerland. To judge by the 1947 copyright, it was at the moment of his receiving the Nobel Prize, and also of his first grave alarm about his health, that he sent the manuscript abroad, to be published only after his death. Actually, thirteen copies were at that time privately printed, and distributed by him among his friends, according to his secret communicative custom.

The book consists of two parts. The first, "And Now It Remains to Thee," a tag from Virgil, was written after the death of Gide's wife, Madeleine, whom he called Emmanuèle in his many journals. She was also his cousin. This part of the book explains what he calls the secret conjugal tragedy of his life and of their existence together. The second part, the "Journal Intime," fills in all the blank spaces indicated by asterisks in those portions of his published "Journals" that deal with her between 1916 and 1938, when she died, thus amplifying also what was so obviously cut short in "Si le Grain Ne Meurt," a book of his memoirs up to the time of his betrothal. These revelations provide the inner sight without which, he declares in his posthumous record, the diaries are blind. This new book will unquestionably spill a great deal of ink here, from bitterly dissentient pens of literary critics, moralists, pro- and anti-Gideans, Catholics, Protestants, and perhaps plain, ordinary well-read French people, who may easily think that this whole recent confessional production might better have been blotted out. Gide's printed candor about his erotic tastes has long since ceased to surprise or shock his accustomed readers. In his posthumous book, it is the living man standing behind the admired novelist that will shock and surprise them anew. "Intoxicated by the sublime," or so he wrote in it, "convinced that the best of me was what communed with her," he made a white marriage, on the ex-



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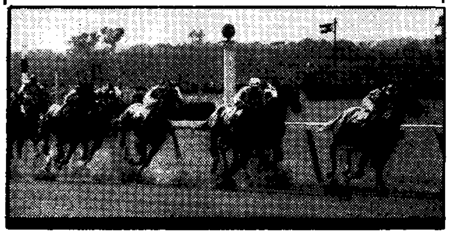

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travagant Puritan notion that only males are naturally carnal, wives being sexless—a special, civilizing dispensation of nature, which allows gentlemen to maintain intact the ideals of pure womanhood. With his wife, Gide recounts, he wanted an ethereal love, "the more ethereal, the more worthy of her."

Actually, the new book contains elements of a peculiar dramatic plot—the wife's silence and the husband's opposite, egotistic assumption, which combine into a human experience so unlike any hitherto intelligently recorded that even Gide, as an artist, apparently recognized that his story could never be believed as fiction but only as fact. The tragic high point for both Gides came when she set fire to all the letters he had written her over thirty years, which she considered "her most precious possession on earth" and which he loudly mourned as "the best of me, which disappeared and which no longer counterbalances the worst." "Perhaps there never has been a more beautiful correspondence," he lamented. The undeniably tender spiritual connection between them, or what could have remained of it by that time, thereafter grew feebler, without that earlier ink to live on. Madeleine-Emmanuèle died without their ever having discussed or mentioned what their lives together had not been. Gide was crowned as a literary figure in more ways than one during his lifetime. This last book adds thorns to his laurels—thorns that, because he is no longer alive to wear them, will cause pain principally to his admirers.

—GENÊT

•

FINALE FOR SUMMER

Now the summer is finished,
The daisy sunshine diminished,
Southward the robin has vanished.

The poppy's appearance: suspended.
The lilac cannot be mended
Now that summer has ended.

The cricket, tenant of clover,
Testifies under his cover
The summer is over, is over.

—JOHN FANDEL

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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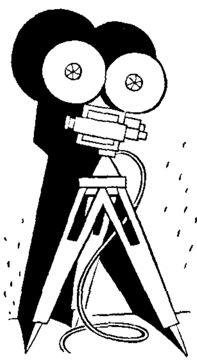


THE film called "A Streetcar Named Desire" is a faithful translation to the screen of the Tennessee Williams drama about a weathered Southern belle who, swaddled in gentility, makes her way through all kinds of sordid situations until her roughneck Polish brother-in-law destroys her poor pretenses and her mind by raping her. This is obviously strange and gamy stuff for Hollywood, and Elia Kazan, who directed the current version, as he did the original, and his associates are to be commended for sticking fast to Mr. Williams' intentions at a time when the shadow of the censor has frightened so many movie men away from any theme not easily reduced to syllables appropriate to the nursery.

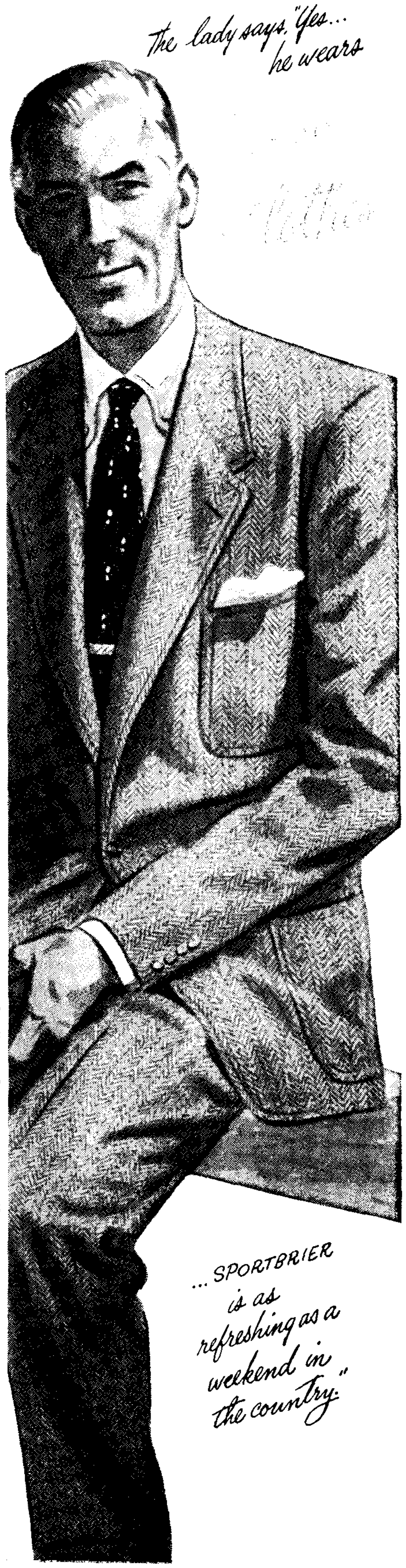
I've heard it said that Mr. Williams regards this picture more fondly than the legitimate interpretation of his play. At the risk of arguing with an author to whom I, like practically everybody else, am obliged for a great deal of entertainment, I must set down a few complaints about the piece. To begin with, it doesn't move about very much, confining itself for the most part to one set—a seedy flat in a New Orleans slum. It seems to me that however ingenious a camera may be, it can't focus so intensively on a small interior without getting monotonous results. Then, again, fidelity to Mr. Williams' excellent dialogue necessitates quite a bit of concentration on one character for long stretches of film, with closeup following closeup so insistently that it often seems as if the ghost of D. W. Griffith had taken a hand in the production. Maybe this sort of carping is gratuitous, but it's the only way I can account for the fact that "A Streetcar Named Desire" in two dimensions didn't affect me as much as it did in three. Certainly the acting here is almost all that anybody could ask. Marlon Brando is alternately funny and terrifying as the muscular Pole, whose social habits might raise eyebrows even in Brownsville, and Vivien Leigh, although she sometimes looks a trifle too attractive for the battered baggage she's supposed to be, wrings a lot of pathos out of her role as the bedraggled magnolia. As Mr. Brando's adoring wife, Kim Hunter frequently manages to hold her own with him, and as Miss Leigh's fumbling suitor, Karl Malden is right up there with the others.

"MR. PEEK-A-BOO" is a French film that employs English dialogue in telling the story of a simple government clerk in Paris who discovers one morning, after spending a night on the town, that he can walk through walls. In order to impress a lady burglar, with whom he has fallen in love, he uses this faculty to become the greatest thief in France. A French comic named Bourvil plays the clerk and is intermittently amusing in a helpless, idiotic way. But the rest of the cast give him no help whatever, and the thing winds up looking like the sort of old movie they show in night clubs when business is too slack to pay live talent.

IN the way of light—very light—entertainment, we have this week "Here Comes the Groom" and "No Highway in the Sky." In the first, Bing Crosby is a footloose reporter who has to find a bride in five days, so he can hold on to a couple of French orphans he's taken a shine to. The lady of his choice, however, is involved with a wealthy Bostonian. The children, played by Jacky Gencel and Beverly Washburn, are pleasanter than most, and Jane Wyman and Franchot Tone are satisfactory in the roles of the heroine and the millionaire. Mr. Crosby is, as always, ingratiating. As insurance against any faltering on the part of the aforementioned, James Barton and Connie Gilchrist have been included in the cast, as the droll parents of Miss Wyman.

The second entry, "No Highway in the Sky," offers James Stewart as a timorous American scientist working in England, who gets into difficulties because he is convinced that there is a structural fault in the tail of a new type of airplane. On a trip to Labrador in one of these planes, Mr. Stewart persuades an actress (Marlene Dietrich) and a stewardess (Glynis Johns) that their ship will be a goner if it continues on past Gander. When he puts the plane out of commission there, he is hauled back to England to face lunacy charges. Mr. Stewart occasionally lapses into a sort of thumb-in-the-mouth cuteness, but most of the time he is amiable enough, and so is the film, I guess.

—JOHN McCARTEN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BOOKS

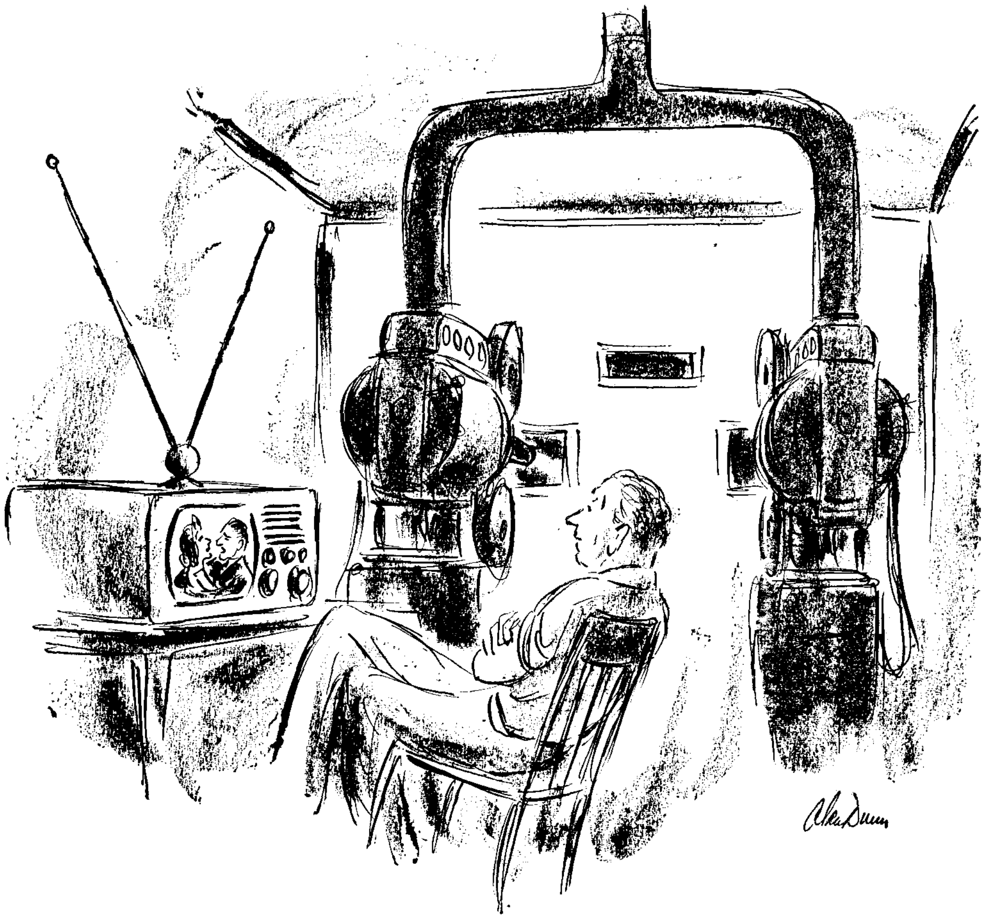
Lawyers vs. Diplomats

IN "American Diplomacy, 1900-1950" (University of Chicago Press), George F. Kennan, of whom, in a sense, our present foreign policy is a lengthened shadow, makes a wry and melancholy appraisal of the uses to which this country has put its strength and prestige in the course of its first half century as a great power. Kennan is a career diplomat who specialized in Russian affairs during a long apprenticeship and rose to prominence in the State Department when Russian affairs took on a certain urgency. The "containment" theory, which underlies the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Pact, and our intervention in Korea, grew in considerable part out of Kennan's reading of Communist intentions and psychology. In 1947, he set up the Policy Planning Staff, which is a kind of strategy board for the cold war, and became its first director. In 1949, he was appointed Counsellor of the State Department, a position he gave up last year to join the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton.

In Kennan's view, one chronic weakness of American foreign policy has been its administration by lawyers. Lawyers exist for the dual purpose of enforcing and evading our written codes of individual and business morality, and their natural inclination, when they are hired on as statesmen, is to approach international disputes as if they were amenable to solution by damage suits, criminal prosecutions, and, above all, the writing of equitable contracts. "The tendency to achieve our foreign policy objectives by inducing other governments to sign up to professions of high moral and legal principle appears to have a great and enduring vitality in our diplomatic practice," he writes. This isn't just poor diplomacy, he thinks; it isn't diplomacy at all. Law and diplomacy are wholly separate disciplines. The function of the first is to apply principles that can be reduced to paper; the function of the second is to apply principles that resist codification. Law deals with men and organizations of limited sovereignty; diplomacy deals with organizations of unlimited sovereignty.

Kennan does not believe that lawyers have imposed the provincialism of the courthouse on American diplomacy; rather, he believes that this legal provincialism accords with the conviction of most Americans that nations will—or, at any rate, should—respond to the same systems of equity and of penalties and rewards that hold good in the smaller social units. And the trouble, he thinks, with our Open Door Memoranda, our Kellogg-Briand Pacts, our Stimson Doctrines, and our United Nations Charters is not that they are inherently unsound (though in fact some have been erected on foundations of heavy, reinforced ignorance) but that they invariably appear to us as solutions in and of themselves. The recurring pattern of American behavior is, first, to base our hopes "on verbal undertaking rather than on the concrete manifestations of political interest," and then, when our hopes are dashed by repeated violations, to view the offending powers as incorrigible recidivists and give them the Baumes Law, or life-sentence-for-the-fourth-offense, treatment. We seldom stand on the middle ground between universal disarmament and Woodrow Wilson's "force, force to the uttermost." Neither in our search for peace nor in our fighting of wars do "the concrete manifestations of political interest"—our own or anyone else's—get much of a show.

This general criticism, of course, is hardly new. It is what European diplomats have been saying about us all along, and it has also been said by a good many Americans, among them, for example, a man as unlike George Kennan as Douglas MacArthur, who in 1947 said that "we have endangered the paramount interests of the United States by confusing them with an internal purification problem in China." What Kennan has done in his brief survey is to apply this point of view with an intellectual rigor that is softened but never weakened by his knowledge that tragedy is embedded in the very processes of history and that no man's accountability should be broader than his range of choices. "Every mistake," he says, "is in a sense the product of all the mistakes that have gone before it, from which fact it derives a sort of cosmic forgiveness; and at the same time every mistake is in a sense the determinant of all mistakes of the future, from which it derives a sort of cosmic unforgivableness. Our action in the field of foreign



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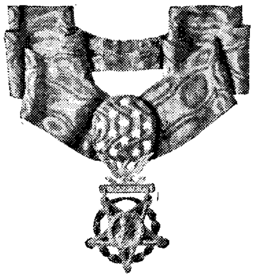

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policy is cumulative; it merges with a swelling stream of other human happenings; and we cannot trace its effects with any exactness once it has entered the fluid substance of history." Nevertheless, the cultivation of hindsight is the only known way of developing foresight, and Kennan makes a bold and stimulating effort to uncover the mistakes of the last fifty years and to separate the forgivable from the unforgivable.

Kennan finds the period rich in error. The war with Spain was a total mistake and quite directly attributable to "a very quiet and able intrigue by a few strategically placed persons in Washington." Our acquisition of colonies was an irresponsible acquisition of headaches. John Hay's Open Door notes were a piece of foolishness that grew out of a stubborn naïveté concerning China and an unworthy desire to stand before the world as a champion of the kind of equity that Kennan believes has no relevance in diplomacy. Kennan thinks that the German threat to British sea power justified our intervention in the First World War, but he thinks that our second objective should have been to stabilize the European balance of power on the prewar basis, which would have meant, of course, not the destruction of Imperial Germany but its preservation. He believes it at least conceivable that we could have avoided Pearl Harbor and most of the ensuing difficulties in Asia if we had "over a long period been more circumspect in our attitudes toward the Japanese, more considerate of the requirements of their position, more ready to discuss their problems with them on their own terms." (Kennan the diplomat and also, one imagines, Kennan the product of a well-known Presbyterian university never quite relax their hold on Kennan the scholar; what he obviously means here but never says is that it might have been a good idea to allow the Japanese to organize China.) Kennan doesn't suggest that we might have done well to appease Hitler; indeed, he thinks that we should have stood up to him earlier than we did. But he is persuaded that we should have missed none of the many opportunities to encourage the Communists and the Fascists to direct their malign power at each other and that we should have been, during our collaboration with Stalin, a lot more closefisted with our tanks and planes and trucks. He is noncommittal about the United Nations, but he does hold that collective action should never be taken until the advantages as well as the disadvantages of unilateral action have been canvassed, and he says that "the law of diminishing returns lies so heavily on the possibilities for multilateral military action that it makes it doubtful whether the participation of smaller states can really add very much to the ability of the great powers to assure stability of international life." He is no friend of any of the various schemes of world government, seeing a certain wisdom, apparently, in the point of view of Sir Thomas More's Utopians, who thought that "leagues are useless things and reckon that if the common ties of human nature do not knit men together the faith of promises will have no great effect on them."

Kennan is advocating a view of the world that Americans have traditionally found repugnant. The evangelical concept of our role in the world has formed a bond between Americans as diverse in outlook as Franklin Roosevelt and Robert Taft. It has been the motif of isolationist as well as of internationalist movements. Americans have detested the notion of balance of power, which to Kennan is the beginning of diplomatic wisdom, as long as they have been aware of it—staying out of Europe's wars in order to avoid having to countenance it and entering Europe's wars in order to destroy it. To deal the smaller nations out of our alliances would be to wreck the whole purpose of the alliances for millions of Americans. There have been times when our government has pursued national interests as assiduously as any other power and almost as skillfully as Kennan wishes us to, but we have never failed to find some device for concealing the sordid fact from ourselves. If, as a people, we surrendered, once and for all, the Wilsonian dream—of the sort of "free and happy world" that President Truman spoke of the other day—the chances are that we would revert to a disenchanted isolationism, instead of moving ahead to the bolder diplomacy that Kennan urges.

Yet the striking thing about Kennan's plea for a return to the balance of power and the guiding principle of national interest is that it is informed by a moral insight and written with a moral eloquence one seldom encounters in the vast and generally arid and bloodless literature of modern politics and diplomacy. This feeling comes through, sometimes very movingly, in his discussion of almost every phase of the subject. Speculating on the durability of Stalin's tyranny, for instance, he writes, "There can be no genuine stability in any system which is based

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on the evil and weakness in man's nature—which attempts to live by man's degradation, feeding like a vulture on his anxieties, his capacity for hatred, his susceptibility to error, and his vulnerability to psychological manipulation. Such a system can represent no more than the particular frustrations and bitterness of the generation of men who created it, and the cold terror of those who have been weak or unwise enough to become its agents."

Elsewhere, Kennan argues that our insistence on investing with a grandiose moral significance our every diplomatic maneuver and our every use of military power is basically offensive to all humanistic philosophy. Nothing that we stand for, he says, can possibly "prosper when a man dies or a building collapses or an enemy force retreats. It may be hard for it to prosper *unless* these things happen, and in that lies the entire justification for the use of force at all as a weapon of national policy. But the actual prospering occurs only when something happens in a man's mind that increases his enlightenment and the consciousness of his real relation to other people. . . . If this were better understood, there could be neither the sweeping moral rejection of international violence which bedevils so many Americans in times of peace nor the helpless abandonment to its compulsions and its inner momentum which characterizes so many of us in times of war."

Kennan is opposed to world-saving because it has resulted in destroying a great deal and saving almost nothing. He is for the "less ambitious and less inviting" defense of the national interest because he thinks that the national interest is within our power to control. What we need, he writes, is "the modesty to admit that our own national interest is all that we are really capable of knowing and understanding—and the courage to recognize that if our own purposes and undertakings here at home are decent ones, unsullied by arrogance or hostility toward other people or delusions of superiority, then the pursuit of our national interest can never fail to be conducive to a better world." —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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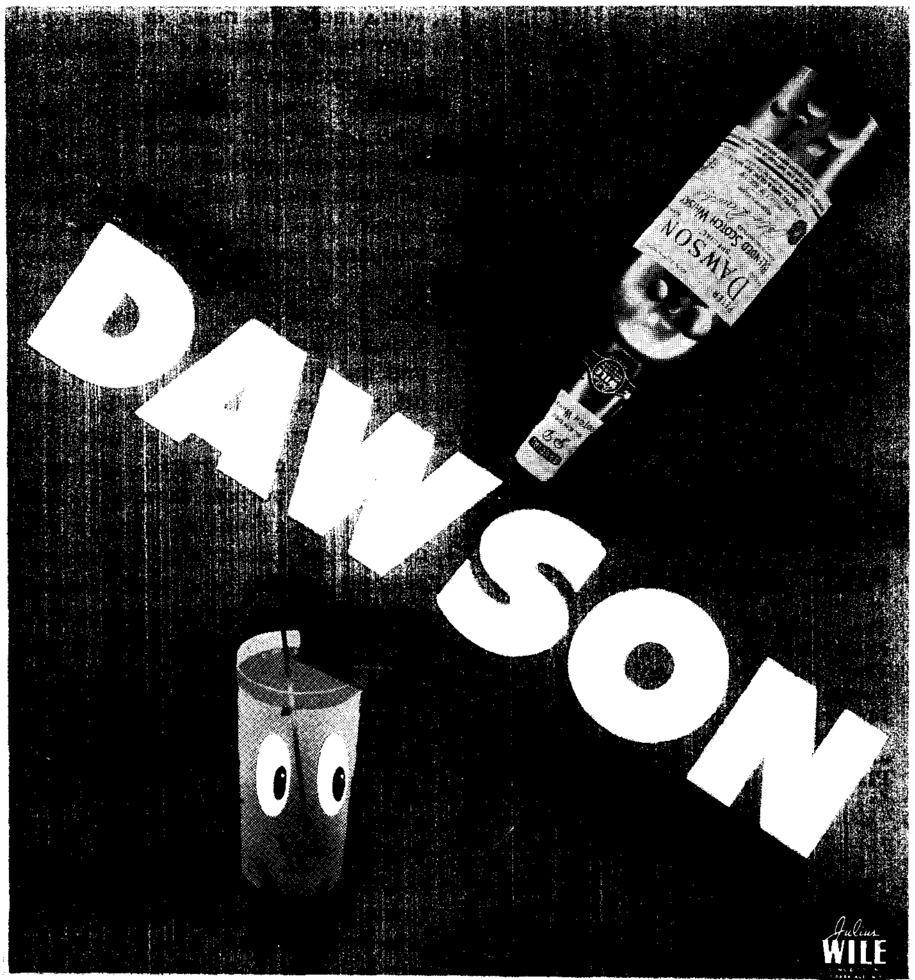
vate unhappiness. Mr. Styron takes a marriage for the framework of his story, the journey of a hearse to the cemetery for his action, and the suicide of a young woman for his impetus, his mood, and his climax. The marriage is that of Milton and Helen Loftis, a Virginia couple, and the hearse, which they follow in separate limousines, carries the remains of their daughter Peyton, who is in death, as she was in life, only a symbol of her parents' mutual hatred, their despair, and their overpowering self-pity. This is a modern story, and the hearse has a motor, which fails at the outset and has to be repaired by the undertaker's assistant. This trivial incident, which Mr. Styron describes with a characteristic outpouring of emotion, seems to indicate that perhaps even he, somewhere in the enthusiastic wilderness of his vision, was uneasily aware that he had made the coffin too big for what is, when all is said and done, only a very young, slight, overwrought body.

Renny's Daughter, by Mazo de la Roche (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Another book about the family that lives at Jalna, this time dealing with one of the youngest of the clan—Adeline, eighteen years old, who goes on a holiday to Ireland, falls in love, and returns home to attend the funeral of her Uncle Ernest and to tell her parents about her young man. Nothing surprising or untoward happens to the members of this family; they remain familiar and have become a little dull, but make for pleasant, drowsy reading.

Letty Landon, by Helen Ashton (Dodd, Mead). The story—half truth, half fiction—of a very minor London poetess of the eighteen-twenties and thirties who signed herself L.E.L. and who seems to have had a pathetically unhappy life, occasioned mostly by the fact that she was too good-hearted to be happy with the clever people and too clever to be content with the ordinary young men who might have courted her. Anyway, she came to a miserable end, but Miss Ashton makes too much of it all, and her book, though it has some interesting chapters, notably those dealing with the literary gatherings of the time, is long-drawn-out and burdened with listless passages of gossipy detail and talk.

Intermission, by Calvin Tomkins (Viking). Two brothers, Elliot and Jay Whittaker, separated by a difference of five years in age, and by the



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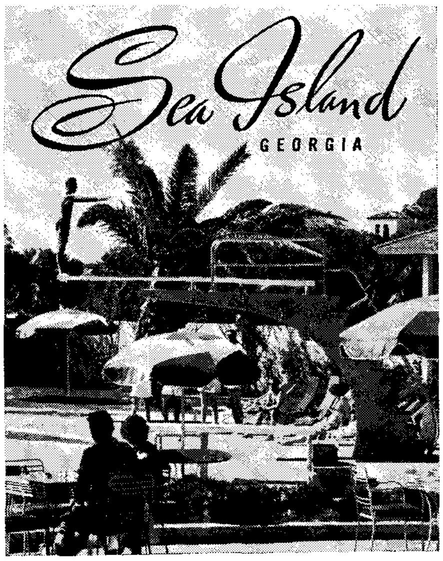

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war, meet on more or less equal grown-up ground for the first time and observe an unsettled new relationship, which ends with the marriage of the elder brother, Elliot. Jay, the narrator, tells of their encounters at home and in the houses of other people, and describes their lack of sympathy and their occasional moments of understanding with care and a good deal of bewilderment. Elliot's former friend, Roger Faxon, and his wife, Camilla, come on and off the scene at intervals, but they have importance more as tokens of disturbance, disintegration, and general lack of purpose than as human beings. Mr. Tomkins writes a flat, discouraged prose, and displays an insistent curiosity that seems wasted on what is simply an account of an arid intermission in the lives of two members of a family.

THE TWIN COUSINS, by Oriana Atkinson (Bobbs-Merrill). A small, girlish historical novel about some high-spirited young people in New York State in the early days, when wandering families were taken for granted and all adventures, domestic and public, were attended by a chorus of pioneers, Indians, itinerant preachers, and rude old women. Content and Luther, the hero and heroine, have neither character nor humor, but they wear their costumes nicely and speak easily in the rounded, folksy dialect that seems to have been current at that time.

GENERAL

THE PRODIGAL FATHER, by Edith Saunders (Longmans, Green). Although the transient association between Dumas *fils* and Marie Duplessis, the phthisical young Parisienne chiefly remembered nowadays as the prototype of "La Dame aux Camélias," was not an especially eventful one, by nineteenth-century or any other standards, it had a marked and ironic effect on the career of young Dumas; he was later unable, for obvious reasons, to get the public to react as constructively as he wished to his seriously intended snipings at prostitution. In this biography, a three-way study (despite its title) of Dumas *père*, his son, and Mlle. Duplessis, the emphasis is on this early incident and its literary and dramatic aftermath, but of the three subjects, the elder Dumas is by far the most successfully portrayed. It all makes, as might be expected, lively and fairly absorbing reading, especially since

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the author has plunged herself into the fustian background of the era, which she presents with a sensible amount of detachment.

RETURN FROM THE POLE, by Frederick A. Cook (Pellegrini & Cudahy). The author, who died in 1940 at the age of seventy-five, wrote this book during the nineteen-thirties "to clear his good name," which had been under a shadow since he returned to this country from the Arctic in 1909, announcing that he had discovered the North Pole. The book describes the year during which he and his two Eskimo companions tried to get back to their Greenland base after having, as he stoutly maintained, reached and stood over "the Great Nail." It is a story of terrible suffering, of hunger and bodily decomposition, of fights with bears and other Arctic beasts, and of the suicidal months the little party spent, huddled in a cave, sitting out the long polar night. The writing is memorable for its intensity and for a certain nobility of sentiment, and it makes one doubt whether a man capable of such a book would also be capable of perpetrating the hoax he was accused of. Frederick J. Pohl, a writer on explorers and exploration, who is convinced that Dr. Cook did find the Pole a year before Admiral Peary, has edited the book and written a long introduction telling why he thinks so.

MY TURKISH ADVENTURE, by Pamela Burr (Norton). This book of recollections is not, as one might surmise from its stylishly misleading title, the handiwork of one of those intrepid and jaunty ladies who bucket around foreign parts for reasons not immediately clear to anyone but themselves. Miss Burr, an American schoolteacher of long experience, went to Istanbul in 1945, taught English at the American Girls' College there for a year, and, on her return, set down her impressions of the place in a thoughtful and agreeably straightforward fashion. She was able, apparently, to get along with Turkish people of all sorts, as well as to win the confidence of her pupils, who were of assorted nationalities, and her anecdotes about the latter—" 'modern' girls . . . stranded between the past and the present"—are cheerfully and unsentimentally discerning. In order to round out her story, the author has sketched in briefly the history of the college, which has had a strong effect on previous

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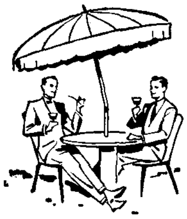

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generations of Turkish women as well as on the current, relatively emancipated one.

THE ASCENT TO TRUTH, by Thomas Merton (Harcourt, Brace). An exploration of Catholic mysticism and an attempt to define the nature and function of the contemplative life. Father Merton, one of the straightest-thinking and most articulate of the Roman Catholic apologists, first clears the air by stating that the contemplative life does not exclude sensory experience (although it must be free from any dictatorship of sensual demand), nor does it preclude the use of reason and the intelligence. He goes on to explain why there must be "contemplatives" in the world if the world is to be a sane and ordered place. As an example of a great contemplative, he uses John of the Cross, the mystical thinker who was a Doctor of the Church and a member of the Carmelite Order, and the book becomes, in effect, a kind of spiritual biography of that saint. This is inspirational writing on a very high plane.

THE GOLDEN ASS, by Robert Graves (Farrar, Straus & Young). A new translation, from the Latin, of Lucius Apuleius' second-century novel. The tale, as something like sixty generations of readers have discovered, concerns a wellborn youth who, on a journey through Thessaly, offends a priestess of the White Goddess and is temporarily metamorphosed into an ass, and his picaresque and bawdy adventures in that unfortunate guise. This rendering of it is fresh and much more readable than the previous English translations. Mr. Graves was probably led to undertake it by his earlier researches into the worship of the White Goddess—the most ancient Occidental deity—to whom he devoted his book "The White Goddess" (1948). The new work glows with the same vast scholarship that illumined the earlier one—a scholarship that Mr. Graves wears as easily as an old dressing gown. Like the "Satyricon," "The Golden Ass" is one of those classics with an ageless appeal to everyone but the stuffiest people, and it is good to have it freshened up every few hundred years.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER, edited by Mark Van Doren (Farrar, Straus & Young). These letters, by one of the best of the eighteenth-century minor English poets, constitute a unique intellectual autobiography. Cowper was a great

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letter writer; he knew that his friends were interested in him, and it was himself that he put down on paper—what he did on such-and-such a morning, what he thought of his neighbors, what his hares were up to, and how he would like to punish Dr. Johnson for his insulting estimate of Milton. ("Oh! I could thresh his old jacket, till I made his pension jingle in his pocket.") There was a dark side to Cowper's life; he suffered from a delusion that one day God was going to "execute" him for his sins, and at least twice during his lifetime he was undeniably insane. In letters to especially close friends, he discusses some of his melancholy without self-pity and in a way that is noble and touching. Professor Van Doren has made this selection from a much larger collection of Cowper letters, and has done a first-rate job. The book is the second volume of a new publishing project called the Great Letters Series.

EMILY DICKINSON'S LETTERS TO DR. AND MRS. JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, edited by Theodora Van Wagenen Ward (Harvard). The Dickinson papers once owned by Mme. Martha Dickinson Bianchi have lately been transferred to the Houghton Library, at Harvard, and this is the first of the books made possible by that transfer. Six poems and sixty-four letters, out of a series of ninety-three disconnected letters covering thirty years of an enduring friendship, from 1853 to 1886, the year of the poet's death, are here published for the first time. Mrs. Ward has employed analyses of changes in handwriting and in writing papers to place letters of doubtful date. Some new light is cast on Miss Dickinson's attachment to the Reverend Charles Wadsworth; it appears that Mrs. Holland occasionally forwarded the poet's letters to him. Otherwise the collection adds little fact to the Dickinson legend.

LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd, with an introduction by Mark Van Doren (World). This is a reprint of the first edition, issued in 1894 in two volumes, which, though neither complete nor definitive, is still a classic. Mr. Van Doren illuminates Mrs. Todd's preface and running comments with a modern appreciation of the poet's genius. The letters to family and friends go from 1845 to 1886.

MR. LINCOLN'S CONTEMPORARIES, by Roy Meredith (Scribner). A com-

"In Winter
I tie
her feet up
in old
rags..."

"I did kneel down and thank God for such good people who remembered me and my little sister Alexandra, who has never owned a pair of shoes. In the cold winter, I tie her feet up in old rags, but now your package came with shoes for Alexandra and for me. I explain to my little sister that the shoes are for her. She does not understand now, but in the winter she will be happy and I will not cry so much. Our father was burned with other men in our village, and our mother was taken away. I am 12 years old and I look after my little sister like I am her mother. I wish we were little birds, we would fly straight to you and tell you all our love." Thus writes Sofia, sister of Alexandra, who all her little life has known nothing but misery and privation.

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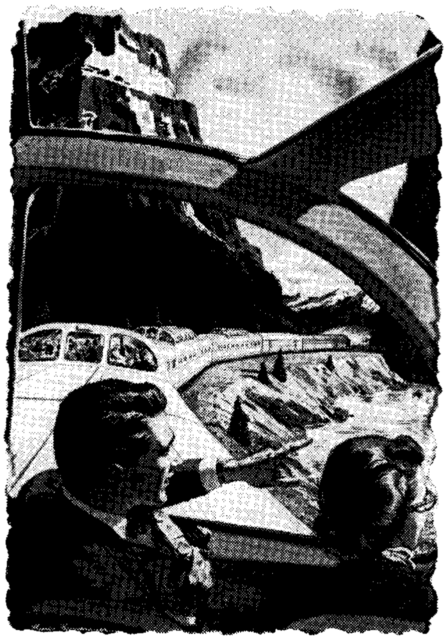

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panion volume to the author's "Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man," published a few years ago. This album, like its predecessor, consists of photographs taken by Mathew Brady and some connective text supplied by Mr. Meredith. Its emphasis is on the American social scene during the mid-nineteenth century, and on the men and women who figured in it—politicians, reformers, actors and actresses, writers, and newspapermen. The thread of text, which identifies and correlates the personages portrayed, is good, but it is the photographs that count. The United States of that era may have lacked a great portrait painter, but it had Mathew Brady, who, in the infancy of photography, raised that art to a level of excellence it has never surpassed.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE NOONDAY DEVIL, by Ursula Curtiss (Dodd, Mead). The problem here is whether Nick Sentry, who was shot while trying to escape from a Japanese prison camp, was simply a victim of bad luck or was betrayed to the guards by a fellow-American who had his own reasons for wishing him dead. In the beginning, Nick's brother, Andrew, has nothing to go on except a drunken conversation with a stranger in a bar, but gradually the whole dark pattern works itself out (Nick had to be killed because he knew something incriminating), and after one more murder and a couple of near-misses everything is neatly resolved, including a love affair that Mrs. Curtiss apparently put in solely to amuse the ladies in the audience. The author writes no worse than the majority of her contemporaries and plots a good deal better, and her book is one you can safely include on your list.

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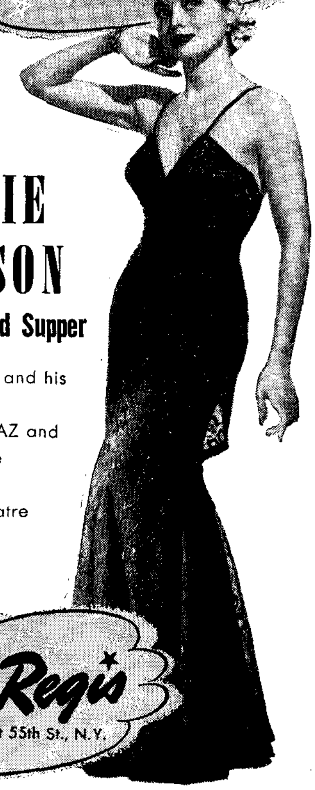

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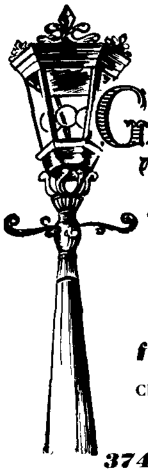

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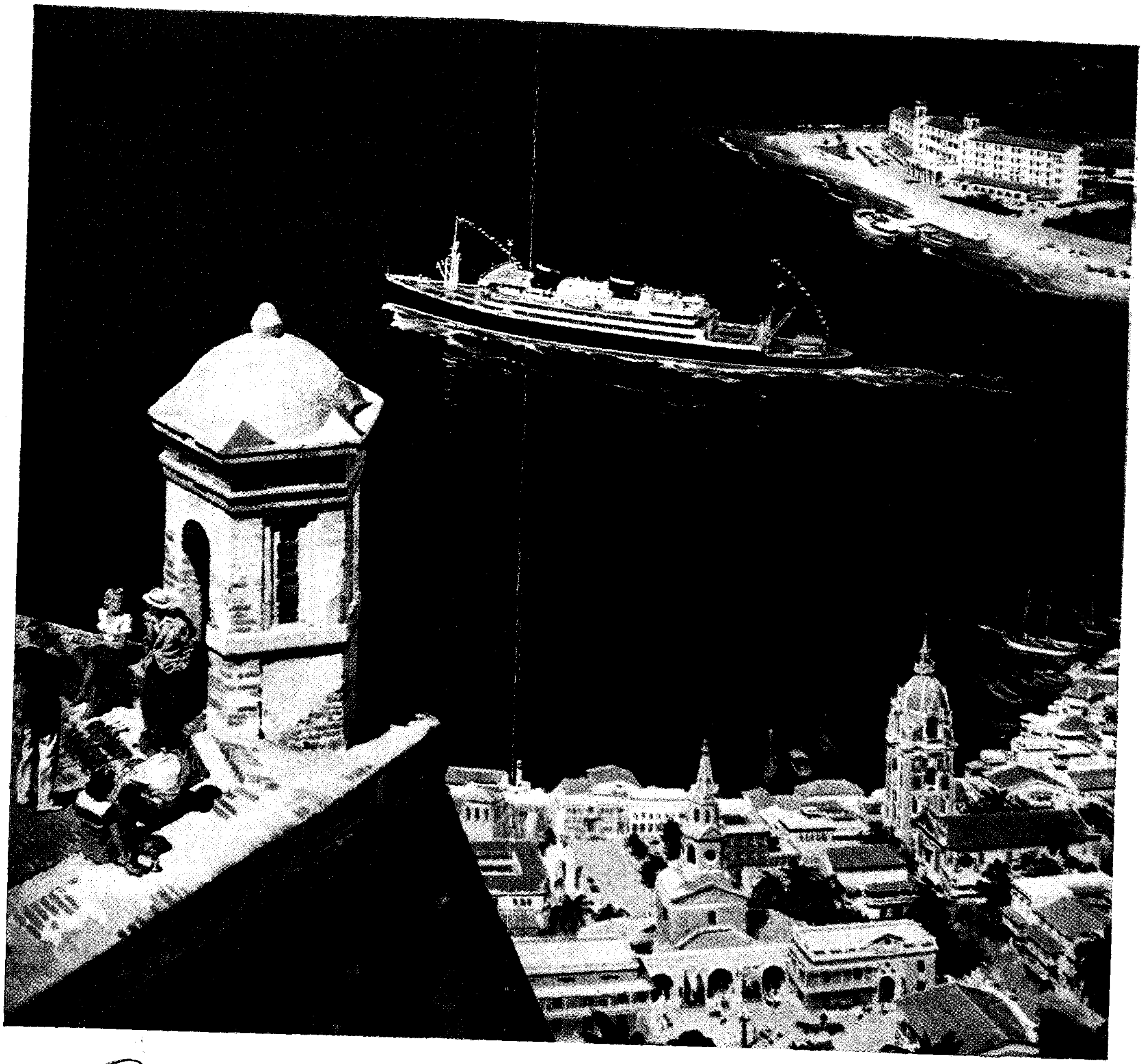

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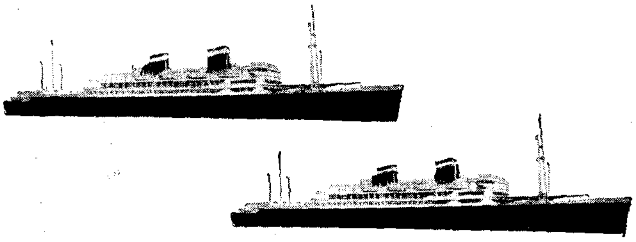

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